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THE

PILGRIM'S WALLET;

OR,

SCRAPS OF TRAVEL

GATHERED IN

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND GERMANY.

BY

GILBERT HAVEN.

"From a bag
He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,
And scanned them with a fixed and serious look
Of idle computation."

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STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

To

ISAAC RICH, Esq.,

OF BOSTON,

THROUGH WHOSE GENEROSITY, UNEXPECTED AND UNMERITED,
THIS PILGRIMAGE WAS ROUNDED TO ITS DESIRED CLOSE,

These Memorials

ARE GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

My dear Unknown: —

THE Pilgrim offers you the contents of his wallet, — not the usage of his tribe; for they seek to force your favors from you, rather than theirs upon you. You may shrink from such a beggar more than from the rest of his clan; for who would not the rather add to a vagrant's store, than put his broken scraps upon their table? Yet this is an age of prejudice-conquering, and some may find in these fragments a momentary pleasure, if not value, that shall make them welcome visitors to their homes and hearts. They are partly gathered from various journals in which they were born and buried in one day, — collected as from diverse cemeteries to what will doubtless prove a common tomb. Many additions have been made, and nearly half of it has never, at this writing, seen the light of typographic day.

They are not especially historic, or geographic, or of much practical value to anybody. They aim rather to be the humors of travel, (perhaps, at times, the ill-humors,) — the balm of a thousand flowers, honestly pressed from their leaves, and not chemically compounded from the laboratory of Murray. Whoever seeks for useful helps is respectfully referred to that establishment. But whoso craves a taste of the juices of that richest of oranges, Europe, will find, we trust, a pleasant drop herein.

Two classes of readers enjoy books of travel: those who have seen the places described, and those who have not. If each of these shall patronize the work, the publishers, if

not the author, will feel duly grateful; for what merchant or manufacturer does not desire to have his judgment approved by the demand for his wares?

It would have pleased us had they been worthier of such a demand. Yet the scene and its reflections have been faithfully limned; so that those who seek the sites may have a reliable companion, and those who travel in their easy-chairs, or in the pleasanter haunts of Nature, may catch a little of the aroma of the distant and desired spot, somewhat as if they stood in its visible presence.

It is customary in modern works, to acknowledge the chief sources of indebtedness, so that the reader may properly distribute whatever thanks or blame he has to bestow. In conformity with this usage, I would make grateful mention of guide-books, of friends who lightened the task of travel with their fellowship, of little French, and less German, and far from least, of my canes and boots. The last twain being the less known and the most useful, deserve especial consideration. Of the former, no less than four furthered me on my journey. Their lives were brief, but not useless. The first that I took as my associate was of English oak. It was bought under the shadow of St. Paul's, of a maiden all forlorn. I exulted in the thought of its nature, and fancied that it was cut from Tennyson's "Talking Oak," and that it was as garrulous in its dismembered estate as when plunged in the grass of Sumner Chase. It kept my company through perilous Paris, up the Rhine, and into Switzerland, when, at the foot of Righi, it was exchanged for an Alpene stock, its stubbed English shortness unfitting it for mountain service.

That stock made the tour of the peaks and passes, and had reached Italian rest and luxury, when it met its fate. On Lake Maggiore, between Isola Bella and Palenza, as I lay sleeping in the sleeping boat, on the sleeping sea, — three drowsy folk together, — my cruel companions stole it from my side and cast it into the deep. I had persisted in keeping this reminiscence of the granite and glaciers amid that softened air. They vowed that it should stay near its native fastnesses. They were all "honorable men," despite

this deed. So went that flag-staff, whereon, as on a martial banner, were inscribed the various victories it had achieved over the foes and forces of Nature, and the like of which, not a few travellers hang as heirlooms in their homes.

I soon consoled myself with a highly polished cane of olive, raised and wrought by the Lake of Como. Italian warmth and grace shone in its color, polish, and form. It was an expression of their language, land, and manners. It protected me against robbers and beggars, wandered along the Arno, strode majestically through Rome, lounged in Naples, tramped through the orangeries of Sicily, reeled across the Mediterranean, played the whip and spur to Alexandrian donkeys and their drivers, roamed through Cairene bazaars, climbed the Pyramids, sailed the Nile, and traversed the Desert: in fine, it was fast becoming a highly accomplished cane, its earlier grace assuming the final polish of travel, when it met with an accident that reduced it suddenly to poverty and permanency.

The cars from Cairo to Alexandria are open at the sides; and the Arabs, instead of walking in at the ends, leap through the paneless windows. One stalwart, barelegged fellow sprang thus upon this gentlemanly cane, shivered its lower limb, and made an end of its perfection. It passed as a *bonne main* into the hand of a dusky youth at our hotel, whose vanity, unless he has outgrown it, probably it serves to-day; — not the first instance, in that region, of sudden and severe change of fortune: —

> "Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
> Fallen from its high estate."

The setting of the heart on canes was getting sorely rebuked. I maintained a celibate obstinacy through Palestine, tempting as were its sacred trees. But Athens "*abolere Sychœum incipit.*" By the side of the whispering Cephissus, in the groves of the Academy, near the hill Colonus, where Sophocles wrote and Plato talked, a fig-tree, straight, young, and smooth, beguiled the heart from its steadfastness. The stick was cut and carried through many a sacred and historic spot in Greece, circumnavigated its shores, visited Vienna, Prague, and Wittenberg, becoming acquainted with Huss and

Luther in their favorite haunts; spent Christmas in true German style at Bremen, waded through Amsterdam, explored the galleries of the Hague, and was thus clothing itself with memory, when it went the way of all its fellows. Stopping at the custom-house between Holland and Belgium, I left it in the car. On my return, it was gone. Some greedy Dutchman had appropriated my classic stick, and I was again left comfortless.

These helps, though none of them survived the hour of their duty, still deserve commemoration, in the view of the sights they so largely assisted in exploring. One other helper, more laborious, more continuous, and more fortunate in escaping the perils of flood and field, which went with me from shore to shore, and served me faithfully in every land, shall find thankful record here, — my boots. Gayly did they march forth; tattered and rent did they return. Yet they came victorious. To their soles clave the soil of many lands. The fingers of British, French, Swiss, Italian, and Grecian sons of Crispin sewed up their wounds, while huge hobnails had made them resist the "ice-smooths" of the Alps: now they, alas,

> "By time subdued, — what will not time subdue? —
> A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
> Wide, discontinuous, at which the winds
> Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
> Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
> Tumultuous enter, with dire chilling blasts,
> Portending agues."

The Israelites commended their shoes that had lasted them through forty years of wanderings; Italian Catholics cover the shrines of favorite saints with crutches, bandages, and other emblems of the diseases their intercessions are supposed to have cured; rags, in like manner, adorn the tombs of holy Mohammedan sheiks, — each acting according to the fashion of their heathen ancestors. Following these sacred and profane examples, as Horace hung his dripping garments in the temple of protecting Neptune, so I these faithful boots in this temple of my gratitude.

> "Me tabula sacer
> Votiva paries indicat uvida
> Suspendisse potenti
> Vestimenta maris Deo."

In one point the work resembles some of its vanished predecessors, — the ground it traverses is as familiar as your own name. Still, no two persons behold in the same landscape the same picture. Their souls affect their eyes, and the vision is colored by the medium of their own personality. These sketches, therefore, though of scenes so often handled, may, it is hoped, be found to be somewhat novel in treatment; not that they equal the great masters of this art, the pen-painters of Earth and of Man, from the Odyssey downward, that will always hang in the central halls and choice lights of this palace of art. But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but of earth and of wood; and the last may become vessels unto honor, if faithful in their lowlier calling. In the grandest galleries is found room for the happy-hearted Teniers among his peasant countrymen, no less than for the sombre Rembrandt and the overwhelming Rubens; for the rapt-eyed Angelico as well as for the towering Angelo. Of course, the minor artist must expect the major criticism; for his faults, are, doubtless, as many, his genius, less.

To such fate, this volume bows. And still, as St. Sebastian, the favorite martyr of the schools, stuck over with arrows, may have comforted himself with the thought, that, despite the shafts, he yet retained something of the comeliness and grace that made him the target of his enemies, so, perhaps, this work, similarly shot at, may solace itself with similar vanity. Nay, let not vanity be attributed to that youthful martyr. Unconscious of his foes or his barbs, he still "commerces with the skies." To such a strain would this aspire. Careless of its defects, it will be more than repaid, if it shall lead any reader to those heights of speechless peace that he attained, and shall thus assist, in an humble degree, in showing that all the kingdoms of the world an the glory of them are not the property of the tempter, but of the Tempted; and that the earth and its trophies, as well as heaven and its glories, are but the outer garments of the soul of the redeemed and his Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ.

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BOOK FIRST.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

BOOK I.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

I.

SEA AND SHORE.

On board Steamer Canada.
5 o'clock, A. M.

I AM sitting on the after-deck, with pencil and paper pressed upon the quaking table of my knee. The deck is empty of all forms but my own and that of an officer pacing to and fro in a sleepy fashion. The morning is hung heavily with clouds, through which the sun and I have been vainly striving for nearly an hour to get glimpses of each other; for my real object in getting up at this hour was to see him get up, and for aught I know his real object in rising so early was to see me arise. If so, there are two disappointed creatures in the universe, at this writing.

I must confine my description to things seen, since I cannot behold things unseen. The restless ocean stretches for a score of miles in every direction, till it is shut down upon by a moveless sky. It is not mountainous, or hilly even; it is only hillocky. Are these the little hills that skip like frightened lambs, or those that rejoice on every side? With no perceptible law of unity, they keep

bobbing up and down, each after some active impulse of its own. The feeling this universal motion creates is painfully powerful. It is as if a level prairie should begin to toss up and down, not in long, broad waves, but every rod the centre of an upheaval. You seek rest and find none save in the rounded dome above. That is firm as the heaven of heavens that bends over weary-tossed souls. Sometimes it is filled with contending clouds, and then sky, sea, and ship rock with kindred agitations. Poor sea, she seems tired, as one sleepless in sick-bed tossings, and would fain, I doubt not, hear the voice of Christ say, "Peace, be still." Nothing is so dreary as this monotonous and meaningless activity. It is truly "the houseless ocean's heaving field." A frozen sea, at least, is calm; this is alike unharvestable, and more pitiful, as the hopeless writhings of the dying are more painful than the icy quiet of the dead. Down into these tumultuous depths plunges the ship. Up on their white crests she rises, throwing off from her spurred sides waves of foam, and making a green swath behind her, smooth and swift and lustrous. All around this boiling centre spreads "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste." The only life that gladdens it is a couple of birds, long-winged, clad in white and gray, like the sea they skim, who go waving up and down like the billows; joining thereto a system of circular sailing such as the ship follows. They thereby show their affinity for sea and land; kin to the fish, kin also to man.

We are about three hundred miles from land, measuring horizontally: probably about three miles measuring perpendicularly. To-morrow morning, and the third day of creation will be reproduced. Dry land will appear. The earth will stand above the waters. I doubt not "the sons of God" congregated on this spot will imitate their brethren of old at such a revelation. They will shout for joy. How much does man appear in that

august relation when we see him marching triumphantly over these boisterous and boundless billows. Behold this ship, full of fire, that is steadily burning her way through the hostile element; the mighty, yet most delicate machinery, by which she masters it; the keen, courageous eye that discerns all the capacity of the sea, and has resources ample for its subjugation, and worry not about the equality of the brutes until you see a drove of elephants, beavers, foxes or dogs, navigating themselves from continent to continent by such constructions as these. I never felt more impressed with the greatness of man than as I see him thus walking on the waves of the sea. "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou didst set him over the works of thy hands," even "whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea,"—yea, and the sea itself. My admiration for Columbus has greatly increased, as I look upon the waste, howling wilderness he explored. I think his unknown comrades should have more praise than is usually awarded them. For the men that would sail for weeks and weeks away from the rising sun had a natural, as sublime, almost, as was Abraham's spiritual, faith. They went forth not knowing whither they went. They sought a country. Though it is not a heavenly, yet the old world is confessing and shall yet more confess that in its institutions and privileges it is a "better country." It was a brave deed. Let their mutiny be forgotten, and their courage and faith in their leader be held in lasting honor. There are Bull Runs in the history of every great man and of every great enterprise. But they do not stay their course.

Here I have been musing in this cool western wind, and on this solitary deck, now dipping like the sea-birds down to the edge of the white, green, blue, and black abyss seething close beside me, and then rising until I dip the

other way, and fall almost headlong on the deck, when the brain begins to swim and the thoughts to lose their balance, (a thing which it is very easy for them to do, as you will have observed,) and the system generally rushes into a "muss," and the delightful disease of sea-sickness takes possession of me. I will not describe its manifold virtues, lest my feast of ship-biscuit and tank-water should create in you corresponding qualms, and you should experience one of the disadvantages of foreign travel without the subsequent blessings that obliterate the memory of that grievous ill. I was unable on my first day to follow Lord Byron's example and bid my native land good-night. I presume she did not feel affronted at my disrespect. I was too sick to pay my *devoirs*, and she was too sick to notice my neglect. I unhappily found that the ship did indeed bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider, and knows how to throw him too. But I have learned to ride him, at least when he is gentle and easy to be entreated. If he should, however, go to kicking and plunging, as he sometimes does, I am afraid my horsemanship would not be such as to witch the world. It would surely bewitch me.

If you wish to know what sea-sickness is, get into a big cradle on huge rockers, that will go crosswise and lengthwise and everywise, and set it in motion, and then try to walk its deck. Lie down near the ends of the platform where the rockings are most violent; fill the room, where it is furiously rolling, with close air and sickening smells of oil and gas, and you will have a little idea of the state of those who are "rocked in the cradle of the deep." I shall abominate cradles and sympathize with rocking babies more than ever. That torture must have come from a seafaring people, who wished to accustom their children from infancy to the life they must follow, or who had become by practice so enamored

with this experience that they fancied it the perfection of bliss. And we adhere to it as we do to many other equally absurd usages, such as stove-pipes for head coverings for men and coal-hods for women, because our ancestors did. Shipboard cures these follies at any rate, and brings us to caps, soft hats, and light, fleecy draperies; these last the comely suggestives of the comelier "power on the head" which the women of Israel wore from the days of Sarah to those of Mary. It was a power on their heads, as every enamored Oriental confessed, — a power which our dames and damsels can never send forth from the flash millinery which draws the eyes away from their eyes, and both spoils and despoils them.

I have a vivid sense of the points made in the exegesis of two famous New York clerics when they were crossing the reeling Atlantic. As they hung over the taffrail, being tossed to and fro, inside and out, by the drunken vessel, says B to C, "I shall be glad when I can obey Paul's admonition, 'Be ye steadfast and immovable!'" "Yes," replies C, "here we are always a-bounding!" They were evidently in the condition which the Psalmist says those are who go down to the sea in ships, — "at their wit's end." "Deep-heaving," Byron calls the ocean, and it communicates this characteristic to its travellers. But I am discoursing of nausea, *ad nauseam*. Let us escape to less grievous themes.

A touching incident occurred a few days ago. A pleasant-faced Irish girl was put on board, in the last stages of consumption. Ere the journey was half over, her life journey was accomplished. The angel of death tracked her over the waves. We had the impressive service of burial at sea. She was a Catholic, and Bishop Bailey, of Newark, attended the funeral. She died in the evening, and early the next morning the crew assembled, with many of the passengers, near the gangway. The body was brought forth in a box, having in it

several bars of iron. It was wrapped in the British flag. The Bishop pronounced the service, sprinkled her face with holy water, and she was launched into the deep. May no devouring shark make her his prey, but in the still, green caverns of the deep, may she

> "suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange."

The event brought vividly to mind the like burial of Coke and Judson. How many have gone down into its depths! The sea, like the land, is one vast sepulchre of mortality. Over it, as over that, hovers the angel of destruction, — the angel, too, of resurrection. For the sea shall give up the dead that is in it. Whether fish or worms consume this body, matters but little, for in my flesh shall I see God. Let all anti-physical resurrectionists, of whatever degree of unbelief, be silent; especially let no believers be worried by the enemy, through the apparent difficulties of the work. Let them not ask how can my Christian boy, whom the fiends of Manassas boiled into candles,— how can that flesh, which those worse than cannibals so villanously consumed, shine incorruptible? The chemist can see, with his scientific eye, every particle of once solid matter floating gaseous in his retort, and can almost replace them in their original relations. What man can almost do, cannot God easily do? All these dissolved particles are held in this little retort, the Earth. God sees them in solution. God tracks them in all their, to us, unknown movements in other bodies. God can, in his own time and way, recollect, reunite, reanimate, resoul them. There is one verse which no pseudo-spiritualizing of Scripture can evade or explain. "For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, *who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body*, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself." There is the statement

of the fact, and of the power to execute it. Take it, troubled soul, and feed upon it in your heart, by faith, with thanksgiving.

Some ministers stop to drink in the midst of their sermons. What would we think of race-horses that stopped to water three or four times in their flight to their goal? Following their bright example, I have stopped to drink, eat, and sleep several times since the above was concluded. My rearing and pitching steed was too much for my pen. It was like trying to write on the head of a horse that was trying to throw you. Even the Country Parson would shrink from that effort. The ship would not cease its motions: so my hand must from its.

Again I am on the after-deck at five o'clock in the morning. More passengers pace it, or lean over its taffrail. We are driving up the Channel, and the miracle which I foretold is accomplished. Dry land has appeared. It arose yesterday morning — the earth of Ireland standing in the water and out of the water. We rounded Cape Clear and skirted the shores of the "sweet isle" in the mild hours of the Sabbath morning. A Sabbath of rest was upon the waters, a Sabbath of rest on the land. The iron-like cliffs sloped gradually up and down into pleasant hills and valleys. All these were partitioned off by hedges into green pastures and black gardens. Every inch of soil down almost to the rocky point of Clear was thus polished into perfection. The sight was a surprise. I expected to see a green but neglected region. My life-long idea of Ireland was changed in the twinkling of an eye. The dry land, as mere land, would have been lovely; but to see the earth new created in so finished a manner, was what Adam, from his experience, perhaps, might have expected, but not an American. I wondered where the poverty was of which we have seen so much and heard more. Yet

as I looked I could see how it could arise, though its offensive presence did not afflict the eyes; for these fields and farms seemed almost void of life, save such as the still kine and scarcely stiller vegetation afforded. There they lie, evidently as carefully tended as a royal child, but only occasionally a modest or elegant mansion, or a little hut, shows the personal presence of man. Then I saw how a spot no larger than this could be crowded with millions of souls, and yet be apparently uninhabited. The souls are jammed into corners or hidden in bogs. Romanism increases the degradation of tenantism, and rum completes it.

A pleasant Sunday passed, closing in services in which a Presbyterian and a Methodist united. The cosmopolitan character of a ship's company, and the rapid fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy concerning the intercourse of the world, is seen, when we consider that among the score or two of worshippers in that little cabin were dwellers in England, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, Sandwich Islands, Switzerland, and all parts of the United States. These all heard the word with joy we trust, and believed.

The Church, and especially the clergy, are well represented on board. No less than ten ministers form a part of the human freight. Of these, five are Roman Catholic bishops, one a monk of the order of La Trappe, one a member of the State Church of Scotland, one of the French Reformed, one a New School Presbyterian, and one a Methodist. Had a storm arisen, caused by a fleeing Jonah, it would have been hard to tell which should have changed his close berth here for the scarcely closer quarters inside one of the great whales that spouted around us. Yet it was not very difficult to find the Judas among the twelve, and it might not have been to have found the Jonah among the ten. Those out of whom the successor of Peter comes would have probably

escaped. They were a very pleasant and social set of gentlemen. Their merriment was ceaseless, yet not unepiscopal. How could it be? You would never imagine you were with the men that hold the keys of life in their grasp, — the hierarchs of the hierarchy. I took my first lesson in Romanism under these circumstances. I shall not give the conclusion of my opinion on so brief an induction. May they see their true relation to the Bishop of our souls, and be so guided by Him that they shall lead the flocks that come to them for spiritual food where there shall be one fold and one shepherd.

And now, at the weary close of a busy day, "we have touched the old world, — to us the new world. We have stood upon the soil of our forefathers and find ourselves an alien." We have found "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, all dressed in living green." We are brought to the haven where we would be. A new book, old in fact, but like a famous classic to a young pupil, new to us, is opening its wondrous pages. While many sights seem familiar, others convince one that he is in a foreign land. The docks, the carriages, the amusing Punch and Judy, the feats of mountebanks in public squares, the old and solid look of the houses, all wear a foreign air. Even the boy who, failing of securing the charge of our valise, asked for "a penny to drink your honor's health," was far from American, we are glad to say. We advised him to join the Temperance Society. He would have much preferred the penny to the advice. That request bespoke the great characteristic of the people of Europe, — drink, drink, drink. It is the bane of all peoples — the evidence and bond of degradation.

The carriage sets us down in the noisy centre of the city. How great the difference between sea and shore. The silence and emptiness of the ocean, whose fiercest waves make no sound in their fiercest leapings, whose

white hands clap in ghostly dumbness, are suddenly exchanged for the hideous Babel of meaningless noise. Man can do nothing without a hubbub. God does nothing with. The stars run their rounds noiselessly. There is no speech nor language: their voice is not heard. The pettiest movements of man are drowned in uproar. Yet, so perverse are our natures, we prefer the tumult to the silence, and this most unlovely of towns seems bewitchingly beautiful beside the cold, heartless, treacherous sea we have traversed. Even its funereal pomp looks cheerful, and long into the long twilight we feast on homeful sights and sounds. Europe is of the earth, earthy; Englishmen of humanity, human. Welcome to earth and man: with all their faults, we love them still.

II.

FIRST THINGS.

FIRST impressions are most impressive. Let me sketch, therefore, my first sight of an English city, landscape, hamlet, and ruin.

THE CITY.

My easel is planted in the misty brightness of an English May morning, at a lofty chamber of the Victoria Hotel, looking out on the superb St. George's Hall, with the pleasant voices of birds coming down from above, and the harsh voice of labor and traffic coming up from below, — the voice of man just going forth to his work and to his labor unto the evening. Yesterday morning we took possession of this till then, to us, undiscovered country. For, how much soever you may put faith in geographers and travellers, there is no conviction like sight. "Seeing is believing." The eye of faith, which is the eye of the soul, alone lends "a realizing light" to the dreams of the fancy and the deductions of reason: so the eye of the body knows, undoubtingly, what it sees. This country has thus been literally discovered by me.

Liverpool itself has less attractions than any great town in Europe. With no antiquities, with few modern flowerings of its enormous wealth, it is a congregation of dingy warehouses and of involved streets, glutted with the

wheels of traffic. Its stores are small, its palaces mean. One building and one park alone redeem it. St. George's Hall and Birkenhead Park are superior, in their kind, to anything in London. The first is a magnificent pile, costing about two and one-half millions of dollars. It stands on a rise of ground, in a large open area, an oblong structure of gray sandstone, surrounded on every side with tall pillars up to the roof. Its entrances and the hall itself are grand. Polished columns of various colors — gray, white, and red — stand around the walls, with statues of Peel, Stevenson, and eminent Liverpool citizens, sprinkled among them. The floor is of polished mosaic, inlaid with texts from the Scriptures: a common and beautiful practice here is this adorning of halls, fountains, everything of beauty, with these divine amulets; an equally common and painful defect with us.

Birkenhead Park is across the river, to which the meanest sort of scow-boats ply. A Fulton-Ferry steamer would astound the people, and make the fortune of the Yankee that should introduce it. The park is exquisite. In landscape properties the Europeans are thoroughly conversant, and in which, with all our progress, we are still far behind. But they have several thousand years the start, and then land is so common with us that it ceases to be prized. This charming park is in its fulness of beauty. Mildest of sheep and liveliest of lambs are in one enclosure, perfect in form, with a certain air of "quality" which even the higher classes of the animals here learn to unconsciously assume. In another section, gentlemen and ladies are engaged in archery. It looked healthful and graceful. In bending their great bows, they bring many muscles into exercise. It would be an admirable adjunct to our Ladies' Academies.

Wild roads run among dripping rocks, thick bowers, winding lakes, and the softest of grass, while a flow of music from all the birds in the air crowns the whole. I

am no adept in ornithology, and if I were, I should as soon think of discussing Jenny Lind's dress and features while listening to her heaven's-gate singing, as to discuss the physical peculiarities of these songsters while drinking in their melody. I cannot tell you in what key they sang, nor if some critical orchestra leader might not have snubbed them as uncultivated. I would only like to see his art beat their nature.

Men, women, and children were enjoying it, though but very few in number. Not two hundred persons were there at this happiest hour of closing day. The same law holds there as in St. George's Hall. These splendid luxuries are for the wealthy few, not for the ignoble many.

But we hasten from this too familiar town into the long-dreamed-of and most ancient

COUNTRY.

I was "booked" from Liverpool for Kendall, sixty miles north, and at the foot of the Lake District. "Booking" is simply getting your ticket, which is precisely such a piece of pasteboard as is used in most of the United States, with the date on one corner and the number on the opposite.

We pass out of the city through a tunnel three miles long, and I know not how many dark. An endless rope, to which a stationary engine was attached, whirled us up into daylight. Then commenced our first acquaintance with English scenery. From our little flying cell we fill our eyes with the landscape of England; and truly our eyes do not dislike to be so filled. How rich is the grass in color and quality! — soft, thick, deep-tinted, — a Wilton carpet has Nature spread over this earth. It is full of blood: the best kind of vegetable life flows in its veins. It is handsomely figured also, with trees of like richness of foliage, with daisies, and

blossoming orchards, so that the whole is a garden, broken up by charming hedges into spaces where the brown soil is marked off into beds, or covered with the growing grain. The higher life of animals sets off the scene. Sheep and kine sleep or saunter along the hill-sides and under the trees, — they, too, showing the fine effects of culture. Villas embosomed in shrubbery, and halls splendid with parks, flash past us, showing that the highest life of all fittingly crowns the scene.

Alas, that this is only an exponent of the possibility of man here; a prophecy rather than the expression of his present general condition! For what strikes you with a sense of pain that is not to leave you, however far you wander eastward, is the condition of the people. With all this perfection of insensate and sentient Nature, with these occasional expressions of the height to which human comfort can go, the mean and dirty huts in which the people of England herd show such poverty and misery as blacken all the surrounding beauty. You are riding through Lancashire, the seat of the great woollen and cotton factories, the home of starvation. For the American war cast its shadow over this land, and the government of England had commended to its lips the chalice it had sought to make us drink.

But apart from this especial calamity, the regular life of these masses is most deplorable. A row of one-story plastered huts, with two rooms at the most, thatched, whitewashed sometimes, but frequently not, with a rude stone floor, a bed in a recess made in the wall, a few bits of furniture, without books or papers, or a multitude of things that have long since ceased to be luxuries to our people, and are as essential as our daily bread; thus live the millions. Man, the head of the creation, is at the foot. All other creatures but the human creature are carefully cultivated; this as carefully neglected. True, philanthropy works in these cottages, and piety not

unfrequently glorifies them; but the system of government, the institutions of the land, are against the development of the people, and Christianity can only mitigate their condition, not raise them out of it.

The land lies without inhabitant. One is surprised at the immense extent of unoccupied country. For miles and miles stretch the fields, carefully hedged and cultivated, yet without a house. This is everywhere the same. And what few houses break the elegant monotony, except the rare mansions of the nobility, are usually the little, low-roofed cots where herd the tenants who gain a scanty living from the fruitful earth. Much as I admire the perfection to which careful and scholarly culture has brought this land, I felt as never before the unspeakable superiority of America. May she prize and preserve the blessings with which God has crowned her.

These estates rarely change hands; more rarely do they get divided into small farms. The utmost that a laborer can accomplish is to rent a farm; and these rents are enormous: two, five, and even ten pounds an acre have to be paid. Ten dollars an acre for rent, a thousand dollars for an ordinary farm, is the least; and this does not include the various taxes, which are many and heavy. Of course these renters have to struggle hard to make both ends meet, and such a thing as improving their dwellings, or bettering the state in which they were born, is as far from their thoughts as a patent of nobility.

THE HAMLET.

Two hours of such flying visions, and I set foot on the grassy English earth. Sending my valise forward, I swing the haversack over one shoulder and a shawl over the other, and enter the ancient borough of Kendall. How funnily the streets and houses look! One or two moderately wide thoroughfares wind through the town. The sidewalks are paved with cobble-stones, and the cen-

tres macadamized. This is like everything else, for the roadway is chiefly for carriage-riding, and hence needs better care than plebeian footpaths. But the plebeians have wits, and use the middle of the road also. Everybody walks there, and the sidewalks are left for rainy days and green Yankees. My greenness, that bit of it, soon left me, and I took the aristocratic middle, and found that *in medio iter* was the pleasantest, if not safest, as it usually is said to be.

The next thing that strikes you is the aspect of the houses. They are compact together, low-roofed usually, but sometimes rising several stories, made of tipped-up slate stones, small-windowed, dingily whitewashed, of an unvarying and most unfascinating appearance.

Then you notice the multitude of public houses. Almost every house in the main street is an inn. It sets forth the name of the man or woman, often the latter; the name of the house, Swan, Black Bull, King's Arms; and underneath, "Licensed to sell ale, beer, and spirituous liquors." Eying these signs with a hungry look, I saw one marked "Temperance House." I concluded that would do for an experiment. Entering, I was shown into what they call a "Commercial Room," the only one in the house you are expected to enter, except your bedroom. Here, upon ringing, you can have whatever you order, and pay for only what you have. They are so far, therefore, a great improvement on our hotels, where you must pay for much you do not want, and where the cost of living is consequently much higher than at these comfortable homes. There are no loungers around the doors, or in the rooms. Everything is as still and decorous as in a private dwelling. I most heartily approve of this British institution, and wish that the temperance sort could be imported to America.

After a good dinner I go forth to see the town. The side and back streets are more novel than the main ones.

They are only a narrow paved walk between rows of high plastered walls. The rooms are crowded and comfortless. Children and adults rattle over the stones in their wooden clogs, sounding like horses' hoofs on the pavements. Unspeakable crookedness and narrowness characterize the streets. Alleys, lanes, closets they sometimes call them, wind about like a swimming eel for size and tortuousness. Yet, let it be spoken in their praise, the streets, even in their out-of-the-wayest corners, are very clean. They look as if they were swept daily.

Not a tree, not a garden-plat, adorned the nakedness. I had no idea before of an English village. I supposed it was akin to ours. But though I have seen many since, some of which had some slight adornings, not one approaches the beauty of our towns. We are as far ahead in that as in the institutions of government.

Picking my way through these narrow and twisted affairs, I come to a style, and pass into a beautiful field. For all around this spot, where twelve thousand persons are crammed into less than a mile square, are miles and miles of a most lovely country, with only here and there a stately mansion, where some old or rich family dwell; no older, probably, than those in the village, but called old, and hence called gentle, and expecting often, on meeting, a touch of the hat from these ancient servitors, which, of course, is not returned.

THE RUIN.

Entering the field, we get our first sight of a ruin. It is that of an old castle built by the barons of Kendall, overhanging the town. What one has read about from childhood, what he has dreamed of, and desired to see, and expected to die without the sight, when he really comes to see it, may seem to him cheap and tame. An enthusiasm that is fantastical is always spoiled by sober matter of fact. Many a reader of these lines — if they

shall have many a reader, which is doubtful — has been affected with this American feeling. We feel our newness; we crave age, its flavor, its connection with past generations, with the past eternity. I may not express my own feelings, moderated as they must be by the real presence of things long dreamed. Much less shall I rise to the height of your feelings, which have suffered no rude intrusions of the reality.

On a knoll that swells up several hundred feet from the valley, slumbered the ruins. The walls are built of small stones, well mortared, and rise bold and lofty from a deep fosse, now dry, that encircles them. The towers at the corners, some round and some square, look threatening even in their decay. Ivy covers the broken walls, and grass grows rank within them. It was not so grand as the first we saw from the cars; the huge castle of the house of Lancaster, whose blood runs in the veins of the Queen, and whose name was a terrific battle-cry in the wars of the Roses. "Old John-of-Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," looked frowningly on us from its towers. He must have looked more frowningly on the walls themselves, for the castle is now the county-jail, — a better use than it was once put to, yet hardly as dignified in his estimation or in that of the world.

But this castle was the first I had ever visited, and so none, however great, can take away its rights of primogeniture. The comparatively humble seat of the barons of Kendall will stand before Stirling, Windsor, Versailles, or any other grander spot awaiting my pilgrim feet and eyes. I peopled its walls with bowmen and spearmen. I saw watchmen on its towers descrying the northern enemy. I saw the arrows and javelins fly down on the scaling hosts. The tumult, the distress, the flood of civil war had raged around it. Inside these empty walls, too, how much revelry and anguish, peaceful blessedness and unspeakable grief, had abounded.

Catherine Parr, last wife of Henry VIII., was born here. Very proud were her parents then; prouder when the king made her his wife; but not less happy, were they alive, when she escaped the knife, by which he cut the silken cord so many times, only because death first murdered the royal murderer. Now the great name of Parr has ceased to live, unless the pills that bear that title, and that keep afresh the memory of the longest lived, if not the greatest lived of that name, may be said to unite Queen Catherine and her family with this generation.

The view from the hill was enchanting. "A rich and balmy eve" — such an one as Coleridge enjoyed when he, too, "lay by the ruined tower," and sang the sweetest of the songs of love — encompassed a rich and balmy landscape. A high, rolling, but thoroughly cultivated country was on every side. Birds sang in the branches, cattle and sheep grazed in silence. Everything that could make the soul happy, if lower things could do so, was at hand. Yet sin corrupts and sorrow clouds many a heart here. Heaven, not earth, Christ, not man, can make a real paradise. The past glory and gladness are gone. Where are they now, these haughty barons and their servile retainers, bluff Harry and proud Catherine? "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men;" "But Thou art the same, and Thy years have no end." The same God is here that was present then; a God of judgment, a God of mercy. The same hills, too, are here; the same skies, the same human hopes, cares, sins, sorrows, joys; the same Comforter, the same Redeemer.

A locomotive breaks up our musings. The present is here. The wit of man subduing the strength of man; the collier, Stevenson, greater than all the barons of William. Then, too, we are oddly enough transported to America, and to all her troubles, by a boy below us

attempting to whistle "Dixie." What a jumble it casts us into. The Britons fighting and yielding to the Romans, who built fortifications just below us; the Scotch and English wrestling for centuries all over this region; Henry and his loves; noble and serf; Stevenson and the modern nobilizing of the mechanic; and here comes "Dixie," to represent slavery and democracy, and the struggle far over the seas, and democracy at last taking its stand in Dixie's Land, to live, not die, in Dixie. So will it take its stand here, ere many generations. It represents none the less the race who are its supposititious authors, and who, by their songs and sorrows, are taking captive the heart of the world.

CASTE IN THE GRAVE.

Descending the hill, we pass through a new cemetery that grotesquely exhibits the religion and the casteness of England. It is in two parts. A road runs between. Two handsome stone chapels, just alike apparently, though unspeakably different in the eye of a true Churchman, stand opposite each other at the several entrances of the grounds. One lot and chapel is for Dissenters, one for Churchmen. A gentleman told me that in a parish in Yorkshire, where the road did not kindly cut off the sacred from the accursed earth, the clergyman refused to perform the consecrating services until they had built a wall at least three feet high and six feet deep between the parts, — this depth being that to which the graves were to be dug. He said he saw one cemetery on the hill-side, where the Church had the upper, and outside Christians of course the lower section, in which, after consecration, the earth was removed from the upper to the lower parts, thus giving unintentionally the poor Dissenters quite a sprinkling of "the sacred soil," for which, I suppose, they were truly grateful.

But another Anglicism was added to this, showing that this aristocracy is chiefly of money. There are in the consecrated ground three classes of graves. These spots are marked. To bury in the first class costs fifteen shillings; to bury in the third, five shillings; and so for lots, for monuments, inscriptions, everything. The first, second, and third-class cars run through the grave-yard. And it is simply a matter of money. Not titles and coats of arms command exclusive control of the grand first division of that country churchyard. If the duke will not pay but five shillings, he must sleep in a third-class grave. If the weaver will pay the price, he can be eat by first-class worms.

Can the force of caste go farther? But it will never do for us to throw stones at this nonsensical feeling. A light mulatto lady sat at our table on the vessel, another entered the church before me yesterday, each as unnoticed as myself; but for an American to treat unconsciously his neighbor thus, for a church to treat unconsciously a communicant thus, — I have yet to see it. The last sight I saw there was a colored minister, known to the sexton to be a minister, thrust into the last pew, and that too as if he felt himself disgraced by having to perform such service to such a creature, — and this in abolition Boston! Even in a cemetery near New York this like iniquity is committed, and their bodies are buried without its gates. Let him that is without sin among us cast the first stone at the silly and sinful prejudices of England.

THE PEOPLE.

We talked that evening with citizens of the village of temperance, slavery, and the war. The first is really progressing in this land; the last two they needed light upon; but events were shedding the light that no discourse could give. The usual questions that perplex foreigners troubled them.

"How can you move your armies over such immense territories?" they said.

"How did you move your armies over India?" we reply.

"But the people will be estranged by civil war."

"Why are not England and Scotland so estranged? They have covered all this region for scores of miles with each other's blood."

"But the South and the North are naturally divided in race."

"How can that be when Davis, and Stevens, and Slidell, are all of Northern origin?"

"But what are you going to do with the slaves after they are free?" This foolish question had even got over here.

"Let them alone. Did not you know that you were all slaves here once, and are children of emancipated serfs? and have not you taken care of yourselves, and would not you do it better yet, had you no higher classes above you?" And I opened my guide-book and read as follows: "The barony of Kendall was granted by William the Conqueror to Ivo de Taillebois, in which grant the inhabitants of the town, as villains," — that is, bond or serf tenants, — "were also included. But they were afterward emancipated by one of his descendants." They are not fully emancipated yet, and if they do not hasten, the black slave of America will get his full liberty first. They had never seen it in this light, and it was hard to make them feel that their fathers were "born thrall" to the barony of Kendall.

Starting out in the evening, I met one of the new volunteer rifle clubs, which is the present passion of Young England. And well it may be; for the privilege of bearing arms has never before been granted to this people. Their masters have as carefully forbidden it as our slaveholders have the same boon to their slaves.

And for the same reason. They have relaxed under the pressure of Napoleonic fears. It may yet breed other and more terrible fears. For nothing gives a man such a consciousness of strength as the voluntary shouldering of a musket. They may soon ask, "Why is it that I who can carry a queen's arm, cannot a queen's vote?" Bayonets breed ideas, even in the most stolid brains.

One base notion infected them. The band emulated the boy under the castle-walls; it, too, essayed "Dixie." I asked the thoughtful son of my landlord why they did not play Yankee Doodle. He said they did not know that tune. They will yet learn it, and astonish their lords and themselves with that ringing and revolutionary quickstep.

The easel set up yesterday morning in the chief square of Liverpool, must be taken down in this secluded and romantic spot. The edge of novelty is gone. The Old World is touched and tasted. All before us are but variations of to-day. Ruins, rank, servitude, history, — we have the key to them all; we have seen them all. The novelty ends where it begins.

And yet, not so. For here commences another and higher curiosity. The homes and haunts of genius are just before us. We are on the edge of the Lake District. Though ten miles from the nearest lake, the ideal waves ripple at our feet. The ruin that overhangs us has been frequented by Wordsworth and commemorated in his verse. So has the old church near us. Kit North has tramped these hills, and Coleridge has eat opium and muttered inspiration in some of these old hostelries. To-morrow we shall follow up the paths that we have just struck. Never did hunter or Indian thrill with more emotion on discovering the trail of long-looked-for game. The expectancy of the morrow buries in forgetfulness the acquisitions of to-day.

I have revised this experience of my first ride on an English railroad, first sight of an English landscape, village, and ruin, in an old room in Ayr where Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny spent that stormy night in carousing, and whence Tam set out on that memorable ride by Alloway Kirk. They still dispense here the John Barleycorn that gave Tam such a gust of valor, which, however, like all drunken courage, deserted him when he most needed it; and village souters and neighboring Tams "get fou' thegither," and see ghosts and imps of darkness as they did. But no Burns exists to chronicle their drunken visions. As I have taken nothing stronger than coffee in the famous inn, you will see nothing Burnsish in these scribblings, wherewith the place and me, and so you, are connected. But then you will see nothing Tam O'Shanterish either, and genius had better be away than flooded forth on the fumes of alcohol.

III.

THE LAKES, AND THEIR POETS.

LODORE HOUSE, NEAR THE FALLS OF LODORE.

LET me transport you to this spot and hour. It is a lovely evening of an English May. The sun has just made a golden set. But his light lingers longingly in the sky, as loth to follow him to his bed in the cold and restless ocean. Though it is after nine o'clock, one can easily read by the twilight, so high are these English latitudes. Before the still hostelry where we sit, the Derwentwater lies "quiet as a stone," under the mountains that rise near her shores black and grand, and hardly more stonily calm. We are in the Lake District, famed in the verse of England's latest laureates, and in the prose of multitudinous tourists. Southey's "Falls of Lodore" made us walk three miles to see if poetry and fact agree. They might, perhaps, in a rainier season. The rocks are here, but most of the water is gone. Like all scenic affairs in this land, it is small beside those of America. But the rocks and the water have a wild and romantic look. The lake is more beautiful, and the mountains around it more sublime.

Shall I take you on the tour that I have for the last three days been enjoying? I trust you will not become as weary in walking with your eyes through the description as I have been in acquiring the materials for it. Yet you may be more. For the luxury of sight more

than repays the cost of seeing. Nevertheless you may get a less reward for a less outlay; and it is always well to remember that knowledge ever requires some sacrifices of those who would obtain it; so that if you escape with such small charges as a tired brain imposes, pay your bill without grumbling.

Next to seeing and talking with great men, is seeing their haunts and talking with their confidants. It matters little whether the confidants be equals or valets. The last are often the best. I have just enjoyed conversing with some of the old friends of those who have lifted this section out of obscurity into fame. They were favorite servants, or familiar friends and next-door neighbors. My gleanings are chiefly connected with Wordsworth, who seems to have filled all the region with his presence. The lesser stars that round him burned, however, leave no slight track in the heavens from which they have vanished. Professor Wilson, De Quincey, Hartley Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Dr. Arnold, and Mrs. Hemans, all resided here. But of these, Hartley Coleridge and Wordsworth seem to have left the deepest impression on the general mind. They do not, however, forget Kit North.

The Lake District, which, geographically speaking, comprises eight or ten lakes, from a mile to thirty miles in circuit, is situated in the northwest corner of England, near the ocean, and is not over forty-five miles in extreme length and breadth. I started on my tour of inspection from Kendall, ten miles from the lower edge of Windermere, the lowest and most famous of the series. Like the chief personage in the chief poem that is connected with this region, — "The Excursion," — I was a solitary. Like him I was afoot, and had a pack slung on my shoulder, and, though not exactly a peddler, was picking up what I might afterwards sell if I could find anybody foolish enough to buy. And so I concluded

to follow him to the end, and relieve my solitude as well as increase my information by conversations with travellers or dwellers on the route.

It was a pure "English" Spring morning. The air was mild and full of the music of birds. Folds of mist hung along the sky, not dense enough for rain, and yet sufficient to subdue the force of the sun. No wonder that this is so great a country for pedestrinating. It is perfectly fitted for that business, which is most unpleasurable in hot and dusty America. The road, hard, dustless, and smooth almost as polished granite, wound between hedges and walls, the last predominating in this hilly district. Yet these walls have a finished and agreeable aspect, such as they rarely exhibit in our country. They are carefully built in the wildest and most mountainous places, as well as on the roadside and around the homestead, as if they were intended for both ornament and duration. It is a very difficult matter to climb them, and you are compelled to follow the old paths here, despite your Yankee cravings for new explorations, and Yankee dislike to enforced restraints. I made some attempts to break away from these straight though very circuitous ways, but, like our Southern brethren in their like efforts, ignominiously failed.

The reason of this uniform excellence is not, as is often said, because of the English notion of building for wear, but because nearly all these places are owned by a few rich and titled persons, and they enwall the whole land as carefully as an American farmer of wealth, taste, and good sense enwalls his acres. They do this also as much to keep men out as to keep sheep in. Did the poor renters own their farms there would undoubtedly be some variation to the elegant monotony; for freedom, whether social, civil, or religious, has its shady as well as sunny side.

Climbing the hill from the town, I halted to rest on

the gate of a garden where a man was at work. On inquiring, I learned that he was under an overseer, who carried on the farm for the gentleman that resided there, who himself leased it of the corporation of Cambridge University. It struck me oddly that the first spot of land which I should talk about should belong to a university that I had always heard of, and that spot, too, far away from the colleges, and in an out-of-the-way locality. It shows that there are no out-of-the-way localities in England. She is as small and as well known as one of her ancient mansions. It also showed how difficult it is for the poor to rise here or even to get their living. He was the fourth who was making a living out of this soil. Now, however rich that soil may be, its fourth root when extracted will hardly amount to much. Yet he had a family of thirteen children, nearly all depending upon him. I advised him to send his grown-up boys to America and follow himself as soon as possible. His eyes brightened as I described the beauty, fertility, and, above all, cheapness of that goodly land. How like a Paradise it looks to the crowded poor of the world!

A mouldy, monumental pillar next attracted my attention. I asked a passer-by its object. "It is not known," he replied. "Some suppose it to have been erected by Oliver Cromwell." Another stirring up of historic memories. The past flies up in your face at every step. So the stout regicide planted his name in this gentle landscape. The principles for which he contended, but which he, like Napoleon, practically abandoned, shall yet prevail over all this land, brought hither from America and from Washington, a far greater than Cromwell or Napoleon, for he knew how to rule his own spirit as well as to expel one proud and powerful nation, and mould another, more proud and more powerful.

When a mile toward Windermere I turned off to visit a peak from which an admirable view of the Lake District, it was said, could be obtained. The beauty of walking in England is through the fields, in these public and ancestral paths. A pleasant stroll through the grass, and I halt for directions at a little stone hut hidden in a grove of magnificent sycamores, — a tree much resembling our maples. Among their tops great flocks of daws or crows were keeping up a screeching music, such as I have heard some choirs achieve. These birds are probably praising God to the best of their poor ability, and so are free from blame. I wish the same excuse protected the choir. I found the estate belonged to the Earl of Lonsdale, whose residence is twenty-five miles above us. I climbed to the top of Underbarrow Scar, a precipitous cliff several hundred feet high and several miles long. The prospect was well worthy of the effort; a broad valley rolling up often into mountains that were really majestic. Every inch of the vale, and far up the sides of the hills, and often over their tops, it was turned up as with the spade, or sheared as with the knife. All through it were scattered cottages, looking white and comely at this distance, and had their tillers been lords of their farms, the beauty would have been perfect. But not one probably of them all owned a foot of the soil he wrought. And vast spaces, miles square, were unoccupied by man. Laid out as carefully as a garden, looking exquisitely lovely in their coats of green and brown, and girdles of green or gray, they were desolate and without inhabitant. The lords of the land are shrewd men of business. They only wish for tenants enough to carry on the farm, and the rents are so high that but few can command the means for leasing any of the land. I asked a stout-looking man on my way hither, ploughing in a field, if he rented that lot?

"Ay," he replied.

"For how much?"

"Two poonds an acre, sir."

"How many acres are there?"

"Aboot foive."

Fifty dollars rent for that patch of ground! No wonder that he grumbled at the hard times. And that was cheap to what many pay. Twenty-five, and even fifty dollars per acre, are sometimes paid.

While on this Scar, I fell into a very natural blunder for an American. Seeing a moderate sheet of water on my left, I supposed I was gazing on Windermere. I indulged in the raptures appropriate to such occasions, and then set out along the top of the ledge toward it. Walking a couple of miles, and finding a path into the valley, I descended, and inquired at a little stone cottage for Bowness, the town on the lake which I was seeking. The old lady looked surprised, and said I was nowhere near that place. The water I had seen was an inlet of the ocean, and I had a long and tedious tramp to the road from which I had strayed. Reaching it and pursuing it for several miles, I overtook a wagoner, such an one as Wordsworth celebrates, a simple but most honest man, who kindly showed me a cross-path to the village. So, walking a mile through the fields, I struck the brow of the hill, and

WINDERMERE

lay before me. Some very eminent names in English literature have swelled in enthusiasm over this lake. So you must not call my talk "high-falutin" if I do likewise. I shall fall far short of them. Nestling beneath majestic crags, lies a little sheet of water, a mile wide and about ten miles long. It is the perfection of quiet beauty. Not a ripple on its surface except a few cut by the oars of dainty-looking boats. An island is in the

centre, of thirty or forty acres, laid out in parks and walks, for hundreds of years the residence of a titled family. The whole scene, but for the hills, would be *petite*, lovely as a babe, yet but a babe. They give it character. Some of them are three thousand feet high, and they roll and rise in true mountain glory. I did not look for this. I expected but moderate hills. The lake is but a pond, the hills are mountains.

This then is the land that is clothed with the garments of imagination. Here had lived poets, wits, and scholars. Their eyes had seen it, their feet had trodden it, their voices had filled it with wit, pathos, philosophy, and fancy. That hill some lines of Wordsworth consecrate. That scene Kit North has glorified. Scott has sailed this lake, and Coleridge mumbled philosophy and poetry along these paths. What is earth without man? How memories of past genius drape a landscape in richer robes! Admirably does Ruskin set this forth in his Lamp of Memory in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." Go and read it, you who only admire a forest primeval and the savage life that has roamed beneath it.

Our untrained feet were thoroughly tired with their long walk of a dozen miles. The rest of the body and the *spiritus inter* sympathizing with their weariness, I "turned into" the couch Nature had provided, and under the trees, hedges, and cloudy skies with which she had so pleasantly covered it. "Truly our bed was green." Let me give a piece of advice to all pedestrians. When you rest yourselves, take off your shoes, for the feet are the hardest worked and the most tired part of you. We have not the Oriental custom of giving our feet full play by using sandals merely, but bandage them up in woollen and leather in as foolish a fashion as the Chinese. We are as ashamed of exposing them as the Oriental ladies are of exposing their faces, and with

just as good reason. However, what you may do or not do in good society, when in "our best society," that of Nature, and, weary with walking, take your feet out of their prison-house. So did I plant my "feet among the English daisies," and very kindly they greeted and comforted me.

After a sleep which, Coleridge said hereabouts probably, "is blessed from pole to pole," I put my feet in their fetters and entered the village of Bowness. This is comely for an English town, but bears no approach to the beauty of an American village. The houses are of stone or clay, usually of the latter, one story, dirty, treeless, grassless, yardless, blindless, paintless. This being a watering-place, there were some of a better style of cottages for lease and lodgings, new and of stone, with occasional bits of shrubbery. But most of the people live here as elsewhere, in the humblest of conditions. Passing through the busy little spot, we enter the road to Ambleside. It winds at first through thick woods and along the margin of the lake. It soon ascends a hill, over the view from which Professor Wilson thus ecstasizes: "There is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains not only in Westmoreland, but, believe us, in all the world." Let no one accuse Americans of extravagance of expression after this. I loitered on the brow of the hill and gazed upon the most perfect landscape "in all the world." It was charming indeed. The land rolled down from our feet rich with verdure. Trees, scattered or combined into thickets, sprinkled it. Handsome cattle and sheep sauntered over it. The calm waters of the lake kissed its shore, and beyond, the uplifted heads of England's loftiest hills looked down upon us, stern and calm as couchant lions. But that it touched the top of earthly realities was simply absurd. There are more perfect views on Lake George, and on

the Hudson: far grander ones in Italy and Switzerland. There was a lack of sweep and breadth to the picture. This "widest breadth of water in the world" was less than a mile across. It seemed as if you could take all the mountains into your eye as well as all the lake. The sense of completeness gave it a sense of smallness. The stretch of view which our landscape affords gives it a feeling of greatness, as a marching army whose rear lines are invisible wonderfully increases its power.

PROF. WILSON.

Being near the early and long home of the enthusiastic professor, I turned aside to see it. It was on a high hill overlooking the lake. His old gardener and body-servant, who lived with him for over twenty years, was there still. He showed me the cottage where he wrote most of his brilliant editorials. It was an humble house of two low stories, nestling under great trees. A wide-spreading, full-leaved sycamore stood just before it. Here was his favorite seat, on which he used to spend whole nights in the summer months when getting up his papers for "Blackwood." Those nights were therefore outwardly as well as inwardly ambrosial. He wrote nothing on these occasions, but sat all night in this *brown* study. This occurred but once or twice a month, when the pressure for "copy" crowded him. While in this state he would not bear being addressed or approached: but the brain being delivered of its burden, he was as merry and playful as a kitten.

He was a wild fellow in those days, and the "Noctes" are probably more literal than fanciful in some of their scenes. I heard some good stories of him the afternoon that I stopped at the door of the church at Grasmere. The rude old church, built far back in Saxon times, was undergoing its annual cleaning. Some of the vestry-

men were overseeing the work. A merry old gentleman was among the number. He asked me about the war. I told him, with the usual unwisdom of that hour, that "it was nearly over." "Ye oor't to send for the Grasmere men," said he. "They 'd roon in a minute if they heerd that *we* were cooming. Why, in the old wars with Napoleon, we were ordered oot, but only got as far as Kendall," [about fifteen miles south,] "when Nap heerd that *we* were cooming, and instantly surrendered. Professor Wilson was in the reg'm'nt, and we had jolly times, livin' on thirteen pence a week, a piece of bread and meat, and two Toms" [glasses of grog] "a week. Once Wilson put his bread and meat on his bayonet and offered it to an old woman: 'Tak' it hoom to your ain wife,' said she; 'I 've noo doot she has plenty of occasion for 't.'" This was told in the queerest of accents, and received with roars of laughter by the surrounding rustics. He told that Professor Wilson had long red locks hanging down his shoulders, and declared they should not be clipped. But the officer ordered them off, and they had to come. "For," said the officer, "when ye 've a black coort on, ye may be a gentleman; but in a red coort ye 're nae better than the rest."

He said Wilson was famous for jumping, wrestling, and all athletic games, and when he could get no one to jump with him on a wager, he would bet against himself.

He altered very much in later life; for his gardener told me that for the last fifteen years of his life he ate but two meals a day, and drank nothing stronger than soda-water. Like most men, he was bitten with the passion for building. This snug cottage, in its cosy nest, was too cramped for his improving fame, if not fortunes. So he undertakes to build a more stylish house on a knoll in front of this, commanding a fine view of the lake and mountains. But he was like one that began to build and was not able to finish. His habits were far from

economical, and his means, liberal as was his income, were not equal to his ways. So he stayed in the little cottage till his children were grown up. He occupied the new home but a few years, leaving it for the Edinburgh University. "The last night I spent with him," said his gardener, "we rowed all the night past a new house then just built on the opposite shore of the lake in imitation of a castle. Back and forward we plied the boat till morning, under the walls of 'the castle,' master saying nothing, except now and then murmuring, 'Egad, it looks as if it had been built for centuries.'"

MRS. HEMANS.

Another mile or two of pleasant walk beside the lake and we pass "Dove's Nest," a summer home of Mrs. Hemans. Look up on your right. Under yon high hill, in that snug recess, half hidden from the eye, is a plain, dingy, two-story dwelling, looking neglected in itself and its grounds. That is the spot out of which with sad eyes she often gazed down on this road and across the lake, closing her vision with the Furness Fells, — a high range that were as the walls of her prison. She was very unhappy when here on account of domestic troubles, and I fancied her in this mountain solitude like Tennyson's "Mariana in the Moated Grange." That dreary scene is laid upon a flat, desolate moor. Yet the hearts of the deserted maiden and the deserted wife were not unlike, and as she gazed on this lovely yet lonely picture, she felt the force of those doleful words, —

> "She said, 'I am aweary, aweary:
> O God, that I were dead!'"

A mile of wooded walk and we are in

AMBLESIDE.

The hills get nearer, and the little hamlet climbs their

sides and nestles in a very narrow valley between them. It is at the head of the lake and at the foot of the Lake Poets, for the consecrated spots, rarely occurring below, begin to increase rapidly here. We pause at the threshold, and, weary with walking, we seek a home in one of these pleasant dwellings hidden in shrubbery, out of whose window peeps modestly the word "lodgings." This was meant for permanent boarders, as a summer resort. We find access, and delightful ease, and *abandon*. Whoever wants the true relish of an English home, let him try such quarters as these. The inn, especially if a temperance one, is pleasant, but this is restful.

Up rose the sun, still hiding his face in Oriental style, but very glorious in his cloudy apparel. The great hills came out of the darkness, and the little hills rejoiced on every side. The memorials of Wordsworth begin here and stretch about three miles north. In that space all his adult life was passed. Thirty miles farther, near the Northern Ocean, was his birthplace, but here the children of his soul were born. An elegant Gothic church, close by, has four memorial windows, dedicated to him, his wife, sister, and daughter. The chief is to Wordsworth. It has three central figures, of Moses with the law in his hands, David with crown and harp, and Aaron with priestly robes and the lights and perfections, the Urim and Thummim upon his breast. Around these are Miriam with her tabret, the willows of Babylon with the harps and the wailers, Elijah fed by the divinely-prepared food for his wilderness wanderings, angels with trumpets, and other emblems of Scripture and song. It struck us that Peter's vision would have been better than Elijah's smoking table, for if any poet has ever taught us to call nothing in Nature common or unclean, it is Wordsworth. Far above Milton, Shakspeare, Scott, Homer, and all, did he see and say that what God had created and cleansed, that we should

not call common. But they had not enough of his nature to illustrate his nature, and shrank from painting the great sheet full of four-footed beasts and creeping things on their handsome window. And so the author of the "Idiot Boy," "Peter Bell," "Goody Blake," and "The Cumberland Beggar," he, who made a peddler with his staff and pack, the hero of his chief poem, lacks his most fitting representation in this memorial window. "Veritas" is over all of the panels of each window, and, whether the family coat of arms, or the motto of the donors, is the best word that could be used, for truth was his whole being's end and aim. Leaving the church and striking a foot-path, we cross the narrow meadows, having the ivy-covered, modest dwelling of Miss Martineau on our right. A little further on and we pass Fox How, the summer residence of Dr. Arnold, and now occupied by his widow. This is a spacious mansion, hidden in a dense park, with a lawn gliding down from its front — that is, its rear, the usual front of English mansions — to the brook that babbles through the meadows. This brook is dignified with a name and the surname of river, for here every brook is a river, and every river a brook.

Wind round under the hills half a mile further, and a gorge opens on your left. High and rocky, bare of trees, but covered with a thin robe of greenness to their summits, they rise before you, behind you, on every side. Enter this gorge, walk a few rods, turn up the hill on your right, — remember that we were looking north, — go up about an eighth of a mile, enter a gate on your left, and you are in the modest grounds of

RYDAL MOUNT,

the long and last abode of Wordsworth. It is an old house, plastered and yellow-washed, two-storied, with diamond windows, roomy though not spacious, and has a

very comfortable and snug aspect. The walks wind around it, lined with laurel, intermingled with trees and flowers. A lawn opens in front of the house, and a neat old man is raking the grass and sweeping the walks. He was his personal servant for twenty-five years, and is retained by the present proprietor for the benefit of visitors. He takes me a few score of feet to the front edge of the lawn, where it slopes off rapidly. There are some old seats of the poet, where he sat, and looked, and mused. These seats are characteristic of him. They are simply round blocks set in the ground. He would have no settees, rustic or iron. Nature, or as near as he could get to it, was his motto.

The outlook from this slope was very impressive. The Laughrigg Fells rose up directly before him. Mountains are called fells. This usage illustrates an obscure line of Byron's, —

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell."

Behind, rough and precipitous, was Knab Scar. Down the valley was Ambleside and its mountainous background, and at the end of the vision was the northern edge of Windermere. It was certainly a poetic spot, and I did not wonder that these hills had affected the vision and the faculty divine with which he was so largely endowed. The grounds cover several acres, and are plainly yet artistically laid out. They are mostly deep-shaded, and end in a path to Grasmere, along the side of the mountain. Other wooden blocks are placed where the best prospects open. The servant said, "Master used to pace up and down these walks, talking to himself and rubbing his hand upon his breast inside of his shirt," and directly over his heart. That was his habit when composing. So violent and so constant was this exercise that his buttons were rubbed off almost daily, and when on his travels, the servant

had to lay in an extra stock to replace the poetic waste.

Near the foot of his grounds stands the little chapel where he regularly worshipped. It is new, small, plain, and uninteresting. His pew is in the front corner, the reading-desk projecting over it. How characteristic of the priest of nature; as near as possible in the sanctuary would he identify himself with the priest of grace. He felt their oneness. "The holy to the holiest leads;" Nature to Christ. In this temple he finds the light by which he can see and serve in the lower one that material skies enclose. For, he says, —

"By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine."

The walk along the side of the mountain to Grasmere was one he was fond of taking, and where he always carried his special friends. So I pursued it. As I passed out of his grounds, I spied some violets blossoming under a large tree near a mossy stone. Probably by that same stone the parent of those little flowers might have been blooming when he passed by, and made one of them immortal in the well-known lines, —

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

The power with which his character impresses you was strangely revealed in an incident, otherwise worthless, that occurred just as I passed out of the high, rude gate that shut the garden from his adjacent woods. In these woods, overhanging the mountain-path, was a large old laurel-tree. Desiring some memento of the spot, I thought a cane cut from one of its gnarled boughs would be most fitting. So I mount the wall and tear off the straightest limb. Instantly, I felt like "a guilty thing surprised." His nature, his motto, "Veritas," his words in "Nutting," all sprang upon my conscience like avenging deities.

"I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent tree and the intruding sky."

I knew "there was a spirit in the woods." I feared lest some one should come along the path and take me for a murderer. The guilty stick grew crooked as a serpent, and almost crawled and hissed before my affrighted eyes. I hid the coveted criminal beside a fountain on the pathside, and going back to the house, called out the servant and asked the privilege of cutting a stick from the old laurel. He gave it as carelessly as he would a chip, stone, or daisy. I was surprised at his indifference. How light and cheerful my heart sprang up. How gladly I accepted the favor! The old hag of a branch appeared to my bewildered eyes "a phantom of delight." The turmoil ceased within, and if the spirit in the woods was not appeased, the spirit in me was. The history of that crooked stick belongs to this story of its birth. I carried it with me through all my English walks, startling villager and conductor with its quaint ugliness. I put it out to a London cane-maker, but he could make nothing of it, any more than his literary kindred could whilom of its rustic master. It crossed the sea with me to Paris, cumbered a friend's study there for a six-month, resumed its journey back to England, crossed the ocean, and, after being the centre of many dreams, in which the surprise and smiles and scrutiny of friends formed the encircling life, as to its being truly Wordsworthian and a' that, it was ignominiously left under my berth, and probably tossed in the bay, and, picked up by some wharf-mouser, disappeared in the dirty stove and meagre fire of a North River cellar. Stevens's crocodile met an honorable fate, being recast into his native stream. The laurel stick of Rydal Mount had an unworthy end. I truly hope that the tides bore it out of the river, and after due tossings and sea-sickness

it was cast upon the shores of its native land, where the Lake District touches the ocean, —

> "And in sheltered coves, and reaches
> Of sandy beaches,
> It has found repose again."

Pursuing the mountain path I soon pass the rear of the farm where De Quincey married and spent many days, and where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. It ran up the steep hill-side, and looked wonderfully green and lovely. At its foot, not many rods off, is a smallish cottage, embowered in ivy, as charming a bit of snug gentility as one can see in England, — more than he can out of it. Before it lay, in exceeding peace, the little but lovely Rydal Water. A farmer named Simpson dwelt here when these young geniuses flew into the vale and perched on his roof-tree. His daughter Mary was a very handsome girl, and soon the Opium Eater was troubled with other *suspiria de profundis* than those created by that drug. I did not learn whether he was cured of the heart-sickness by getting possession of the fascinating cause, or whether this disease of an inflammatory imagination, like the other, was only increased by indulgence. I have no doubt she was of less injury to him than the opium. Her old neighbors speak in the highest terms of her beauty and amiability. Her home was certainly enough to make her

> "The sweetest thing that ever grew
> Beside a human door."

In such a bower, with such exquisite verdure around it, and great woods beside it, and sweet Rydal Mere before it, and solemn hills suddenly closing in the vision on every side, how could she be aught but lovely? A happy marriage it was, despite his eccentricities and poverty. Mrs. Wordsworth, I learned, was not so handsome. Having often read that tenderest of his madrigals, the only one in which he seemed to reveal his whole soul, com-

mencing, "She was a phantom of delight," I was a little curious to know if others saw the beauty in her which he beheld. So, overtaking on this walk above Mary De Quincey's home an oldish woman whose hut, like Goody Blake's, was "on the cold hill-side," and who, for aught I know, was the lineal descendant of that successful pray-er, she told me of the beauty of Mary Simpson. I asked her if Mrs. Wordsworth was handsome, "Very or'nary, sir." "And Mr. Wordsworth?" "Very or'nary, too, sir." His servant, on my saying he thought her handsome, quietly answered, "She might have been to *his* eyes, sir." So "the perfect woman" was all in his eye. He would probably say that his was a poet's eye, that could detect what never was on sea and land; and as all join in commending her good sense and kind heart, perhaps her real beauty was none the less than that of her outwardly lovelier neighbor.

Before we reached the end of that path, a shepherd boy stood in the pasture, and by various phrases was directing his dog far up the mountain to gather up his sheep. His calls seemed more like orders in words than inarticulate commands. The dog understood the changing phrases, and scampered here and there, according to the directing voice, and even went upon and over the lofty summits in his appointed search. The familiarity of the two suggested Michael and his

"Two brave sheep-dogs, tried in many a storm."

The storms and the sufferings and perils of sheep and shepherds, that he so feelingly describes, all lived before me.

A mile or more and we come down from our mountain path and enter the vale of

GRASMERE.

This is the most rural of all the lake hamlets. It is in many respects the finest, and is more than any other asso-

ciated with the poets. Imagine a valley nearly round, about a mile in diameter. Very high hills enclose it on every side. The only visible outlet is toward the north, and this is through a narrow pass and up a high road, whose summit is nearly a thousand feet above the valley. At its lowest part nestles a bit of a lake, — a quiet pond; a little too genteel, perhaps, for such a name, but worthy of nothing greater. In this narrow area, shut in on every side, stand three houses, occupied at various times by the poet, and others occupied or frequented by his associates, Coleridge and De Quincey. As soon as we enter it from Rydal, we come to the place he first lived in. It is a story-and-a-half cottage, mortared and whitewashed, looking no better, except for whitewash, than many of the rude houses around it. A room used as his study is now a huckster's shop. The house is owned by the proprietor and occupant of "Dove's Nest," Mrs. Hemans's home on Windermere. The tenants were intelligent, and were talking of emigrating to America.

In this cottage of two small rooms he lived with his sister before he was married, and here he brought his

> "Perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command."

Behind this cottage he had enwalled a little plat of rising ground, with shrubbery, grass, tiny rocks and trees, on whose topmost point is an outlook to the grand scenery that surrounded it. Here were penned, or rather uttered, some of his tenderest ballads and sublimest musings of philosophy divine. He removed hence to the rectory, a comfortable house near the church, and thence to an elegant residence called Allan Bank, at the northern extremity of the valley, and on a high slope under protecting crags, and that took in all the sweep of the hills from its windows. A little above the centre of the vale stands the old church of Grasmere, a most venerable

pile, having been built many centuries, — a quaint, homely structure, with rough pillars, blackened roof, great, unpainted, square pews and stone flags. The house was full of washing women and lounging men. Its old face was naturally wrinkled and swarthy. It had had a thousand annual washings; yet this company of chattering men and women seemed utterly unmindful of the scores of generations who had laughed and jabbered and splashed the water on its rude slabs. Kindly does Providence hide with flowers the inevitable lot.

From these jolly vestrymen I gathered much information. Chief among them was a Mr. Green, to whom I have referred, as having, with Kit North and the Grasmere men, frightened Napoleon into submission by merely starting for the field. His dialect was grotesque in the extreme, but his information was full and his loquacity abounding. Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Hartley Coleridge were his intimate friends. He helped to move Wordsworth from the little house where he lived several years after his marriage, to the rectory. He helped to bury his children. "He always stood in prayer in the old church," he said, "his head bent forward, leaning on his arms, in a posture of profound devotion." His seat, large, unpainted, venerable, seemed sacred as the Burning Bush; for here that wide-visioned soul had often looked with "humble-lidded eyes" into the heaven of heavens. It was my wish — ungratified alas! to visit the church at Horton where Milton worshiped when he wrote his earlier poems. But as deep-souled a man as Milton here quietly worshipped with surrounding and unapprehensive rustics for many years, sending his musings, like mountain breezes, out upon the land, and waiting in patient poverty the slow but certain echo, which, solidified, is Fame. Over his seat is a medallion-head, under which is a tablet, with this most simple, touching, and neighborly epitaph upon it:

To the memory of
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
The true philosopher and poet,
Who, by the especial calling of
ALMIGHTY GOD,
Whether he discoursed on man or nature,
Failed not to lift the heart
To Holy Things,
Tired not of maintaining the cause
Of the poor and the simple,
And so in perilous times was raised up
To be a chief minister
Not only of noblest poesy,
But of high and sacred truth.
This memorial
Is placed here by his friends and neighbors
In testimony of
Respect, Affection, and Gratitude,
ANNO MDCCCLI.

Behind this gray old pile is a small graveyard, and a well-worn path leads you to three simple slate slabs, which mark the spot where his and her sisters sleep, and Wordsworth and his wife. Close by is the grave of his daughter and of two young children, one of whom has some memorial lines of his father's on his head-stone. As they express something of his religious as well as parental love, and are not found in any of his books, we transcribe them. The lad's name was Thomas, and he died Dec. 5, 1812 : —

> " Six months to six years added, he remained
> Upon this sinful earth by sin unstained.
> O, blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed
> A child whom every eye that looked on loved,
> Support us, teach us calmly to resign
> What we possessed and now is wholly thine."

Nothing could be plainer than the grave of the poet-laureate. His own name and his wife's, — for they sleep in the same grave, — without date of birth or death, are on a low head-stone not two feet high. How like the man! " He hated all pretension," said an old friend and neighbor, talking with me as we stood beside the grave; " he disliked all fuss. Once when they were burying

some one here, and were making a great parade around the grave, he drew near, paused a moment, and turned away, saying petulantly, 'Why don't they bury him and have done with it?'" Some yew-trees which he assisted in planting are near his grave. A brook murmurs in the meadow close beside it, and the mountains, grand and peaceful, with "the most ancient heavens," still "fresh and strong," look down upon him who loved them with so sincere a love, not for themselves, but for Him who made them and filled them with sacred influences to every seeing eye. Near him sleeps his friend Hartley Coleridge. Early and dangerously wounded in the battle of life, he dragged his ruined body and almost ruined soul painfully through its long, and, to all outward sense, useless pilgrimage. This friend, and others that I met in the valley, gave me many reminiscences of these two. They are far better remembered than the elder Coleridge or De Quincey, as their stay here was brief.

"Wordsworth was a queer man," said Mr. Green, "in his habits; walking alone, speaking to no one, with his hand thrust into his bosom, and he working it up and down over his heart with great earnestness, and mumbling to himself in what seemed inarticulate tones. 'T would n't do to disturb him then; for he was busy making poetry."

Another neighbor remarked that he had often seen him at midnight, thus walking and mumbling, with his sister a little distance behind, catching his words as they fell, for the purpose of writing them down. A strange pair surely they must have appeared to the honest villagers. No wonder one of these short-sighted, self-important old men should feel as he did, when he said to me, "Woordsworth wa'n't woorth mooch to this region." He supposed that he himself was of far more consequence, and doubtless ascribed the great rise of

property here, and the great influx of people, permanent and transient, into the country, to his own sagacity. He never saw how the great, homely, awkward, ruminating poet was the instrument that opened the eyes of all England to the loveliness of this sequestered seat, and drew great multitudes to enjoy its beauty. A woman, whose father kept a tavern for many years at Grasmere, said she had often been frightened as she was coming home late at night, when she heard this mumbling sound approaching her.

Just put yourself in the Wordsworth posture, walk off vigorously, rubbing your hand earnestly over your heart, working your mouth so that you can just make out the guttural tones, and repeat the grand lines on "Revisiting Tintern Abbey," or "The Ode to Duty," or those on the "Intimations of Immortality," or those on "Music." Thus wrest from your heart and throat such lines as these: —

> "Our life is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul that rises with us,
> Our life's star,
> Hath elsewhere had its setting,
> And cometh from afar.
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> From God who is our home."

It will give you a new idea of the oddity and sublimity of genius.

The inscriptions on the walls of the church show that Wordsworth was to the manor born. His substance of soul is kindred to neighboring spirits, though its quality is far superior. My gossipy guide showed this when, pointing to the baldest of rhymes, commemorative of the death by burning of the first wife of Dora Wordsworth's husband, he said: "There's foine poetry for you." It was the barest bones of the laureate, as skeleton hills, uncovered with grass, or trees, or cattle, or clouds, the

common-sense and commonplace where he often wandered, made servile by its thoughtless simplicity.

A sign in a neighboring valley shows this native quality out of which his genius grew into strange majesty and beauty, yet ever retaining, in its loftiest flights, reminiscences of the earth out of which it was taken. Thus reads the pre-Wordsworthian strain : —

> " O mortal man who livest on bread,
> What is't that makes thy nose so red;
> Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
> It is with drinking Burkett's ale."

Hartley Coleridge is, however, the favorite of the people. He was free and familiar, ready, and anxious even, to take a glass; and when he had taken several, was full of wit and poetry. A very little man they say he was, — thin, short, good for nothing but to drink and chat. He lived on the Simpson farm, into which De Quincey married, and died there. During his life his friends supported him. " He boarded at our house," said the innkeeper's daughter, " and I used to rally him on his habits ; for he never went to bed and he never got up. He seldom saw his bed before daylight, and had his breakfast at dinner-time." Another friend and admirer said he believed Wordsworth got most of his poetry from Coleridge ; for the latter was a great deal the smarter. This discerner of spirits was a retired innkeeper, and Coleridge often came to his house. He was very silent and stupid till he had three or four glasses down ; then he was radiant with genius. When he was in the fit of composition, and became entangled in the web of thought, he would go out in the field and run round and round in a ring. " Queer fellows these poets are," this man added. And well he might: one striding along, rubbing and beating his breast, and muttering to himself, and another flying round like a top!

A touching incident concerning him shall close these

memorabilia. While Mr. Green was standing near his grassy mound, he said, in his uncopyable dialect, "I never look at that grave but I think of what occurred one day at my house. It was a rainy day, and coming in, I found Coleridge there. I asked him what brought him there, as he lived some mile and a-half away. He had come for something to warm him up. I asked if he had had anything. "Only a little beer." "Would 'ee loik soom gin?" "Aa." [They all say aye here, but pronounce it aa, as if they had learned it from their sheep.] "He drank it up, and called for another glass. I gave it him, and he took a little book from his pocket for a little daughter of mine, called for pen and ink, and wrote these lines." He repeated them from memory, and I copied them down. Here they are: —

"HARTLEY COLERIDGE TO MARY GREEN."

"My pretty little maid,
I hope this book will do thee good.
May you see your God in the brook,
And feel him in the wood.
But ere thou canst spell thy letters,
Or know what these pretty words mean,
I may be gone the way of my betters,
And I, like thee, be green."

Tears stood in the eyes of his old friend as he repeated the lines. He is green in the memory and love of his neighbors all through this dale. He was his own enemy alone. Inheriting from the opium-eating practice of his greater father a fatal appetite, which was cherished by the drinking customs of the valley, and especially by his irresolute nature and social habits, he unfitted himself for the great struggles and duties of life, and wandered from house to house, a genius in ruins; yet, like the ruins around him, green and beautiful. Still to the last he fulfilled the prayer that Wordsworth uttered over his childhood, in one of his finest sonnets, carrying "a lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks"; and to

the last there broke forth from him such vivid flashes of imagination as show that, with steady culture, he could have equalled in fame the great men that surrounded him. A cross, with a wreath of thorns around it, stands at the head of his green home, with this affecting inscription, "By thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver us."

We shall all have to make the same appeal, and cannot judge harshly this disrupted soul. Let him sleep beside his strong-hearted friend in the most charming of all burial spots. No ruined abbey, no gardenized cemetery, can compare with this vale. Calm, solemn, affectionate, Nature hangs over the graves of two of her humblest, heartiest worshippers. It is the perfection of a mausoleum, — one that man cannot despoil, nor time destroy. The vale they have consecrated shall consecrate them, and pilgrims to their graves shall ever feel the mighty and lovely presence of that Nature which inspired and ennobled these her ceaseless worshippers.

It was a delicious evening when I left the vale of Grasmere. I climbed the hill that led northward, often looking back to catch closing gleams of its exquisite beauty. The cuckoo sent his soft notes through the heavens, and recalled the words, first written here, —

> "O listen, for the vale profound
> Is overflowing with the sound."

My last glimpse was on a spot that painfully smote upon this tender beauty. A huge heap of stones crowned the summit of the highway, said to have been cast up by Edmund, the Saxon King, on defeating Dunmail, King of Cumberland, A. D. 945. It took me back to savage times and men, nine hundred years ago. As the eye can in a moment look from earth to the stars, so does the soul leap through time in the twinkling of an eye.

Terrible war then had raged here, and the hills and heavens had not only seen great-thoughted men looking

up to "the abyss where the everlasting stars abide," but wild, wrathful men, wrestling with each other in deadly ferocity. Storms had beat upon the mountains and raged through the skies. Perhaps the human storm, like the elemental ones, was a needful prerequisite to this present peace. On this high pass, in the violet hue and the hush of a dying day, I reluctantly bade good-bye to Grasmere and the region especially appropriated to Wordsworth's life and labors. A coach, fortunately approaching, is mounted, and I ride along the base of Helvellyn and the side of Thirlmere, about ten miles, and enter the ancient and crowded town of

KESWICK.

It is in the broadest valley of the district, looking exceedingly beautiful with its mountain border. Here Southey lived for nearly fifty years, here he died, and here he lies under the lofty Skiddaw. His house, square and spacious, is surrounded with trees and lawns. Two of the trees in front of the house were sent from America, and planted with his own hands. A thick grove, a hundred feet deep, covers the east side of his house, running down a steep hill to the Greta. At its base, near the river, his seat is still shown, where he sat in pleasant weather and had his books brought him. The mountains sprang up close to the bank opposite, but the scholar dwelt more upon his books than upon the trees, waters, and mountains, and here "Wesley," "Nelson," and other well-told tales in prose and verse were sketched or elaborated. He made far less impression on his neighbors than his less scholarly friends had on theirs. Though he lived here over forty years, he was scarcely known to the villagers of Keswick. They tell me that he used to walk daily through their streets, a tall, pale, thin man, with his face always looking up, so that they wondered that he did not stumble. He wore

wooden clogs often, like the villagers. He was a pure student, and Nature, as if in revenge for his neglect, brought him back to second childhood; so that, in the last year of his life, the only thing that seemed to interest him was playing marbles.

Not far off is the country churchyard, where he sleeps in a plain marble tomb, while inside the church a marble statue keeps him in memory.

Twelve miles from Keswick is Cockermouth, the birthplace of Wordsworth. Having followed him so far I thought it no more than right to follow him unto the end, for the beginning was the end to him. The child is father of the man; so I would see what childhood's scenery had to do with manhood's verse. My walk was on the usual perfection of British roads through the usual perfection of British landscapes, increased in this instance by the lofty range of the Skiddaw that skirted the east, and like tall towers on the west. For four miles Bassenthwait, one of the finest of the lakes, accompanied me. Thick native woods, through which the road passed for miles, gave an additional and almost an American beauty to the scenery.

One American feature was wanting: the peril of the game from vagrant guns. Rabbits ran across the road as fearlessly as boys. Law protects them more than it does boys. But yesterday I read in the papers how a lad of six or eight summers, living on the edge of one of these great forests, was sent to jail for six months for trapping a single rabbit. So rigidly do these lordlings keep the land and its wild tenantry for their own pride and pleasure.

A carrier finally gave me a "lift," and I entered Cockermouth on a bag of potatoes in an open cart. Nobody seemed affronted at my style. In all probability, the Poet-Laureate had often helped himself home after this humble fashion. Certainly his hero, the Peddler, whom

I professed to imitate, would have gladly availed himself of such a favor. We exchanged knowledges to our mutual pleasure and profit. At sunset, unladen from the carrier's cart, I entered

COCKERMOUTH,

a large town near the Western Ocean. A huge castle, built by a follower of William the Conqueror, and dismantled by Oliver Cromwell, stands at its entrance. Rooks flew around it in great clouds, and dark steps opened in its massive walls, stopping a few stairs down and plunging the victims into awful abysses. It was yet partially occupied, though we should imagine that every chamber would be haunted by the screaming rooks and blacker and noisier memories.

A broad street runs through the place, on which, in a plain stone house of fair proportions, Wordsworth was born. Narrow and miserable alleys run into this avenue, and gin-shops by scores deface it. But the Derwent flows gently behind the town, hills lift themselves green and graceful above it, while below it rise the dark mountains that enclose Buttermere. His life began at the beginning of the Lake District, and ended near its end. It was an appropriate beginning, and one could easily see that means of the spirit's culture were afforded in the surroundings and supernals of the odd old town. A memorial window in the church here preserves his memory; so does a strange son of his, who lives a little out of the town, and visits it frequently in that peculiarly English and servile carriage, — a chaise drawn by a man. It is something like the high-backed car of a sick child. In it sits the "full-blown cabbage rose" of a duchess, or the equally obese gentlemen, while the white slave tugs in his beastly harness. The smooth roads give some color to the degradation, though the structure of society gives more. A native of Cocker-

mouth, speaking of this custom of Wordsworth's son, mentioned another equally queer, perhaps equally English, act of his. "He is wearing," he said, "his fourth wife." This and the man-horse were spoken of incidentally and with no idea of their oddness. Servants and wives seem subjected to like humiliations.

The lake district he has made popular and populous. Staring hotels, gaudy and costly mansions, are destroying its rurality. But they cannot mar its hills and waters. They cannot mar its history. It is a monument of vanished greatness. No man of genius now marries with it his higher life. In noisy cities lie Coleridge, Wilson, and De Quincey. In a like enclosed vale the wondrous Scott; but here their truest and longest friends sleep till the earth and heavens be no more. Then shall they vanish that seem so stable, and these shall appear incorruptible who have here crumbled to naught.

If you dislike Wordsworth, you will this itinerary. But if you see in him, among much which was perishable, much which shall live to the end of time, you may be led by it to a reperusal of the most feeling ballads of any land, the most profound perception of the moral being of Nature and of man.

This sketch, began at Lodore, within hearing of Southey's waterfall, and in sight of St. Herbert's green island, whence he fled to heaven eleven hundred years ago, is finished close by Epworth Rectory, where one passed his early years, whose life Southey sought to delineate, and who carried far forward toward its consummation the holy work of which St. Herbert assisted in laying the foundations. So, having proved its unity in one respect, if in no other, it shall be called done.

IV.

HAUNTS AND HOMES OF BURNS.

THE most bemarbled poet in Great Britain is Burns. This is probably owing to the fact that he was a Scotchman, and that he gave their local and vanishing vernacular a poetic and public habitation and a name. No English poet has done that for his equally numerous and lowly dialects. Wordsworth, with all his treatment of homely and familiar subjects, ever handled them condescendingly and as a university scholar. Had he had the genius or the pluck to have done one thing more, written his ballads in the language of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and with the gusto with which the natives rattle away in their unknown tongue, he might have been as popular as Burns. But he shrank from the humble dialect service, and the great heart of the world shrinks from him.

This fact is equally true of all great English writers. Not one of them has ever transplanted the wild flowers of her native speech to his elegant pages. It is far otherwise with Scotchmen. Hogg, Wilson, Ramsay, Scott, and Burns delight to render this service.

Shakspeare has more of this local flavor about him than any other English poet. A book is written showing what Stratfordisms are in his dramas. No small part of his wonderful power and popularity is from this faithfulness. But he did not give himself openly to its service. It was a clandestine love. He chiefly talked,

as he presumed kings and great men did, in the grand style, and his "wood-notes wild" are often lost in the high phrases of courtly speech.

The Scotch love the racy and original language of their daily life, and, therefore, admire those who fill it with their genius and lift it up before all the world. Hence they preëminently love its two preëminent representatives, Scott and Burns. No monument in the world to a man of genius can compare with the Edinburgh memorial in honor of Walter Scott. It probably excels in cost, it certainly does in elegance, the combined statues and monuments that England has erected to her really great men. Most meagre and most mean is her expression of gratitude. Most magnificent is Scotland's. But while this single monument outvalues any one in honor of Burns, his are more in number and second only in cost and elegance. There are no less than three memorials, — at Edinburgh, at Dumfries, and at Ayr, each far surpassing in beauty and cost any monument England has erected to any of her literary sons, and the last, like Scott's, outvaluing them all.

The Burns District is comprised between Ayr and Dumfries. They are about sixty miles apart, and both lie near the west coast of Scotland. Ayr is a large seaport on that coast, ten or twelve miles below Glasgow. Dumfries is close to the border, and about a hundred miles north of the Lake District of England. This section is one hundred and fifty miles from Edinburgh, and is properly the back country of Scotland. Nearly all her historic men and spots were on the eastern coast. Though the region had not been without the presence of Wallace and Bruce, still their great achievements and seats of power were not here. And all its poets and *littérateurs* had flourished around its capitals of Stirling and Edinburgh. Glasgow was then an inconsiderable town, and with but little influence in that warlike age.

It has but little, even now, in comparison with its less wealthy and less populous rival.

Burns had, therefore, all this western border of lowland Scotia to himself. He was its first-fruits, the beginning of its unsuspected strength. In his delightful letter to William Simpson, he dwells on the previous obscurity of his native region: —

"No poet thought her worth his while
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unken'd of isle,
Beside New Holland,
Or where wild-meeting oceans boil,
By south Magellan.

"Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gie'd Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune
Ower Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings."

The proper way to visit this district is to go to Glasgow first and then move southward. Every step but one in his life journey was in that direction. That one was the short time his father spent at Irving, trying to get the living by weaving which farming had failed to afford, and where he died in the extremity of poverty and distress while Burns was yet a youth. This town is a few miles north of Ayr, on the road to Glasgow. It is not connected with his earliest or his public life, and hence has but slight interest to the tourist. As we entered the district from the south, we must reverse the natural order, go backward from the end to the beginning.

To one coming from Liverpool or the lakes, the last and most southern of his homes is first reached. Let us take the train at Carlisle, a town on the west coast of England, known in the border wars, for its cathedral, which is but poorly cared for, and for Archdeacon Paley, who lies in it.

We soon pass Gretna Green, where the accommodating blacksmith forged so many silken fetters, which wore longer and were often heavier than the iron ones he legitimately wrought. It is a pleasant country spot, and one's heart contends with his judgment in favor of the lovers here irregularly united; especially when he sees the unchristian spirit in which these divinest of human relations is yet subjected here to the cruel considerations of mere pride and pelf.

DUMFRIES.

A ride of forty miles lands me in the lively town of Dumfries. Its narrow streets are full of people, among whom I twist my way on curious thoughts intent. One is soon aware that he has struck the Burns District. Pictures of his face, haunts, and monuments, fill the shop windows, and the least inquiry about him brings forth ready and intelligent responses.

The points of interest here are the church and his monument, the house where he lived and died, the tavern that he frequented, and the banks of the Nith, where some of his chief poems were composed.

I came to the tavern first, as undoubtedly Burns did. So far my steps and his agree. It is "The Globe," and is a little, low, brown, two-storied house, in a narrow alley, hardly wide enough for a cart. In one corner of a small dark room a wreath is painted on the wall, with "Burns's Corner" inside of the laurel. Here he got "fou'" too often. Here others get "fou'" yet; for whiskey, the bane of the land, flourishes here still, though the genius that once lived for a moment in spite of its power has long since vanished from the place.

On the windows here and up-stairs they show verses scratched and signed by him, and I presume they are authentic. They have his spirit in them. They sing the

praises of women and whiskey, — a queer conjunction, but one which he often makes. The best of them have those touches of gentleness and of nature by which he so often makes us forget his sins in the exquisite tenderness with which God had so richly endowed him. Here is one, scratched down in an hour when the fumes broke away from his brain and left it simple and natural: —

"O, lovely Polly Stewart!
O, charming Polly Stewart!
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half as fair as thou art."

A short but most crooked pebble-paved street leads to the house in or near which he lived most of his days; where he died, and where his widow lived till within a few years. It was near the corner of a little triangle, shut in with dirty plastered houses, at the beginning of a slight ascent. This house was slightly superior in its appearance to its neighbors, which were of the most miserable character, and in the like of which he passed all his days. It had a bit of a parlor, and over it a small chamber, where he died. It was comfortably fitted up, and one could hardly recall the painful hour of his departure. If the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged above the common walks of life, that whence a conscience-stricken sinner flies has something terrible about it. I could only see that wasted, suffering, agonizing son of genius, of Christianity, and of sin. I talked with his neighbors, and some who had seen him and knew his friends. They thought he died penitent and trusting in Christ. It is certain that he was very earnest in prayer, and God, who is rich in mercy, and who is able to save to the uttermost, and casts not away any that come to him through Christ, heard an honest cry, we may believe, and, hearing, answered and saved.

From it we wound our way up the hill a few rods,

and turned into a comparatively broad and straight street, being, perhaps, forty feet wide, and ascended a short distance to the kirk-yard gate. We followed thus the way he had, with his family, occasionally walked to the church, and over which his body passed to its long home. It was not five minutes' distance from his house. The old church and its yard are just as they were in his days, — that, a square and homely, yet, in intent and cost, a stylish building; the yard, of two or three acres, full of tall, staring, monumental slabs, that "stun" you with their size and "spread-eagle" style. In the farthest corner behind the church is his last home. It is a granite pile, with pillars and dome, three sides open to sight, though covered with thick glass, and the fourth having a marble slab, with figures in life-size, of Burns as the ploughboy, and the genius of Poesy casting her mantle over him. Inside of the church they show you the pew where he was sitting when he saw the lady's bonnet, with its unseemly adorning, and instantly composed the address that ends with the more well-known lines, —

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

The pew is like all the rest, square, high, unpainted, old. It is close to the door, and behind a huge pillar that shuts out the preacher. The lady sat in the one just before it, and the want of seeing the minister may have directed his attention to the livelier object nearer. The position of this pew showed at a glance the habits of Burns. Wordsworth's pews are close to the pulpit. It stands in the corner of the one at Rydal. Burns's pew is as near the door as possible, and looks as if he had no regular seat, but only happened there for the nonce, out of weariness, passion, curiosity, or in a fit of conscience. And his exercise there showed that he carried away the habit that he brought.

To see the best of him at Dumfries, one must get

away from his drinking tavern and irreverent pew into the fields about the town. The Nith flows through it. On its banks some of his finest pieces were composed. I walked out three or four miles, and saw the spot near the bank where the ride of "Tam O'Shanter" came into his brain. It was close to the river, on a high bank, lined with a hedge and a footpath. He was wild with excitement, rushed home, put it on paper, and declared he had then given birth to his greatest poem. "To Mary in Heaven," a far diviner strain, was also composed here. Such contraries dwelt in him.

A pleasant stream this is, of fair width, lined with trees and hills, with the land swelling to quite an elevation in the near horizon. An old abbey, with its mournful ruins, stands on a knoll overlooking the river. The whole air is full of history. Bruce, Wallace, Douglas, Montrose, have been here. The heroines of the "Heart of Mid Lothian" dwelt here; and last, and far from least, the Country Parson had his rectory close under yon western hills, and drew hence much of the racy and gracious influence that flows from his pen. The site of the cottage of Jeanie and Effie Deans was pointed out to me by one who said he had guided Scott to the spot. It was in a little dell, under a tuft of woods, and beside a murmuring brook, — a delicious spot for heroines to snuggle in. Only I fear its excellencies were less fictitious than theirs. For I heard that Effie was a disreputable character, suspected of the crime for which she was acquitted, by the people of Dumfries, and in her character confirming their suspicions. She lived to a bad old age, a water-carrier of the city, a profane and dissolute old woman. Let us hope that Jeanie was more faithful to her character and to the beauty of the spot, where she passed her girlish days.

We can give no idea of the landscape. It is rich and quiet, full to the brim of life and of ease, — too rich, too

quiet, when we see the miserable huts of the poor peeping out here and there, and know that their occupants earn hardly a shilling a day, and that irregularly. Yet, for purposes of poetry, nothing could be finer. The river here, as everywhere else in this country, strikingly exemplifies the words of Addison, —

> "And wandering rivers, soft and slow,
> Adown the verdant landscape flow."

A queer old Scotchman, more than seventy years old, but brisk as a boy, was our cicerone round the city, — full of learning, politeness, loquaciousness, pious words and professions, and greed of filthy lucre. He had been a schoolmaster, had often seen Burns when a lad, knew his wife well, told us all about himself and everybody and everything besides, in that hour's walk. He said Burns was less than middle height, broad across the shoulders, broad, high forehead; he was pale and wasted most of the time that he knew him; Mrs. Burns was slim and graceful, with a brilliant black eye, and very handsome foot and hand. It was a high compliment she paid to any one for her to offer her hand.

He was full of proverbs. In confessing to his estate as a bachelor, he said, "I have n't tried all the fords of the Clyde;" meaning that his condition was not entirely compulsory. For he afterward told how his betrothed was drowned, and how he had kept faithful to his youthful love and vows. In describing his neglect by some wealthy and high-born relatives, and its effect on him, he said, "There are more ways of killing a dog than choking him with pudding," — a proverb that shows the rich vein of humor that runs through the Scottish mind.

He said Burns could only compose when half drunk, and when alone; and then his verses sprung up in him like a flash of lightning. In this way, after a drinking bout at Lord Kincaid's, "Scots wha hae" was created.

This, if true, was doubtless owing to his dissipated habits; and in it he resembles Butler, and Hartley Coleridge, and probably most other men of genius, who are the victims of intemperance.

I left the lively old schoolmaster, who is expecting soon a great fortune, and meanwhile cheers his poverty with prayers and Yankee pennies, and took the train for Mauchline. About six miles south of Dumfries, Ellisland is passed, the place where many of his best poems were written. It is the farm to which he removed after his marriage, and where he dwelt in toil and poverty for several years till he secured the post of exciseman and removed to Dumfries. It was the same quiet, undulating, pleasant landscape that one sees everywhere on this island except in its hilly sections; very beautiful to the eye in May, but hard to live upon with its heavy taxes and far heavier rents.

Fifty miles north is

MAUCHLINE.

Here his genius first burst forth, and here its freshest blossoms and memorials are still found. Mauchline is on the railroad from Dumfries to Glasgow. It is the most disagreeable and dirty town I have been in, — a half dozen narrow, dirty streets, built close with clay biggins, and filled with unattractive faces. Still one finds good in everything, and I stumbled on it in Mauchline. I fell in with a native whose wife was a niece of Jean Armour, the wife of Burns, and so had an opportunity, in making her acquaintance, of reviving that picture of his life close by the spot where she lived, and in a cottage he must have often passed, if not entered. For this was on the street that led from the house where she was living to Mossgiel, and so must have been passed by him whenever he escaped from his lonely home to the coarse and dangerous delights of the dram-shop and the hamlet. I was invited

into the house, or room, I should say. Portraits of Burns and his brothers were on the humble walls. The mistress received me as cordially and gracefully as if she dwelt in sumptuousness. She was a dark-eyed and comely lady, and strikingly resembled the pictures of her aunt. They showed me a piece of the leg of the bedstead on which Burns died. This was all the relic they had of their great relative. But the room was to me a relic. It vividly revealed the life of the poor peasant, though it was undoubtedly superior in its comforts to those he occupied. Its floor was earth, or rude slabs of stone. Two recesses were built into its sides, large enough to hold a bed, but not to get around it. There was but one way out or in, and that was over the body of the front occupant, providing you were not yourself that occupant. The floor was without carpet or rug to relieve its nakedness. A grate, the universal fireplace, three or four chairs, and a table, comprised the equipment of the representative family of Mauchline. It showed that the greatness of its founder had not, as with most celebrated families, enriched his kindred. Far greater than the lairds and dukes around, how different his fate!

This gentleman, for such were his manners and such would be his position in America, took me over the village. He showed me the one-story thatched cottage in which his aunt-in-law lived when Burns made her acquaintance; and a little window with four panes and hung on hinges, in the low-roofed attic, was pointed out as the wicket, we might say, wicked, gate, through which the poet youth crawled in his clandestine visits to his betrothed. The house stood at the head of Cowgate, — a narrow dirty lane that finds immortality in his songs.

Adjoining this cot are the two drinking-houses of Poosie Nancie and Johnny Dove. The last, under the title of Johnny Pigeon, was honored with a stinging epitaph. The first is the scene of the "Jolly Beggars." Poosie

Nancie still keeps it, or one like her, — a buxom mátron, with a shop full of whiskey, which she was dealing out incessantly. She carried me to the room where he locates that rough opera, and showed me the window into which — her house projecting over the sidewalk — Burns, looking and seeing the beggars over their jollification, conceived the characteristic cantata. For a rarity, I will record that she was the only person I met in Britain who refused a fee for her services, and that, too, when I did not patronize her whiskey. Gavin Hamilton's house is still standing. It is a genteel residence; not grand, according to our standard, but far above the level of the country folk about. Here Burns was married by his best and warmest friend. The church is replaced by a new and handsome structure, the chief effect of whose beauty is to make the village look meaner and uglier. Let us get away from the painful sights and more painful memories of this dirty, drunken hole, and walk out over the uplands, glowing in the warm light of a June sunsetting, to the place where, more than all others, his fancy flowered. His relative walks with me, whom I easily transform into Burns himself. The daisy comes down to the edge of the village, covering thick the road-side as a fitting and charming escort to the home of its laureate.

MOSSGIEL.

Leaving the congregation of whitewashed and dirt-washed hovels we enter a broad, pleasant road that slopes upward very gradually for nearly a mile till it leaves us on the level brow of a hill, and at the gate of the Mossgiel place. A walk of a few rods across an open field brings us to the door of a neat and attractive cottage. It is somewhat higher, larger, and undoubtedly pleasanter than when Robert and Gilbert Burns moved into it. The gentleman who occupies it is a thorough and suc-

cessful farmer. He does what the Burnses could not do, makes a living and more out of the farm, though he pays a thousand dollars rent for only one hundred acres. His wife lost a brother at Bull Run, and so we found ourselves at once blood relations. Their hearts are in the American struggle, as are those of Scotland generally. But the great sorrows of America had here throbbed, and they knew and felt as we do, with how great a price we were purchasing the freedom of the world. It seems fitting that Burns's place should thus be joined to a cause he would hold most dear. For he, of all the chief men of his time, especially in Britain, was a consistent and constant democrat. He felt more keenly than any other in this land the galling yoke of caste, and would rejoice, if alive, in our success in establishing the principles that he loved, against all enemies at home and abroad.

It was in and around this house that his first poems were written. The vision by which he was called to be a poet occurred in that spence, and beside that ingle, or fireside. The rooms are after the pattern of the one I have described at Mauchline, and easily revive the days of auld lang syne. In the field behind the house he talked to the daisy. The "wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower," as I have said, was in full blossom, and I dug up some roots from the same field, which I vainly hoped to transfer to America. They have shared the fate of the flowers he sang.

In the field on the left of the house he came upon the mouse, the "timorous beastie." They are still plenty, and had one of them been taken, instead of the daisy, it would have probably pleased the tenant as well, and I might have had a better chance of getting it home. Under a spreading sycamore, close to the house, he often sat and composed verses. The little low-roofed attic, where he tossed o' nights on his pallet of straw and conceived some of his finest pieces ; the kitchen, the barn,

the fields, the high hedge he planted just in front of his house, the scenery around, are full of him. The landscape looked beautiful in that beautiful hour. It rolled off very gradually on every side, and then sloped up into high hills on the north and south. To the south lies Mauchline, whither he nightly went, lured by the drinking fascinations that yet everywhere and most powerfully prevail. On our right, down in the valley, you see

> "The banks, and braes, and streams around
> The Castle of Montgomery."

On the opposite side are the fields and woods where the lass of Ballochmyle blossomed. To her he addressed some of his best verses, and sent her a copy. But she, with the true custom of the country, despised the ploughman's verse as she did his person, and not till he became famous did she let it be known that he had ever condescended to honor her with his song. Yet her beauty, and her memory even, live only in this rustic's verse.

Leaving this pleasant seat, passing the beggar's bush opposite the gate, — an old hawthorn which he introduces into his songs, — we retrace our steps to Mauchline, and take up the line of march for Ayr, eleven miles distant. I should have staid at Mauchline, but the town was so unprepossessing that a whole Sunday spent there seemed as if lost. And then the memories of him there, especially those connected with the church, are most painful. At Ayr I can attend the church which he frequented in his Christian and innocent childhood. There, too, the "Cotter's Saturday Night" was experienced by him, though the poem was written at the Mossgiel farm, after "the saint, the husband, and the father" had rested from his labors and his prayers. So to Ayr will I go. No conveyance being feasible, I took my staff and travelled on. The first three miles was the finest walk I have seen in this country, except, perhaps, that

around Bassenthwait Lake, on the road from Keswick to Cockermouth. Not the famous one from Coventry to Warwick, nor the three miles as famous through Windsor Forest are superior. High trees line the road. Their canopy is over you all the way. Fields and vistas ravish you, and the stillness is perfect. It is down hill almost the whole distance. At its foot, on rising ground, stands the Castle of Montgomery, in great parks rolling and grand. Down this hill, either by the street or across the fields, Burns used to come. Here the plaintive scenes connected with his love for Highland Mary transpired. The hawthorn yet stands where their last meeting occurred. It would be pleasant to recall these, did not his vows then made to Jean Armour upon yonder hill conflict with them. And we have to dismiss him from our thoughts as a poor sinner, and think of the fair maidens who, ignorant each of the vows the other cherished, enjoyed the thought that the brilliant and beautiful youth of Mossgiel farm was all their own.

But this hill has the other half of the Burns's life stamped upon it. It is the very one celebrated in his "Death and Dr. Hornbook," across whose ditches, hillocks, and "stanes" he with difficulty steered himself, and at whose base he met and sat and chatted with the "Something" who called himself Death. How easily we see the jolly drunkard, —

> "I was come round about the hill,
> And toddlin down on Willie's mill,
> Setting my staff wi' a' my skill
> To keep me sicker;
> Tho' leeward whyles against my will
> I took a bicker."

The other party did not reveal himself here, but his favorite minister and forerunner, the dram-shop, did: the very servant of Death that brought this son of genius to his arms, or ere his early prime had gone; not then with the leering bravado of this hour, nor with the

strength and serenity of the Christian, but in terror and agony of soul.

I had been told at Mauchline that I could get a bed opposite the gate of the castle park. But calling at the wayside inn, I found the old ladies only provided whiskey and chairs for their guests. They probably supposed the first would soon slip them from the last, and they would sleep off its fumes, unmindful that the floor was not the softest of couches. A neighbor was there drinking, and he offered me a neighborly glass. Had we got fou' thegither, Burns's experience might have been completely reproduced. I resisted the temptation and entreated for a bed. 'T was no use. They had none to let. So I had to trudge on. Eight miles after midnight are longer than thrice that number in mid-day. The country covered itself with its black and gray blankets, and went to sleep. The distant lights on the western coast were the only living things. Their eyes twinkled through the darkness as friendlily to me as to the sailors on their opposite sides. I tried to follow Nature, and, stretched in soldier's guise, thought I could easily revive the experiences of the camp, where a blanket and a shelving bank were as sumptuous a couch as the most epicurean sluggard could ask. But the hour and place seemed hostile to all such modes of relief. The air blew cool and damp. The earth, instead of soothing, roused the soul with nervous excitements, and I had all the disagreeable effects of the proffered cup without its momentary pleasure.

There is no way but to go ahead. So I toil on, meeting occasional batches of boys, who trolled their songs and seemed unmindful of midnight or weariness. I thought how often had young Robin tramped this road at these hours, half-drunken and rapturously happy, singing his own songs to the applauding comrades. And how often he had paced them weary, sick and sad, bitterly

complaining of his lot, and more bitterly condemning his base habits and his criminal conduct; condemned, alas! only to be instantly indulged at the very first alehouse he reaches, and repeated with increasing avidity of sin till violated Nature cast him into the grave.

At three o'clock the ghostly Auld Brig is crossed. He seems pleased at the preference I give him over his natty junior down below. Strolling up the dawn-brightening street, I see the pleasant name of "Temperance Hotel" stretched across a comfortable-looking hostelry — betokening a better than earthly dawn brightening the ruinous convivialities of this region. Mine host is rung up, and his bed, soon plunged into, proves a better friend than the breezy uplands, and anon transfers me to the haven where I would be.

AYR.

Refreshed by sleep and a good breakfast, I turn my Sabbath feet to the auld kirk. Its aisles, paved with rude slabs of stone, were hardly eighteen inches wide,— full narrow for the crinoline of a modern lady. The paintless pews were crowded. An ambitious attempt to adorn its harmonious ugliness with painted windows, only accomplished the undesirable effect of increasing its ungainliness. A true John Knox affair it was: large, crowded with pews, homely and hearty. Its real adornings are its age, its history, and the mellowness which they can cast over the plainest features. The services, in spite of the gorgeous window, were of the primitive type. Hymns, horrible in rhythm, were sung to tunes equally horrible in melody; the united voices and fervent air of the great congregation alone giving the service of song a heavenly harmony. The Scriptures were read by every eye, the text picked out by every one for himself, and the references of the preacher in his sermon were also looked up by the whole congregation. A good sermon

was preached on faith and works, showing their essential relation, and hence quite apologetic, though very liberal in its theology and spirit. Such a sermon in Burns's day would have secured the speedy expulsion of its preacher. It was in this church that the bright and comely lad regularly worshipped till his eighth year. Many a happy memory, with some tedious services not so happy, joins him to the place. In the graveyard about lie not a few who will live in his verse forever.

The next day I closed my three days in the Burns District by a visit to the memorable spots of the town and vicinage. Here are the "Twa Brigs of Ayr," the cause of one of the most vigorous of his poems, and the father of that equally vigorous child, Russell Lowell's "Bunker Hill and Concord Bridge." They are yet as in his days: one very old, quaint, and narrow; the other broad and handsomely adorned with statues. The last has not yet suffered the fate which the scorned Auld Brig prophesied should befall it, but seems destined to endure for ages.

On the street leading out to Alloway Kirk is a little inn, called "Tam O'Shanter's Inn," to which I have referred before. Here the heroes of the tale are said to have often foregathered, and hence Tam started on his luckless ride. It is a two-storied, four-roomed, thatched-roofed concern, — like most of the inns of Scotland. A huge picture over the door portrays Tam leaving in the dark night on his journey to his farm twelve miles off. He is taking the stirrup-cup, — the last dram, drank after he is in the saddle. Its rooms are full of memorials of these drunken heroes of imagination, and whiskey and stirrup-cups yet abound there. It was a pleasure to take a cup of coffee in the convivial room, and through this better than whiskey, to get anear the heart of that sportfulness and wit. Following the steps of the reckless smuggler, for so he is said to have been, I came in half an hour

to what he passed unmindful, but that which chiefly draws me hither, — the little hut where Burns was born. It is kept in a good whitewashed state, and is greatly enlarged and extended in the rear. But the old and original portion yet remains: a single room, with rough stones laid very unevenly on the floor; an old grate, a dresser, two small windows opposite each other; one put in by William Burns, his father, and only about a foot square. Here they lived and suffered. In the corner near the street he was born, and that very night a cold January storm broke in the clay wall beside his bed.

"A blast o' Janwar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

The slaves have had hardly worse fate; in fact, considering the climate, not so bad a fate as this peasantry were it not for one thing, which includes everything. William Burns and Agnes, his wife, could not be separated. Robin could not be sold from his mother. His hut was his castle, as strong to protect him as Stirling or Windsor. Ah, yes! poverty and the proud man's scorn are something; but a perpetual home and the cotter's Saturday night, —

"Which a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' make him quite forget his labor and his toil, —"

these were not the blessed comforts of a slave's cabin. It is time, however, that this land should bestir itself, and go on to perfection from the grand foundation and only true corner-stone of human society which she has laid so well and so long, — the right of every man to himself, to his family, to his labor. Equality, fraternity must be built on this before the perfect state is formed. The ruling classes must see and do this great work, or the people will do it for themselves. The slaves will get their rights first, but this peasantry will soon follow. But I am talking like, not of, Burns. Let me return.

I leave the house, which is, like almost every other connected with him, a rum-shop, that gives one painful reminders of the worst phases in his character, and help to make many like him in these habits. Descending a little hill and going up the opposite side, half a mile off, I reach Alloway Kirk, the scene of the famous dance of the witches. It is a little thing, — thirty feet by forty or fifty, — unroofed, its walls held together by iron bars; a very cheap and plain affair. It was an abandoned and haunted kirk in his day. Yet around it sleep the unhaunted dead, his father and mother among them. Right opposite a very comely church is being built, and near it are the splendid grounds and monuments that commemorate the poet. A garden of exquisite beauty, full of flowers and shrubs, surrounded by high hedges and iron fences, encloses a costly monument. On a high granite base stands an open temple with nine pillars, representing the nine Muses, crowned with a dome and ornamented with statues and busts. Close at your feet glides the Bonny Doon, and the old bridge which saved Tam is only a few rods from you. His perilous ride was but for a moment, though in that, as in most vital moments, was crowded a lifetime of experience. How fresh and fair the banks and braes of Bonnie Doon were blooming! As I leaned over the side of the old bridge, and gazed upon them sloping up from the river, covered with the heavy richness of summer verdure, with cultivated fields and still woods sleeping all around, I thought I had seen nothing so beautiful. And to this reviewing hour, when the picture hangs in a much larger and grander collection on the walls of my memory than it did then, I still oft turn to it as the express image of the beauty that blushes unseen; retired, remote, hiding itself in its own loveliness, with that sweet sadness whose melancholy grace gives perfection to the face of nature no less than of man. With him she fell, and with him she

remembers her lost and sighs for her coming Eden. Tam and his pursuing witch are forgotten, and the sad-hearted youth wandering here is the centre and life of the scene. I hear his plaintive moan and easily make it my own: —

> "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
> How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair:
> How can ye chant, ye little birds,
> And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
> Thou 'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
> That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
> Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
> Departed never to return."

With lingering steps and slow, the spot is left. The low-hung clouds close thicker around, as if bringing the scenery and soul into a yet closer affinity than they were when he wandered here, and their tears fall thick and fast upon the responsive earth and more responsive man.

A walk in the rain back to Ayr, a ride on the railroad past Irving, his second and last parental home, and the Homes and Haunts of Burns are left forever. No, not forever, —

> "For oft in lonely rooms and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities shall I owe to them
> In hours of weariness sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,
> And passing even into the purer mind
> With tranquil restoration."

Three evils, into which, in a sense, Burns was born, helped to pervert what might have otherwise been a perfect life of wonderful beauty. They were social caste, drinking habits, and the extreme dogmas of faith that then prevailed. By the first he was crushed; by the second, corrupted; and by the third, not saved, but driven first to ridicule, and then, having no wise guides and ministers, to despair.

Everybody drank. With inconsiderable and powerless exceptions, everybody drinks to-day. Total abstinence is growing, and temperance hotels and societies are multiplying. Yet whiskey is more common than tea, and

Christians, scrupulous as to cooking or reading on the Sabbath, go to bed drunk with permitted toddy. If so now, how much more so then. The fine-strung boy was cast into this lake of fire. No wonder those delicate tissues caught the flame and were so soon consumed.

But society crushed his manhood. It is enough to ruin, almost, a high-souled man to-day in Britain, if he is low-born according to the laws of society. Burns was a democrat before Jefferson and Franklin, as soon as Rousseau and Voltaire. He was a bold democrat, singing thrilling songs on the equality of man, which even we can hardly yet, with a system of wicked caste among us and in the midst of our hearts, indorse. His Mauchline relative repeated, with a force of expression that cannot be conveyed, the stinging lines, —

> "Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
> Wha struts and stares and a' that,
> Tho' hundreds worship at his word
> He 's but a coof for a' that."

The word coof, for conceit, folly, brainlessness, has no match in English, and these birkies and coofs were all around him. Close to Mauchline is a magnificent place thus occupied to this day. And they and their toadying hundreds all "cut" Burns. A friend informed Mr. Lockhart that on a fine summer evening he saw Burns walking alone on the side of the street in Dumfries, while the opposite side was gay with gentlemen and ladies, not one of whom would recognize him. He was then at the height of his fame, and far superior to these despisers in talent and attractions. But he was a democrat, buying guns and sending them to the French convention, and they spurned him. It is not surprising that his unregulated nature only plunged the deeper into dissipation.

And fatalism completed his ruin. Nowhere in language is there such a fearful portraiture of the doctrines he had to hear day by day, as in "Holy Willie's Prayer."

We are shocked at Burns, and call him profane. It is true, his spirit is far from right. But was not their letter as profane? In his poems he defends the doctrine of the New Lights, calling it "curst common-sense":

> "And that fell cur ca' common sense,
> That bites sae sair."

Had he been met by it in an experimental form, none of the points which goaded him to destruction would have pierced him. His prayers and hymns show that he had honest and deep religious sympathies. His "Cotter's Saturday Night" was wrought out of a much profounder nature than his "Tam O'Shanter." And his biographer tells how once a comrade, supposed by Burns to be asleep, heard him pray in a fearful fulness of distress that overwhelmed him. But he revolted at the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation. Feeling his spiritual liberty, he was met on every hand by social, civil, and religious tyranny, and he fell under their manifold power. This is not said to commend or palliate his course. *He* never so defended it. He felt his freedom, as well as his sin, before God. But we must remember that it is more tolerable in the day of judgment for the Sodoms and Gomorrahs than the Capernaums of greater light and privilege. And we, who have a free and equal society, a public opinion approving of total abstinence, and a religion that is based on human liberty no less than on the equal, universal potency of divine love, cannot shelter our sins under those of Burns. Had he had our light, he would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. He did repent, we hope, unto life eternal. He will ever be loved for his wide and tender sympathies, which embraced the despised flower, animal, and even insect. Yet more will he ever be loved for his grand views of the rights and equality of man. His monuments are teachers of the greatest truths and duties. Alas! that they are compelled to warn us to shun his sins, while inviting us to emulate his virtues.

V.

STIRLING AND EDINBURGH.

NO castellated height in Britain equals Stirling for majesty and beauty combined. Edinburgh Castle is overtopped by Arthur's Seat, that rises within a mile of it, and several hundred feet higher. Royalty does not show well when uncrowned democracy stands near it and above it. Windsor Castle is a splendid pile of granite, kept up in the best style. It stands on a moderate elevation, and has a panorama of wide-spreading vales and engirting hills, low and heavily wooded, rich, but not magnificent. Stirling is actually high and lifted up. Imagine a rock some three miles in circumference at its base, and a mile and a half at its top, shot up from the centre of a plain. Place around its base, and partly up its steep sides, an old, compact, and lively town. Put on its rough but broad top a huge fortress, rising hundreds of feet sheer, and towering with sullen pride and confidence over the subjacent town and region. Fill the courts with soldiers, the reminders of the ancient guards of the palace. Wander round the deserted rooms, with their regal names and bloody history. Stand on the esplanade outside the gate where titled traitors, some, the purest of patriots, felt the cord and the axe. Or, escaping from this choking memory, cast your eyes downward. To the south and west, the valley of the Forth lies low and level, and covered with the richest verdure. Scotland

is supposed to be a land of oatmeal and heather, rude in climate, soil, and appearance. But it is as rich as England, and its mountains give it a stronger and less monotonous aspect. You will see no lovelier landscape in Europe than that which is beneath you. At this south-eastern corner, close up to the castle-walls, is a meadow, with a raised circular mound in its centre, a hundred feet in circumference, and hexagonal mounds surrounding it. This is the round table of chivalric times, and the spot is called the King's Garden. There knights used to tilt in armor and think themselves the greatest men in the world. How the fashions, as well as the men, of this world pass away. Turn north and west, and the high hills of Ben Lomond and his kindred lift up your vision and your soul. They give the majesty that other royal palaces profess but possess not.

Right before you, to the east, not a mile away, across a meadow, springs up a wooded hill. It is not as high as the royal one, nor as some untitled ones behind it, but it is more historic. Upon it stood Wallace, with his men partly below him, partly behind. Ten thousand against fifty thousand Englishmen, — an easy prey, the Southrons thought. But they fought for liberty, and God fought with them. The English were routed, and the youngest son of a poor laird became the great man of Scotland. On that hill they are now erecting to his memory a magnificent monument. But his memory needs no monument. All their kings, save Robert the Bruce, are forgotten. They are as though they had never been. But this name is everywhere revered and beloved. "It has been hard work," said a poor man to me, "to start this great monument. For Wallace did n't belong to the aristocracy." The great families are adopting him at last, as the people have from the first.

Turn a little to the south, and a mile farther off you see the second, and better known spot, which sealed

the independence that Wallace began. There, on a higher and more rolling ground, is the field of

BANNOCKBURN.

How closely were Wallace and Bruce associated. This battle was within less than twenty years after the other, and was dependent upon it. Wallace being entrapped and murdered, the English pride rallied, and a second invasion was made. Robert the Bruce led the forces of his nation, and, against fearful odds, won a conclusive victory. England was confounded and let Scotland alone. Three hundred years she maintained the independence she then secured, — an independence which she yet exercises in many ways, and which was never, in any way, surrendered; for a Scotch king ascended the English throne, and in a sense England was annexed to Scotland.

A walk of three miles brings me to the field. As I drew near it, I fell in with a cottager, a very intelligent man, despite the humility of his condition, and he took me to a knoll and showed me the field. On the summit of a swell the standard of Scotland was placed. The hole in the rock is yet there, and a flag-staff occupies it. In the valley below glides the little stream, or burn, of Bannock. On the lands rising from its opposite side were the enemy. On that hill, to the east, sat King Edward, expecting an easy victory. His cavalry dashed across the stream. But a deep morass on this side had been filled with pits and covered, and the stratagem, as old as Abraham, was this time also successful. Bruce and Scotland were victors. I saw the site of the old church at Ayr, where, the next Sabbath after the victory, the Scottish nobles met and unanimously made him king, and in Melrose Abbey they show the place where his heart is buried. But Bannockburn was fullest of him, and I was surprised that on this admirable spot, where the standard stood, there is no monument. He

at least was not plebeian. It is time that almost six hundred years of independence should recognize the savior. I was struck with the fact that these two great battles were so near each other, and so near the royal palace. It shows that other capitals have been besieged before ours, and, what did not happen to us, they have been captured too. For this castle, at that very time, was in the hands of the English.

Less than a mile from the field of Bannockburn, and in sight of his palace, a king was slain in a civil war with his own son. Wounded, he sought refuge in a mill, and called for a priest. "I am a priest," exclaims an enemy, rushing in and thrusting him through with a sword. I visited the mill; it was deep down in a valley, now a miserable hut, and used as a dwelling-house and blacksmith shop, — so little attention is paid to it. The smith showed me the dirty coal-hole where he died; and on learning that I was from America, was very inquisitive as to the war, and very intelligent too.

The station at Bannockburn has a garden covering the steep cut opposite the depot, which is made into a very pretty witness of the battle-ground. Growing and glowing in the greenest of box and the largest of capitals are the words "Bannockburn" and "Bruce," and the date of the battle. The Lion and the Unicorn are also fiercely rampant for the unattainable crown. Is this the prophetic lion transformed into the grass to which his nature is to be assimilated?

EDINBURGH.

It is fifty miles from Stirling to Edinburgh. This city is admirably situated for poetic, but not for commercial effect. "Mine own romantic town," Scott calls it. But romance has little connection with shipping or trading. So Edinburgh, though beautiful for situation, is a hard place for omnibuses and trucks, and not espe-

cially attractive to ships and factories. Unhistoric, uncomely, and unintellectual Liverpool and Glasgow far surpass it in these essential elements of a great town.

The best place to see the city, and feel it too, is from the Scott monument. At the Castle you are too high; at Holyrood, too low. Standing here we shall refuse to look at anything else till we have feasted our eyes on the monument before us. There is nothing in the Empire approaching it. Here is a Gothic temple — a hexagonal pillar some twenty feet in diameter and a hundred feet in height. It is finished in the highest style of art, — every nook and corner wrought into forms of beauty. In the centre, under this canopy of covered stone, sits the great magician, reading. Around this monument are spacious gardens; in front, a broad, handsome street; on the side, beyond the gardens, are the gallery of art, and museum, in fine stone buildings, pillared on every side.

Behind, the ground slopes rapidly down into a deep valley, which formerly, and for many centuries, bounded the town. At the upper end of the valley, half a mile from our post of observation, is the Holyrood Palace. It is a very unattractive palace, more so than any other in Britain. It is simply a quadrangle, not spacious nor splendid, enclosed in but a few acres. Whether the kings had become tired of high life and so sheltered themselves here, or whether they became possessed of demons and ran violently down the steep heights above and were choked in this place, the antiquarian does not inform us. As this last experience befell some of them, it may be the true solution of the problem.

Look down into this deep valley just behind the monument, and you will see the trains passing and repassing, weaving in and out the modern web of life over these dusty centuries. From its gulf the old town rises

before you on the opposite side, — the oddest bit of town in the kingdom. Sheer over this gulf the buildings hang, — climbing up the hill-side ten stories and over. At the south corner the hill consummates itself in a very precipitous manner, whose sides even the ambitious town-builders have shrunk from lining with houses, but whose ragged top is fittingly crowned with the towers and battlements of the Castle.

Still keeping our position, we follow with our eye this crest from the Castle along the street on which the houses face, whose backs, as we have seen, are most decidedly up, and which is well termed High Street. You see that it gradually descends from the Castle to Holyrood, — a mile above, or rather a mile below.

These are its extremes. Hills rise up steep all around Holyrood. On the side towards you, and at the end of the street on which the monument stands, is a peak called Carlton Hill. It is adorned with monuments to Burns, Nelson, Playfair, and others, and looks very handsome and Grecian. On the side beyond and out of the town, springs the highest of Edinburgh hills, and a very lofty summit for a city. It is Arthur's Seat, and is eight hundred and twenty feet high. Behind you, or in front of the monument, the modern city lies, first ascending a long swell, and then descending far down into the valley that borders the Frith of Forth. This part of the town is very handsome; broad streets, frequent parks, elegant residences, statues, gardens, — everything that city luxury and taste can give, — abound here.

There you have our sketch; only one or two addenda are needed. Cross the bridge that spans this gulf, and go up into High Street. It *is* going up truly. You can work your way round if you are a foreigner, but if a native, you will disdain such roundabouts as a sailor does the lubber's hole. So mount the steps of this alley, — how many I know not, — then slide up the smooth in-

clined plane which they have disdained to cut into steps, and which must be admirable for "coasting," even in summer. After due labor you are in Auld Reekie. Near by is John Knox's house, an odd pile, with steps up the outside to the door in the second floor, with windows of every size and every sort of dis-location, each higher story projecting over the next lower, affording him a fine pulpit, had he chosen so to use it. Above the door is a singular inscription for so zealous a soul — "Lufe.God.above.all.and.your.nichbour.as.your.self."

Here, too, is the High Church, where he preached to trembling James and Mary, and where Janet flung her stool at the imported priest who undertook to read prayers in her hearing. I sat in the old pulpit and talked with a modern Janet. She was sweeping and dusting, preparatory to the annual opening of the National Assembly; and full of talk she was of America, the war, Sir Walter, King James, Knox, and all.

"We had to keep our religion with the sword," said she, "and we would do it again if necessary."

"So *you* would throw a stool at a minister who should read prayers here, — would you?"

"Aye, sir, that I would."

And she flung her arms about in a way that showed that she felt what she said.

It is an old and not handsome church. They were thorough Puritans, and yet retain not a little of the ancient feeling. No organs, no paintings, no windows richly dight. These last are creeping in, and so are the first, and they may yet be as tasty and as vain as their Southern neighbors.

Being in the street, you will see that its houses are here of the usual height, and that what we saw from the new city is repeated on the other side. It is on a narrow ridge, and the farther side is built up like the hither. The gorge beyond us is crowded with old

houses and young children, all alike dirty and disagreeable.

Still ascend the street and you shortly reach the ancient gate of the Castle. The broad area is lined with lounging soldiers. The pierced and battered walls are crowned with gay spectators. The laborers' children on a holiday excursion run noisily through corridors and rooms which once their presence would have defiled. Peace and democracy have largely invaded this haughty stronghold. Its glories, like most pretentious secrets, are of small value when subjected to the glare of common day. Queen Mary's room is a small, oak-lined chamber, not more than twenty feet square; it looks very simple and cheap. Adjoining is a bedroom not ten feet square. Here King James, the uniter of England and Scotland, was born. Some pious words are placed on the wall over the place where the bed stood, whether by him or his mother is not known. Out of a little window in the wall he was let down in a basket, two hundred and fifty feet, when he was eight days old, that he might be carried to Stirling to receive Romish Baptism. Mary thought more of his soul than of his body that time. Drop a baby out of one of the holes in the top of Bunker Hill Monument to the bottom, and you have a good idea of the triumph of a mother's faith over a mother's love.

It was this faith that caused all her troubles. Had she accepted the religion of her people, she would have died in honor and on her throne. But though they loved their Queen much, they loved their Church more. Her French education clashed with her nation's religion. Hence her troubles, sorrows, shames, and sins. No beauty of person can make her all beautiful within.

The finest view of the city and country is from Arthur's Seat. A prince went up there once; and one here has to be proud to do what a prince has done; so

we mount the mount. The land lies before us, full of points, historic and scenic. Two thousand years of human history — the "syllables of recorded time" — are under your eye. The Pentland Hills are just across from the Castle. They are named from the Picts, or painted savages, like our Indians. They were the aborigines, or, at least, the first known men. The Scots and they waged their battles here. Then the Romans fought the Scots. The walls of Agricola are in full sight. Then the Britons, Scots, and Romans had a free fight for several generations. Then came the Danes, the Anglo-Saxons, the great wars of the English and Scotch, the Covenanters and Friars, Cromwell and his foes, McGregor and his Highlanders against the Lowlanders, and last, Mary and her allies against Douglas. The land is like the room where Shakspeare was born, covered so thick with inscriptions that they obliterate each other. But the inscriptions here are all bloody. They made their mark, and the fields have flowed with the red lines. Every hill-top has had its blazing torches upon it, — its bloody struggles beneath it. Ben Lomond and his kindred stand in their hoods and robes of mist, as if yet wearing mourning for the mourning that for centuries and centuries constantly covered the land. It is so with all this island, and yet these people talk as flippantly and ignorantly of the impossibility of our healing our wounds and being again a united people, as if they had no ancestry and no history. They worship their ruins and footsteps, and yet learn no lessons from them.

SOME EDINBURGH CELEBRITIES.

It was my good fortune to be present at the opening of the General Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland. Edinburgh is a lively town

ordinarily, but when the Assembly opens its session she puts on her gayest apparel. It is her grand holiday Nothing shows more clearly the religious spirit on which she fed and grew than this fact. But the great disruption has shorn the day of much of its ancient glory; and this year the Queen desired that the usual military display be dispensed with, out of respect to the memory of Prince Albert. So nothing but a lumbering state-coach, with bepowdered and red-coated footmen and coachmen, and a score or two of dragoons, fed the eye of the populace.

Apart from this parade, the National Church seemed to awaken but little interest. No crowds attended its services, no enthusiasm marked them. A very heavy preacher and a very dull auditory filled the spot made memorable by Janet's stool and Knox's thunderings. Their Assembly was equally proper and dull. It was enough to suppress the life of a religious body to have a layman, representing a merely civil and earthly power, sitting in the throne-seat, high and lifted up, while the moderator, the recognized spiritual head of the church, sits far below, and evidently feels, as well as looks, servile. So sat Lord Belhaven, Lord High Commissioner, and representative of the Crown, above the very reverent as well as reverend moderator.

The Free Church, both from its origin and constitution, is a far livelier body. It has twice as many churches in this city as the Established Church, and judging from the opening scenes we witnessed, it has a hundredfold more enthusiasm and popularity. Its great Assembly room was crowded, and hundreds could not gain entrance. Their moderators were their chief men, and they brought forth their best gifts. Dr. Candlish was the retiring, Dr. Guthrie the incoming moderator. The outgoer preaches a sermon, the incomer makes a speech. Dr. Candlish was a short man, thickset, with a

mop of long, curlyish gray hair bursting out on all sides of his head, as if electricity was passing through it. And no doubt much electricity does pass through it when he is aroused. He preached on diversity of gifts, but one spirit. A skeleton in a book may be as disagreeable as one in a closet. So I 'll not set before you the pulpit horror. Enough to say that he showed, or said rather, that the division made by the Apostle in 1 Cor. xii. 4–6, of gifts, service, and operations, referred to the "Persons" of the Godhead; the gifts were of the Holy Ghost, the ministry or opportunity of using the gifts from Christ, and the using them of God, the Father: a triad of activities corresponding to the triadic nature of God. This may be no more than a conceit, but it was wrought out with great ability and aptness, and clearly met with his own hearty approval. When he spoke of the one spirit informing all the Church there, he was evidently more than hinting at the condition of the Established Church, saying that "pressure from without, and spices and drugs of the apothecary within, could not make a dead body a live one. Swathed in fine linen, filled with perfumes, and placed in a costly box of cedar, a mummy was yet no man." All felt the allusion and enjoyed it.

The Doctor is the last survivor of the leaders in the disruption, and is looked upon with great respect by his juniors. He is a man of power, but his address savors more of the student than the orator. His manner is awkward. He bends his little body over his little manuscript, twists his mouth awry, dashes his hand through his flying hair, sweeping it away from his forehead in a quick and uneasy manner. His voice is not more attractive than his address. His clear and cogent thought is his sole weapon.

Dr. Guthrie is of the opposite school. He is born to command a popular assembly. He is a tall, well-built

gentleman of about fifty years, with long, flowing, grizzled locks that hang gracefully about his head and shoulders. He has a handsome hand, and knows it, and knows how to use it. As he stood in Dr. Candlish's seat, the contrast was striking. He felt himself master of the hour. The wild enthusiasm of his reception showed that he was the popular idol. His voice is deep, melodious, easy, impressive, the voice of an orator His speech was full of hits at the enemies of the Free Church, not malicious, but yet strongly tinctured with the enthusiasm that creates and controls enthusiasm. Many a time he set the audience in a roar, and cheer upon cheer followed some of his allusions to their conflicts.

But his speech was not merely witty. It had not a few grains of superior thought. He said the Free Church might be the greatest instrument which Providence should use for destroying that relation of Church and State that exists here, by which the Queen declares herself "the supreme governor of the Church." Very near to blasphemy is that phrase. Henry the Eighth stole the Pope's mitre and put it on his own head, instead of destroying it, as he ought to have done. The Romanist is a better reasoner than the English Churchman. If there is to be any single human head of the Church, he ought to be an ecclesiastic. If there is to be any subordination, the State should be under the Church, not the Church under the State. But the world was not made in a day; and the assumptions of Henry broke a gigantic tyranny and paved the way for the true relation of these high contracting powers, as set forth in our institutions.

This boldness of speech was far above the Doctor's courage. Yet the gusto with which he prophesied, and the crowd welcomed, the dissolution of a patronizing State and a patronized Church, was most healthful and hopeful.

A third Edinburgh celebrity, less famous at home than these, but more widely and more admiringly known in America, is Mr. Boyd, the Country Parson. His Recreations have recreated many souls.

Being lion-hunting, like the Nimrods in Africa, I go to the hunting-grounds. Armed only with a card and a little Yankee brass, I present myself at his door. He was living in a quiet and delightful part of the new city, in a comfortable, spacious, stone house. It was long the residence of Prof. Aytoun. I send in my card, with "Boston, U. S. A.," upon it, and am immediately ushered into his presence. He very cordially welcomes me, and we forget in five minutes that we were ever strangers; at least I did. He was carefully, yet not clerically dressed. He speaks more rapidly than is usual in this country, as though he had caught our spirit with our approval. His face lights up with smiles, and his lips run over with humor. Many odd reflections on men and things, uttered in a dry manner, as if half unconscious of them, while thoroughly conscious, give that quaintness and vigor to his speech that exist in his writings. He is of medium height and size, in the neighborhood of forty, — looking under that age. His country parsonage, as we have said before, was near Dumfries. Very beautiful are the hills and vales of that region, — sweet, quiet, pastoral, with forests enough to break up the otherwise too high finish of culture. It is the very spot for sauntering musings, such as characterize his pen. No city study can compare with it. And if he maintains the geniality, freshness, and piquancy of his manse in his present home, it will show that the roots there planted have struck deep, and that as fine trees can grow in a city park as in a country forest.

With such rising and popular men as Caird and Boyd and Talloch in the National Church, it is evident that it is not disintegrated by the disruption. The Free

Churchmen will have to look to their laurels, or they will find the great men that achieved their liberty have no successors. Caird is one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. Boyd may yet be, though if we were to judge from his pen alone, he would be too quiet for the multitude. That he is not *caviare* to them, speaks well for their good taste. He appreciates the esteem in which his writings are held in America, and looks there, as every growing British writer already does, and will yet more, for the largest field of reward and renown.

SOME EDINBURGH GRAVES.

The dead are often more attractive than the living. It was so here. Two or three men of might breathe the upper air, but more and more mighty are the dwellers among the tombs. One does not instantly put Edinburgh and Guthrie, Brown or Boyd, in conjunction, but Edinburgh and Scott and Jeffrey and Kit North. We praise the dead that are already dead more than the living that are yet alive.

Of the spirits that have ruled and renowned this city but few have left their dust in her soil. Grey Friars Church-yard, in the romantic dell under the Castle, holds the ashes of George Buchanan, Robertson the historian, Ramsay and Hugh Blair. No late celebrity sleeps there. Two of these, Wilson and Jeffrey, rest in the Dean cemetery; Chalmers and Hugh Miller, in the less beautiful Southern cemetery among the meadows. The Dean cemetery approaches the best American burial places in scenery and artistic adorning. It is perched on a hill-top, with steep sides, heavily wooded, going down to the watery Leith. Its monuments are tasteful, and some of them costly. John Wilson's is a gray shaft of Aberdeen granite, with his name and the dates of birth and death. Here rests the brilliant magazinist, whose

dramatic perceptions only Scott and Burns, of his countrymen, have equalled; who, first and last of all writers, has clothed the dryness of a critic and a political pamphleteer with the gayety and vivacity of a romanticist; whose arrows, though sharp, were never dipped in gall; the great-hearted, roistering youth, the broad-headed, bright-witted, rollicking man, the tender, devoted, devotional sire. His grave should be honored above most of his countrymen. It is thus honored. For on it lies a little wreath of *immortelles*, with "*À mon père*" inscribed upon it. What great man's grave has such an affectionate domestic reminiscence? It shows how deep and sweet were these home fountains of his soul. Not far from him, in a more stately tomb, lies his chief rival Jeffrey. A full-blown inscription adorns his monument, and wealth and pride were evidently the chief mourners. One could not but think that Kit North had as far excelled his quick-witted, but narrow-witted rival, in the article of his burial, as he had in his judgment on Wordsworth, or his appreciation and utterance of the voices of nature, art, and religion. Yet both dwell in harmony together now, as in the heat of their official conflicts they probably did under the gray roofs and by the gay fires of Auld Reekie.

Chalmers and Miller are in adjoining plats in the level graveyard below the town. A wall ten feet high encloses the cemetery. It is emphatically a dead wall. Along its face are set great staring tablets, stretching from the top to the bottom, recording the extraordinary virtues of the sleepers below. At the lower end of this walk, we pause before a smooth green lawn some fifteen feet in width. Looking on the staring bills placarded in stone upon the brick wall, a familiar name arrests the eye. The celebrity for once is worthy of "the spread." It describes Thomas Chalmers with a fulness and fulsomeness unbecoming so great a man. One whom

nobody knows might well have his biography set forth here. Not the great preacher, scholar, and ecclesiastical statesman. His name was enough. Beside him sleeps his great advocate, whose clerkly pen smote like his stone-hammers between the eyes of Established Churchism, and broke its ponderous skull; who also, and almost alone, of eminent scientific men, crushed the infidelity that stole the armor of science and then defied the higher truths of the Living God. A foolishly ornate tablet stands sentinel over his grave.

LOVERS' LANE.

Under a side-wall of the latter cemetery is a narrow lane, well shaded and creeping up a slight slope. It is called "Lovers' Lane." For generations the lassies and laddies have frequented this path, and still it is said, on Sabbath nights, it is crowded with billing and cooing pairs. To pass into its narrow gate and straight way is a sort of avowal of betrothal. What an old country is this, where such fancies have become solid with age. How juvenile our land looks beside this juvenility. Youth and mirth and tenderness walk softly in this grassy lane. It is sown thick with other loves and youths than ours. Lift your eyes from the object beside you, and you can see, not only from the white stones staring at you over the wall, but from the crowded generations beneath them who have thrilled with intensest life as they first strolled here, that the path of love, no less than that of glory, leads but to the grave.

A LESSON, AND HOW IT WAS LEARNED.

Coming thence to our hotel, I almost had an adventure. It taught me a lesson of British hospitality that was novel and somewhat perilous. A broad, luscious

field lay between me and "the meadow walk," the favorite play-ground for Edinburgh boys. By crossing the field I should save a long circuit. A rare break in the high wall let me in; I strike across the field to where the boys were at their evening sports, but found the wall on the opposite side too high to be scaled. Following it down I hoped to find some abatement of its pride, but it maintained the even haughtiness of its proprietors, to where it ended in the higher wall that enclosed the mansion. Disappointed, I turn back to the now far distant corner where I had foolishly crept over. A herd of matronly-looking kine were grazing near by. Out of their company a thick-necked gentleman walks slowly towards me. He is the very model in looks and airs of his masters, and I see at a glance, in the midst of my terror, how appropriate is the name of Bull to a Briton. He turns not to the right hand nor to the left. It is my turn to turn. For once, to my mortification I confess it, a Yankee had to flee from a John Bull. The Yankee had no revolver, stone, nor stick. His legs were his only weapon, and he properly put them to their proper use. A little copse was near, shut from the Sultan and his seraglio by a low and movable iron fence. He was within forty rods of me before I suspected his nature or designs, so quiet and cow-like were his movements: in this, too, strikingly conforming to the national character. I saw by his steady and slightly increasing pace, and by the directness of his aim at me, that he was not, as Hawthorne calls the bipedic British animal, "the Female Bull," but the masculine counterpart. I therefore put on his airs, — the best way always to subdue a Briton, — and with like outward coolness and calmness, though with a somewhat fleeter step, moved towards the low fence and protecting copse. He does not get sufficiently aroused to scale the powerless protection, and the Trent affair on the Edinburgh Grange

closes, like its prototype in "the still vexed Bermoothes," with no harm to either side. Prince John returns to his dames, and I, passing through the woods, come out on the other side, cross in safety the long meadows, through a flock of noble-blooded sheep, whose lords eye me with scorn but refrain from assault, and crawling ignobly out of the hole where an hour before I had crawled in, retrace my weary steps, in the evening dark, back to my quarters. I learned a lesson that proved useful in all my subsequent wanderings through the island, and that was, to keep in the old paths. Such a path, if through the grandest estates, is as old, as public, and as much protected as the highway; but a single step to the right or left is sure to bring one suddenly to grief.

VI.

THE FINEST WALK IN ENGLAND.

COVENTRY.

TWO Englishmen laid a wager as to which was the finest walk in England. The money deposited and the judges seated, one declares that it is the walk from Stratford to Coventry, the other, that it is that from Coventry to Stratford. Which won the case is not added. Perhaps the judges are sitting on it yet. The quaint old city of royal processions, steeples, and ribbons, Godiva and Peeping Tom, still preserves much of its ancient looks and ways. The streets are thin lanes; the projecting chambers bob to each other across the paths, like decrepid dames with protuberant chins across their gossipy table. Peeping Tom stuck out his head from a niche at the corner of the chief thoroughfare, and Godiva, "clothed on with chastity" and with the grosser apparel of ordinary dress, moved along the rattling pavements, evidently not averse to his respectful attentions. From the midst of these pinched and crowded alleys spring two of the most airy steeples that kiss an English sky. The spirit of St. Michael, the patron saint, is breathed into these aspirations. Antwerp's is hardly more majestic, not more aërial. The silk manufacturers showed their taste in these structures no less than in their wares. A comely cemetery rolls in graceful undulations, thick swarded with perfect grass, and shaded with hardly less perfect trees. I learned a peculiarity of British cem-

eteries here that reveals either the value of land or the straitness of the purse. It is not unusual to buy as a family lot one grave. Dig this fifteen feet deep for the first occupant, and excavate to his coffin for the second, and so on upward. Thus one grave can easily accommodate a family. It is not an unpleasant thought when once acclimated. Wordsworth's wife lies thus upon his bosom. Prices vary according to the depth first dug and according to location, as in the rural yard of Kendall.

Poverty reigns supreme in Coventry. Think of a city of forty thousand inhabitants with sixteen thousand paupers. The poor-rates are seven shillings to the pound, or thirty-five cents in the dollar. If you pay a rent of one hundred dollars, you must add to it thirty-five dollars for the poor. This rate is constantly changing, though usually on the increase. Well might they long for a new Godiva, who should relieve them of this worse distress than any which moved their great ancestress to compassion. St. Mary's Hall, the ancientest dining-hall in the realm, has a picture of that event; and this year they celebrated it by a procession, a lady in silk tights condescending to act her part. It was excused, now as then, on the score of the poverty of the people, — the procession drawing visitors and money to the town.

But we came here to go to Stratford, not to melt before universal misery, or to see its yet questionable modes of relief.

A lovely morning allured us, soft and cloudy, — the perfection of a British day to feast upon the perfection of a British landscape. The sun peeped out occasionally, like an Oriental beauty in sly glances from behind her veil. A broad, smooth road moves out straight from Coventry. Ancient elms and sycamores stand for miles beside it, two columns deep, with silent parks, and more silent sheep, appearing between their pendent boughs. Here and there a snug tenant-house broke up the green monotony,

and once or twice a larger mansion betokened a small freehold thrust into the gorgeous wilderness. But these were rare exceptions to the general law. Hardly half a dozen owners grasped these wide-rolling acres. Lord Leigh rules over fifty square miles, the largest landed estate in England. The Earls of Clarendon and Warwick are scarcely inferior monarchs. No wonder Coventry starves when such monopolies devour all neighboring lands with their insatiate appetite. Cattle are carefully preserved; men and women as carefully excluded.

Five miles of such enchanting beauty, and I tread the cobble-stones of a short and narrow street, lined with moss-roofed cottages and petty taverns. A few rods farther and the gateway of

KENILWORTH

stands before me. A grand ruin is certainly a grand affair, and Kenilworth is the finest in England. It was a lordly seat centuries ago, — a royal palace, a seat of rival royalty, when civil wars abounded here. It was a favorite resting-place of kings and queens till Cromwell dismantled it, as he did so many other fortresses. The romantic antiquarian waxes wroth over his destructiveness, but the lover of man rejoices in his annihilation of towers and temples, which were used only for superstition and tyranny. The castle stands on a lofty elevation, commanding a fine sweep of miles. Near the gate is a high stone building, used formerly for the keeper's lodge. It is larger and finer than many gentlemen's residences here and in America. Passing it, and going up a rather steep but very green ascent, I approached the ruined towers. They face us on either hand. These on the right were built, it is said, in the eighth century and before. Yet they are as crumbleless as if just erected. They were beheaded, but their trunks

remain. It is evident that Cromwell's, not "time's, effacing fingers" have wrought what ruin they have suffered. Conceive of a mass of stone a hundred feet square and a hundred feet high, and you have a slight idea of this single Cæsar's tower. On your left, on a line with this, a like but larger mass rises. These are more ruinous, run over with ivy, and have, evidently, felt the tooth of time. They are the towers of the Earl of Leicester, the favorite of Elizabeth. The space between these extremes cannot be less than three hundred feet. This is its front, — all gone but the extremities, — life here dying at the centre first. Before you, but far in, are the halls erected by Leicester, very stately in their time, but now far advanced toward the dusty state to which they, as well as their proud builders, came and returned. Mount a ruined pinnacle, and see what makes a palace here. Towers and walls, and other structures belonging to the building, lie around, which originally, according to Sir Walter Scott, covered a space of seven acres. Beyond were lakes and parks and gardens, and all manner of delights. Cromwell's men drained the lakes, and divided the estate into farms. But such an idea as the last could not abide here, and back it goes to its old possessor. The waters, however, have not returned. Here you can look and muse, and see visions and dream dreams of the scenes of war and peace, of revelry and piety, of delight and distress. For, after all, the chief use of a ruin is in what it reveals to the inner, not the outer eye. Nibbling sheep, screeching daws, climbing ivy, waving trees, abounding grass, crumbling arches and pillars, windows with bits of stone framework, the sole reminders of their flashing beauty, as the sightless eye-sockets of the skull, horribly testify to the light and glory that has once shone there, — these are all as profitless as a valley of dry bones, unless the Spirit breathes upon them. And our musings cannot be your musings; so we sketch the

skeleton. You must reclothe and reanimate it with your own imagination. It is well that it is destroyed. It would be well if every other like fortress, such as Warwick and Windsor, were in a like condition. For fortresses they all are, and forts, too, which were built to defend oppressors against the oppressed, not to defend the people against their foes. Every builder of these, from the Roman to the Norman, was a tyrant. His poor serfs, huddling around his huge walls, fed fat his pride and power; and to-day they call them kings and queens, dukes and earls, lords and baronets, and fancy theirs is a better blood than the descendants of the victims, the present and perpetual tillers, the rightful but impossible owners of the soil. Away with such abominable sophistry. England will learn yet that not these noble bloods are her noble men; not those who trace their heritage to a thief and a robber, are the real authors or transmitters of her greatness, but the down-trodden, the despised, the long enslaved, and not yet emancipated people.

Thus we mused as we sat amid these haughty walls, and thought of the kings and mighty men that had fought or revelled here, and how little of kingliness or true mightiness was in all their deeds. Before us lay the exquisite landscape. In the days of Leicester and Queen Bess, it was a forest full of wild deer. Shakspeare, trudging afoot, probably, as I had, from Stratford to Coventry, had passed through it, and peopled it with the fancies of his brain. "As You Like It" has its seat in those forests of Arden. The melancholy Jacques, the brilliant, affectionate Rosalind, the hearty old gardener Adam, the queer, but like all his queer chaps, most keen Touchstone, had whatever of local habitation and name they ever had, in this region. And so, like Jacques, we discourse on the nothingness of man's estate, —

> "And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
> And then from hour to hour we rot and rot."

How blessed it is to look up to the more glorious towers in more enchanting landscapes, and to feel that they, being built on truth and righteousness and love, shall endure forever; and that all that dwell there shall dwell forever; for no robber's hand built, and no robber's blood transmits them, but His hand who formed the worlds, and His blood that was poured out, not for His agrandizement, but for our salvation. That freely imparted to us, shall give us an everlasting title to the wonderful inheritance. May you and I, good reader, so fight against ourselves that we may have a right to the tree of life, the waters of life, and the gardens of life, and may enter in through those gates into that city.

But the day grows apace, and the lounging Jacques must put his feet in harness if he would see Stratford before nightfall. It is five miles yet to Warwick, and fourteen to Shakspeare's house. So the green banks that once were covered with stately halls must be abandoned by the musing Marius; Leicester and Elizabeth must flit before us no longer, kingliest ghosts, with pretty Amy Robsart in her pale robes and paler face, the avenging deity of the splendor and the sin. The old women at the gate are neither love-lorn queens nor damsels, but common-sense matrons, anxious to sell their pictures, penny-buns, and peanuts. I patronize their whole stock and push forward to Warwick.

The town is perched on a steep slope, its chief church on its summit, and rejoicing in tombs of ducal if not royal grandeur. Richard Beauchamp's, shining in brass, surpasses all rivals in the realm except Henry the Seventh's at Westminster. The castle is well preserved. The King Maker still lives. The royal houses that he cast down and set up have crumbled to naught; Lancaster and York may be reduced to the hovel, but Warwick reigns in undiminished grandeur. His halls are

laden with the spoils of ages; his grounds lie along the Avon, a forest of Lebanon coming up to the castle's windows, and gliding off for many acres. The grand old cedars, broad-girted, wide-branched, heavily drooping, are the almost millennial offspring of germs brought from the Holy Land by a gallant crusader of the house. They honor their keeping, and even make me, with our forests primeval, sigh for the glories of British lawns.

CHARLECOTTE PARK.

The afternoon is well under way as I pass between the great ivy-clad towers that compose the gateway of the castle, and set my face Stratford-wards. The road plunges through a moist and mossy dell, and, a short distance from the town, divides into two broad and superbly shaded avenues that both lead seemingly toward Stratford. Inquiring of a passer-by, I find that the one to the left leads there, *via* the Charlecotte Park, the home of the Lucys and of Shakspeare's deer. That prize wins the day. An aged gardener returning home beguiled the road of its weariness. He was poor but intelligent, a native of Stratford, and thus to my fancy a neighbor of the poet's, — such as those with whom he when a boy had played; and, a man, associated. He spoke, as all the laboring men I talked with did, of the misery of their condition. "A fine country you have here," I said. "Yes," he replies, "but we are like prisoners; we can only look upon it; we cannot touch it." "Why don't you graze your cows on the roadside? The grass is rich and abundant." "It is all owned by these gentlemen, sir. They will not let us touch a foot of it to save us from starvation. They wish us in Botany Bay, sir." This was said in a tone of bitter pathos, like a groan wrenched from a brave, enduring soul by the strain of the torturing rack. Years of poverty, of toil,

of hopelessness were pressed into that response. He led me into one of those charming footpaths which are found nowhere else in the world, and which only footmen can enjoy. It ran along the banks of the Avon, shaded, flowery, grassy, quiet, exquisite. He introduced me to a lady, as he turned aside to his cottage, who guided my steps to near the entrance to the park. She had children in America, and was full of inquiries about them and their new homes.

I leave her lively company, our paths parting. Soon the gate to the manor appears. The house stands near the gate, — broad, turreted, yellowish, aged; not grand here, but would be so almost anywhere else. I pause to fancy the room where Shakspeare was tried, and have since regretted my lack of courage to solicit a closer inspection. The usual stillness of a lordly residence reigns around. No open windows, no children, no noise, no life appears. It is like a tomb in Greenwood, supposing but one mausoleum stood solitary in its spacious grounds. The house passed, a path strikes through the forest to Stratford. It is a park of a thousand acres, unchanged probably in trees or deer since the days of that youthful rambler. The deer graze in herds, graceful and calm. They look at you, and move leisurely away as you approach, not so much seemingly through fear as through the reserve that the self-styled better bloods, both of beasts and men, show to the common races. They were the kindred, probably descendants, of Shakspeare's victim. The deer, the trees, the manor-house, the family, are almost unchanged. Three hundred years here are less than thirty with us. Their woods and beasts have thus preëminence over our men.

Crossing the park, and striking the high road, a man riding overtook me. I asked the direction to Stratford, and he invited me to ride the mile or two which he was going. He was a middle-man in moderate circum-

stances, a bustling Yankee Briton. He knew the Lucys well; had had dealings with them. The present owner was hard, crusty, close, and haughty. He had had a quarrel with him, and refused to ever work for him again. Such a confirmation of their ancient fame from one entirely unconscious of that reputation seemed to me a very odd coincidence. Peculiarities of temper outlast those of genius. He pointed out an oak, straight and striking, that grew near Charlecotte Park, which he said was planted by Shakspeare; what authority there is for the legend I know not. It suffices to show how full the region is of his memory. The very spot where he entered and left the park on the expedition is popularly known.

His house was a mile this side of the town, so I again took to my feet and entered the village with the setting sun. A broad and pleasant road led to the most famous rivulet in England: famous too not for a word ever sung in its praise or known to be written on its banks; not for battles and national tide-turnings, but because the genius of the world was born and buried beside it.

STRATFORD.

Low hills lay along the southern horizon, tipped with the strange British glory of a shining setting sun. The river, some three or four rods wide, was crossed by an ancient bridge, and a chattering country village, with feeble pretensions to gentility and wealth, gives me a grateful welcome. The peasant citizens were lounging at the windows: the children, with the clattering wooden shoes and less noisy voices, filled the ear with rattling music. Dames and damsels of humble degree and apparel gossiped at the doors. It was the most cheerful sunset picture I had seen; not unlike, though superior, to that which comforted me at Cockermouth and Keswick

and Mauchline ; so intimately are the great poets united. I could easily see the boy Shakspeare in these clogs, the maddest and merriest of all his playfellows ; the youth in these sauntering juveniles ; the graybeard in these dignified occupants of the ale-benches.

A broad street, as at Cockermouth, passes through the town, a mile or so in length. On this he was born, as was Wordsworth on that, though in a house of far less pretensions. It leads straight out to the fields, Shottery, and Anne Hathaway's home. From it, soon after crossing the bridge, one turns off at right angle into a shorter and more stylish street that follows the course of the river, on which stands his school and new home, built out of his London gains, and which ends with the church where he lies. These constitute the only real streets of the place. A few narrow lanes open out of them and complete the town.

Footsore and weary, I turn in at one of these welcoming doors, thinking — I must make the mortifying confession — much more of a mutton-chop and a soft bed than of Shakspeare and all the other mighty ones that have trod this or any soil. Undoubtedly, in this I had reached one level of perfect sympathy with the great masters. It is doubtful if their majestic natures crave food and rest more majestically than their pigmy kinsfolk — the rest of the world. Though some hair-splitting Hamlet might deny even this oneness, and assert that their superior genius is seen even in the motions of their lowest natures. They hunger not as other men. They are not thus weary and worn, and sick and sleepy. Cæsar did not ask for drink, "as a sick girl," Cassius and Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding. Till some Uncle Toby shall sit in judgment on this problem, which, like all others, has its two sides, I shall persist in believing that my mutton-chop tasted as perfect to me as to the hungry Shakspeare, and that my bed was as sleep-

compelling. It is consoling to our pride to think that man is of a common root, and is one, not only in his dusty origin and end, but in the great mass of his daily acts and emotions. Some may shoot their peaks, like mighty mountains, above their fellows; yet, like the same heights, their summits are as nothing beside the broad bases which they hold in common with all the earth. For rare moments great souls rise into exalted uplifts of genius; the common hours they spend with common humanity. Thus I solace myself now. But then, I must again confess it, I thought only of a supper and a bed. These secured, Shakspeare and Stratford, Kenilworth and Warwick, British pride and poverty, were soon totally forgotten.

SHOTTERY.

The morning saw me up with the lark, perhaps before him, for he refused to salute me, though I anxiously solicited the favor. I pass down the silent street so noisy last evening, out beyond the Shakspeare house, which it was too early to visit, and soon entered the open fields; a walk ran through them older than the poet. A few ploughmen were "driving their team afield"; the honeysuckles and buttercups and pied daisies welcomed me with their fresh smiles and odors. The path ends in a style and a narrow country lane, dotted with a few thick-thatched, mortar-walled huts, dignified with the name of house and cottage, but which hardly claim so worthy titles. Elms droop over the road, and the air is possessed with the unspeakable charm of a dewy morning of spring.

A turn now to the left and then to the right, and a cottage is seen with its end to the street, taller and larger than its fellows, standing in a garden on the side of a hill. A portly dame ushers me into a respectable hall, carries

me up-stairs, shows a bedstead that belonged to Mrs. Shakspeare, but does not show "the second-best bed with the furniture" with which her husband consoled her for his death. This may have been "the furniture." It is undoubtedly like unto that which she thus received. The family were evidently superior to their neighbors, though their straitened means had compelled them to partition off and rent a portion of the place. The hill was covered with an orchard, and the air was heavy with blossoms. Jessamine climbed over the door, under which perhaps Will of the market-town had kissed the handsome lass of the hamlet in the happy moonlight, centuries ago. They were "misgraffed in respect to age," and so are adjudged by his biographers to have lived unhappily; though on what foundation it is hard to say, — the second-best bed being doubtless their own couch, and her own rights giving her, without regard to the will, a handsome fortune.

THE HOUSE.

Back I come through the little, poor, unseemly cluster, through the field of blossoming clover, and enter the broad Henly street into which the paths concentrate, and soon stand before a low-browed, plastered, black and white striped building, not older nor younger, not uglier nor comelier than many of its fellows. It is close upon the sidewalk; a sign once swung from under its shaggy eaves, and a butcher's stall yet thrusts out its thatched brow from a corner over a windowless aperture, now boarded up, through which John Shakspeare, or some subsequent possessor, passed meat and vegetables to the scolding Dame Quickleys and the genteel Mistress Fords that reigned here as well as at Windsor and London.

A bell rung brings a decayed gentlewoman from a snug modern house close by; the rude door swings open,

and I am ushered into the birth-place and youth-place of "Nature's sweet marvel." What does the gorgeous flower care for the soil where it grew? All earths are alike. The dunghill can breed as wondrous beauties as the most sifted soils of the hot-house. This small, square, low room, with its floor of broken flags, can this be the spot where that keenest and quickest of souls scattered unconsciously the diamonds of its meditations and the lightnings of its merriment? And this kitchen behind, smaller than its small forerunner, — could he here have teased his mother for bread, been boxed on the ears for his contumacy, sulked or laughed in all the changeful moods of childhood?

Creep up that narrow stair that goes up from beside the kitchen-fireplace, and you emerge into a larger but a like low and paltry chamber, with its cheap walls, plank floors, a little window full of littler panes, with a ribbed ceiling like those in our ancient kitchens, but, unlike them, covered thick with the ambitious names of unknown admirers. Why don't they scribble the pages of his works, with like reduplications of their vain show? Such a record will give them greater hopes of immortality. There, at least, their name will stand forth as distinct and legible as their kakography can make it, and no palimpsest can obscure it with his tamer autograph. A good relief is this for the itch of notoriety which such spots inevitably set on fire in the cuticle of the soul. We adapt Johnson's "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat" to the place and hour, and foolishly fancy that who sees great places, lo! himself is great. But one autograph you never find in such place, that of him who makes it famous. Shakspeare never indulged in the youthful folly of scribbling on his mother's walls. If he had, a slap at him and a wet rag on the spot, would have obliterated all such desires and traces of immortality. The house has nothing marked but its poverty and na-

kedness. Yet to the lad it was neither. It was his home, where he rejoiced in his mother's smile and feasted on her barley-bread. Modern writers seek to make his blood gentle, and even noble. His mother was Mary Arden, a descendant of him who ruled at Warwick Castle and gave his name to the forests between it and Kenilworth. However refined her blood, the simple fare of a butcher or farmer must have been all she could grant her bright boy; and this was blessed with the benedictions of her loving heart and gracious ways. We leave this problematical cradle and hie to the more certain grave.

THE CHURCH AND ITS YARD

are down the street that skirts the river. New Place, his last residence, was built in this street, though but few, if any, vestiges of it exist. Near its site is a long monastic pile, not uncomely in age and architecture. Hither he crept along "unwillingly to school." Just beyond, in a garden of graves, rises the church, almost cathedral in its dignity. A path, arched with young trees, leads through the yard to the door. Up its broad nave the verger walks, and halts at the foot of three or four steps that ascend to the chancel. These steps run across the church. Ascend them, and on the wide pavement at your feet you see a gray flat stone, six feet by two. On it are the well-known lines in the not so well-known spelling. Thus it reads: —

> "Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare
> To digg the dust encloased heare
> Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
> And curst be he yt moves my bones"

There is no name nor date upon the slab. Not a few doubt that it covers his remains. And many is the curiosity that the curse whets and terrifies. Had he wished to have kept himself in perpetual remembrance

he could have hit upon no happier expedient. Somebody may yet despise the imprecation and rifle the grave, perhaps to find proofs that Miss Bacon was right; that no Shakspeare is here, or that he was nothing, after all, but a successful manager, while Lord Bacon, or who you please, wrote his dramas. His bust is on the wall over against the grave. Between him and it lies his wife; beyond him, his children and grandchildren. The family stretches almost across the chancel, having the most honorable place in the church, and showing that they were, at least, people of consideration in the city of Stratford.

On the gravestones without were many Shakspeareisms. As Burns and Wordsworth have the flavor of their soil in their poems, so has Shakspeare that of this in his. A collection of Stratfordisms has been made from his works, sufficient to prove to some the authenticity of his authorship. The cemetery bears tokens of his kinship to his neighbors. A quaint, original, humorous, profound character is stamped on many a headstone. I copied several, but, unfortunately, lost them in descending Vesuvius. I would advise any tourist to give this yard, especially its old stones, a thorough research. He will find much to repay him. A friend found there this most happy quotation from one of his sonnets, over the grave of a youth. It would have hardly been thought of out of Stratford: —

> "The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
> Though to itself it only live and die."

The grass covered these long homes with velvet verdure. Trees were sprinkled protectingly among them, true Philemons and Bauces, happy symbols of the eternal life of the sleepers. The graceful church lifts its many-fingered spires above, like loving hands outspread in supplication for the worshippers that throng below. The drowsy Avon, fringed with flowers and drooping-willows, steals along just behind the church. Did not the great

soul, in some vacation visit, when London popularity and praise had become stale, and age stole on apace, wander in this yard and muse out "Hamlet?" Here were the clownish diggers, there the uptossed skulls of wits and scholars "knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade." Did he not say often to himself, "Here's a fine revolution if we had the trick to see it"? Did he not conceive here that rare jibe at some pestilent conveyancer, with whom in his investments he had his conflicts? — "This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt?" And then, looking out on the sleeping brook, he sees Ophelia with her familiar wild-flowers, hanging among the willows, and his imagination falls into marching order: —

> "There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
> That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
> There, with fantastic garlands did she come
> Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
> That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
> But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them.
> There, on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
> Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
> When down the weedy trophies and herself
> Fell in the weeping brook."

Truly here is the centre of Shakspeare's life, where is that of all sincere souls, — in the grave. Not in his cabined infancy, nor breezy youth, nor busy manhood, nor wealthy age, nor slumbering gentility do we see the topmost height of the Colossus: but here, where the last of earth is lovingly encompassed by the first of heaven; where nature folds the dread conclusion of life in the tenderest of sympathizing arms, and the bewildered soul, tossed with more perplexities than Hamlet can utter, looks up to the oft-weeping heavens and feels that they offer it divine consolation; while the solemn temple re-

veals the highest heavens whence alone comes, through Christ, perfect and perpetual light and peace.

Long should I have loved to linger in this serene and blessed spot, and in the serener and more blessed moods that it inspires, —

> "In which the affections gently lead us on
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
> In body, and become a living soul."

But such are not the privileges of a traveller; a hungry heart, hungrier time, and hungriest purse ever hurry him away from the very spots he has the most longed to see, and where he would most prefer to dwell. The locomotive is sending forth its warning yells; I reluctantly leave the meadowy home appointed for all the Stratford living, give a last, fond look at its streets and spire and low embracing hills, and turn my face and heart to Oxford.

VII.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

THESE lie together in our pilgrim wallet, though they were visited at opposite seasons. They are of one nature, and are seen best in each other's light. Next to the religious centres of England are the intellectual. Whether these are the birth-spots of single and preëminent souls or the phalansteries where many minds are developed, they are, to the student of the sources of her history and her life, more important than any lesser shrines of nobles or kings, or even than the centres, whether of battle or discussion, whence flowed the streams of civil regeneration. Oxford and Cambridge have many things in common, yet in many they differ. The points in common are their economy, not of purse, but of service; their style of buildings and grounds, the size and character of the towns. They differ in the general scenery of the region, and in the classification of their men of renown. This last distinction is very largely a distinction without a difference. They were the extremes of my journey, — Europe and the East coming between them. Oxford I saw when but two weeks in England; at Cambridge I spent my last Sabbath in the Old World. They form together the most perfect picture of a scholar's paradise. 'T were hard to say which is the most charming, but it is not hard to say that, compared with the twain, the univer-

sities of the continent are cheap and mean. It is not hard to say that no other cities possess so many attractions to a retiring and studious mind.

Oxford is about eighty miles west of London. Cambridge sixty north. The first is perched on a rolling knoll, amid like rolling scenery. The last is on a plateau as level as a floor. The colleges in Oxford are scattered over the city, — no two great ones being connected even in their grounds. Those of Cambridge are, with a few exceptions, on two streets, their front walls being often connected, and the rear gardens and parks thrown together. This is especially the case with the chief colleges, St. John, Trinity, King's, and Queens', with minor ones interspersed. Their grounds compose one long stretch of magnificent meadow, grove, and stream. Each university has about the same number of colleges and the same amount of income. Between both there is a healthful rivalry, which would be productive of great good were they within reach of the poorer classes and were they democratic in their tone, instead of being, as they are, especially aristocratic. As it is, their conflicts are superficial and powerless.

The best way to paint the picture on your eye is to walk first through the cities and then through one of the principal colleges. With no map to guide us, the route will be the more perplexing, yet patience will conquer it. Oxford, like every old European town, is a jammed together pile of dingy brick or stone threaded with narrow and crooked lanes. These lanes are mostly dignified with the name of streets, though a few are modest enough or honest enough to wear their true titles. There is a slight attempt at rectangularity, and in two of its streets breadth is joined with straightness. The chief of these, High Street, runs through the city. Leaving the station and winding round a new road we approach the ancient town. Before we enter its pre-

cincts, to the left, twists away a dingy street, which, if pursued a few rods, brings you to the outermost and youngest of the colleges, Worcester. Beyond it is the printing-house of the university, a massive structure of stone. The grounds of Worcester are large, choice, and enticing, but better and older treasures are to be found beyond. So, passing this junction, and pushing up through bustling Queen's Street, crowded thick with petty taverns and shops, we emerge into the broader thoroughfare of High Street. Here the glories of the city first appear. The enthusiastic Oxonian declares that "it is universally admitted to be one of the finest streets in the world. For variety and magnificence of public buildings no city in Europe can offer a competition." One has learned to distrust British enthusiasm when he reads the rhapsodies of Kit North over Windermere. So while he would expect from such a statement a glory beside which the Place de la Concorde or Champs Élysées should pale their beauty, he need not hasten to give unlimited credence to the assumption. And yet the boast in this case is not without foundation. Churches and colleges line the street. Some of the first are of ancient and humble aspect, their humility being set off with extremest pride. Among the dingy and petty grandeurs appears St. Mary's Church, a fine Gothic structure. In this church the university sermons are pronounced. Mansell, Farrer, Rawlinson, Arnold, Newman and Whately have here read lectures. It is still more memorable for the expulsion of John and Charles Wesley from its pulpit, because they set forth there the doctrine of Justification by Faith. The Oxford of that day was almost as far gone from original righteousness as the body that excommunicated Luther for like utterances. The Church, with all its stateliness, is yet hard bound by the forms that to some worshippers are more than the indwelling spirit.

Such have no idea of Christianity except as conveyed in robe, lawn-sleeves and surplice, with a sing-song chant through the nose, and a form of sound words, — the form being much more important than the soundness. It is the banks of the river of water of life, not the living water itself, to which they look for refreshment. And yet it is much to dwell on the banks of that river. It may, and with many does, lead them to taste its sacred sweetness.

The pulpit in which Wesley preached was taken out years ago. The Wesleyans obtained it and put it in their chapel, foolishly covering its rich oak with a coat of paint. This was too much after the fashion of their fancied betters: who cover the rich, primitive words and workmanship of the truth with their tasty varnish. The analogy ceases here. The Wesleyans did not harm the truth, if they did the spot of its proclamation; they keep the inside sweet and pure, if they rob the outside of perfection. With their neighbors it is the soul that is painted. It is religion that is obscured, while its fane is illuminated. The Wesleyans were going to scrape off the ugly coat. May St. Mary's also wash away its uglier formalities. She is doing it. Robertson and Arnold, Goldwin Smith and Stanly, are signs of a coming regeneration.

Standing here and looking down High Street you get your first and best sight of the real Oxford. On the one side stretch the stately massive walls of All Souls and Queen's College, on the other the equally ornate front of University College. Here, for the first time, one begins to understand what a college means in England. His ideas, gathered from American institutions, have framed it after their fashion, — an open lot, with buildings more or less numerous and handsome studding its surface. It is far otherwise. You see a high wall of stone like a city block; except its windows are few, and its style castellated. Every college has its

own style of frontage, as has every costly city building. Yet they usually have towers at each end, and two in the centre at the great gateway. Sometimes, as in Queen's here and in King's at Cambridge, the front is simply a wall, without being the outside face of apartments, from fifteen to twenty feet high, a lace open-work of stone, and adorned with arched windows, pinnacles, statues, and every architectural delight. In almost all other cases this street side is a building like the rest of the quadrangle, occupied for halls, or by the officers of the college. Unless you are foolishly extravagant you will not explore every college, for the sixpenny and shilling fees of the various porters, janitors, beadles, butlers, &c., for opening their petty pets would cost you not less than twenty dollars; and to no purpose would be such waste, for a general unity pervades the whole. This fee is the more exorbitant, because that most of the janitors stand sentry over their treasures, and could expose them to view by the turning of a key. They remind one of the keepers of cheap booths at country fairs. Each in front of his pavilion is vociferating the astounding merits of the monstrosity within; and, we may add that the show is often as novel and valuable in the case of the fair as in that of these college curiosities. The force of this passion was curiously illustrated at the Seldonian theatre. This is a common looking amphitheatre, where the degrees are declared. Approaching it, an old woman very graciously asked me if I wished to go in. As the door stood open, I thought I would cast my eyes thither, not having time nor inclination for a long stop. I stepped across the threshold to get a glimpse of the gaudily painted ceiling, when the door was instantly slammed to and locked. Suspecting the cause, I sought to open it. As she unlocked it she held out her hand for her sixpence, — twelve and a half cents. For once I as-

sumed the defensive. I had not intended to examine it, and had not. No matter; she pointed to a printed notice, whoever enters, so the decree runs, must pay her a sixpence. I submitted, to my constant regret. I ought to have stood a suit at law, which would undoubtedly have been commenced, and in which I should undoubtedly have been worsted.

One thing they strangely forget to tax: the quadrangles and gardens of every college are entered free of cost. I wonder that, in their ingenious shift to pick strangers' pockets of the very nimble sixpences and shillings not so slow, they do not devise this scheme. If they get a glimpse of this suggestion, woe to the future explorers of Oxford. There 'll be a shilling demanded for every corridor, quadrangle, park, and path.

Pass down the front of "All Souls," so called because it is dedicated to the souls of all the faithful people deceased at Oxford. If you are a Christian, and should die here, you will become a patron of the institution. It is old-fashioned, heavy, and with low windows peeping out upon us somewhat disdainfully. Boys once gambolled in its courts and rooms, gowned, studious, and roysterous, whom men call Sir Christopher Wren, Jeremy Taylor, Sir William Blackstone, Dr. Young, and Bishop Heber. The first touch of water to a bather is always shivering, no matter how much he longs for it, and speedily thereafter luxuriates in it. So this first list of names that you have read and heard from childhood, sends a thrill of shivering ecstacy through the soul. You cannot go by. You must enter and explore the rooms and haunts of these celebrities in their unknown boyhood. Where did Wren dream out his "frozen music"? Where did Blackstone classify and solidify the science of law? Was not his couch truly a *lit de justice?* What room did Taylor, "the Shakspeare of divines," fill with his Christian Ariels? If you inquire,

the porter knows nothing. He is ready to receive your shilling, but can give you nothing in return. He has no information as to the rooms haunted by the famous spirits. Only one could I find in both universities, — Dr. Johnson's, at Pembroke, a small room over the gateway. I asked for Whitefield's, of the same college. They could show me the stairs he washed and swept, but not the room where he flamed in prayer and praise, — a mount of transfiguration to the seraphic tavern-boy. Wesley's rooms, when fellow at Exeter, were also pointed out. They are on the second floor, right-hand side of the quadrangle, near the centre. The windows were open, though it was not five in the morning when I saw them, showing that his successor had something of his studious and early-rising nature, — I trust also of his fervent and prayerful spirit. These apart, all the rest were problematical. I inquired for Wordsworth's rooms at St. John's, Cambridge; nobody knew them: of Wickliffe's, at Balliol; of Kirke White's; of many others, till I found inquiries fruitless. Are we not committing like error? Who knows where John Adams roomed at college? or Jonathan Edwards? or the men of our own times, — Sumner, Phillips, Parks, and Emerson? Who knows Seward's rooms at Union? or Longfellow's at Bowdoin? or Webster's and Choate's at Dartmouth? or Olin's at Middlebury? or Fisk's at Brown? or Calhoun's at Yale? or Beecher's at Amherst? Ought not each room to have the names of its occupants inscribed on its walls, not in the ambitious pencillings of those young notorieties, but in dignified collegiate paint, and, if need be, in like collegiate dignity of Latin? Would it not be well that each, as he left his apartments, should hang his picture on its walls? The gregarious, and therefore useless class-picture might be well exchanged for this practice.

Queen's comes next; newer, costlier, and adorned on its

central and flanking towers with statues. Its courts are very inviting. You can hardly be dragged past, if you are told that not a few kings' sons have been nursed by this Queen; among the rest the two most famous in English royalty, Edward the Black Prince, and Prince Hal of Falstaff and Shakspeare. The room of the last is demolished, but the tablet and portrait that marked it are preserved in the library.

MAGDALEN.

Still proceeding up High Street we reach the river Cherwell, spanned by a beautiful bridge. On the right are the Botanic Gardens, a luxurious park of flowers and trees; on the left are the heavy walls of Magdalen. Looking back from this bridge, which is your first view if you come by carriage from London, you will confess the boast of its men is not unmerited. The street is ornate, classical, venerable, grand. Having feasted your eyes on the spectacle, let us enter these high, buttressed, and towered walls, and examine the interior of an English College. Christ's Church might be better made the exponent of them all, but Magdalen took our heart. It is the loveliest and coziest spot in Britain. Were I to choose a haunt in which to live and die, like

> "The monks of old,
> To human softness dead and cold,
> And all life's vanity,"

I should choose this college over any I have seen in all the earth. It is the perfection of luxurious quiet, seclusion, learning, and beauty. We pass through a gateway over which, in canopied niches, are statues of the Magdalen, St. John the Baptist, the Virgin and Child, and the founder of the College, William of Wayn-flete, Bishop of Winchester. The quadrangle or court opens before us. Around its four sides is a deep, low, open arcade of stone, supported by heavy pillars, its roof

wrought in Gothic tracery, and the wall covered with emblematic devices. Above and behind these cloisters, as the arcade is called, are the rooms of the officers, the hall, library, and chapel, the last a gem of architecture. The open space enclosed by these buildings is a treeless carpet of turf. Passing through a low passage on the north side of the cloisters, you enter another enclosure like the first, surrounded with rooms for officers and students. Yet another like lowly passage leads to a spacious park, fronting which is a fine edifice of stone, thirteen hundred feet long, also used for the rooms of students. Turning to the right in front of this building and crossing a graceful rustic bridge, you come to the college campus, a field of nearly a hundred acres, bound around with a river and a deep shaded walk. How profound its peacefulness! Down this walk, here and there, are gowned and capped students, strolling, musing, or chatting. Across the tiny rivulet, behind the long new building, are seen herds of deer grazing and gambolling. The meadows, through the thick pleached walk, reveal the perfection of verdure and repose, while the trees that carelessly stud them seem like hanging gardens of correspondent greenness. A rustic mill at the end of this walk, clattering in the water,

> "The green silence doth displace,
> With its mellowy, breezy bass."

Such are the meadows of Magdalen. The walk moves in a slight curve down its border for a quarter of a mile, till it reaches the mill, where it stretches itself out into straightness for almost a half a mile, and then winds back to the entrance on the other side of the grounds, along the banks of the Cherwell. The straight portion is the part known as Addison's Walk. Here the prose-poet, when a youth, wandered and dreamed and wrote. These rustic benches, or more rustic roots of

huge trees, were his favorite resting seats. The place and the man agree. Never was nature, material and spiritual, more fittingly married. The culture, grace, and tenderness of genius, are found in conjunction with the freedom and spontaneity of Nature.

Other celebrities have paced these walks, — Cardinals Pole and Wolsey, Fox the martyrologist, John Hampden, Collins, Gibbon, Latimer, with scores of unfledged bishops, governors, and much, now forgotten, but at the time most worshipped trash of the nobility and gentry. Not the least of its honors is connected with the Cromwellian era. In its halls he was entertained. Its president was one of his sympathizers. One of its fellows was John Howe, afterward his chaplain. The succession in ability, if not in creed, is kept up, Prof. Mansell being a fellow of this college. It was not term time, and so we lost the privilege of hearing the metaphysician of Oxford.

THE BODLEIAN, BALLIOL, AND CHRIST CHURCH.

We must turn our steps back, — lingering steps and slow they are, at leaving such loveliness.

At St. Mary's, we turn out of High Street to the right and soon stand before the Rotunda of Radcliffe Library. Behind it rises the tall, square, factory-like walls of the Bodleian. It is built around a square, if those terms can be made to agree. You pass around its four sides for four stories, all crowded with books. What a Sheol is this! a home of departed spirits. The spirits seem as quiet in this cemetery as the bodies out of which they thus once escaped do in theirs. How few of the hundreds of thousands are ever disturbed in their slumbers! How many of those that are, only spirits almost as dead as theirs, call from this vasty deep, — the ancient bookmen of libraries, the ghosts of practical, earthly life, that walk this vast graveyard, untroubled, at mid-day.

But the thoughts this tomb of thoughts awakens are close and oppressive: let us to the outer air. Adjoining the Bodleian are several buildings for the general use of the university, including the theatre where the old woman out-Yankeed the Yankee. They front on Broad Street, parallel with High. Down this street we walk, passing on our left the narrow lanes upon which front the superb façade of Brazenose College, and the less stately, but to modern Christians more interesting, piles of Lincoln and Exeter. For in those rooms the godly club assembled, and Methodism was born and christened by a despising multitude. They form one common front, and are composed each of small old quadrangles, with no gardens attached. At Exeter, Samuel Wesley studied; in Lincoln, John taught.

The low-browed front of Balliol appears on our left. Pause here. In one of these antique rooms Wickliffe, the master of the College, studied. Here he translated the Scriptures. Here he wrote and taught till persecution drove him into obscurity and the grave. How sacred the spot! More sacred is the street before it; for here his teachings, two hundred years after he had ceased to proclaim them, brought forth their sublimest fruit. Two bishops and an archbishop, the highest nobleman of the realm, went to heaven from fire and fagot blazing here. In the what was then the city ditch, but is now the opposite side of the street, Cranmer's hand was roasted by Cranmer's soul. Here Latimer cheered "Bro. Ridley" with the prophetic vision of the fire that they, not their enemies, were then kindling in Britain, which should never be put out. He fought fire with fire; and his airier and superior flames yet burn brightly, and will burn brighter and more consumingly here and everywhere.

Walk a few rods farther, and you reach a little, old, low-roofed church, built, it is said, before the Norman

Conquest, and rich in ancient and modern gems of sculpture and architecture, — richer in memories. For here Wickliffe preached and prayed among his Balliol boys. Here he denounced the corruptions of Rome, and advocated an open and an English Bible. This was fitted up for a college, in 1263, by Dervorgilla, wife John Balliol, the founder of the college, the father of John Balliol, King of Scotland. How the golden thread strings the more precious events upon it! Wickliffe had hardly left his chair and the world before Jerome arrived at Oxford. The fame of the evangelical doctor was yet great. Jerome read his published and popular writings, carried them back to Prague, and indoctrinated Huss. Huss and Jerome transmitted the light from their blazing fingers to their Moravian disciples of Bohemia, and these to Luther and Wesley.

"From age to age the bright succession runs."

Adjoining this church is the Martyrs' Memorial of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, a Gothic monument seventy-three feet high, superbly executed. It was erected but a few years ago, and is worthy of Oxford and the heroes it commemorates.

A little beyond are the pleasant halls and more pleasant gardens of St. John's College, — the grounds being the most exquisite of any in Oxford. In fact, they are too dainty. Dandyism in gardening is as much a fault as in man. The beautiful earth, like its comely master, when unadorned is adorned the most. Still it is hard to censure so much loveliness. For a century it has been the shrine of Oxford devotion. It is the thronged promenade of Sunday afternoons, and has that happy mixture of town and country which suits the taste of city strollers. Turn back past the Memorial, straight down Corn Market Street, across High Street, where you had your first view

of the colleges, into St. Aldgate's Street, — that and Corn Market being the same thoroughfare, though after the English fashion, seen frequently in London, it changes its name every few rods. High walls and grand, line the left-hand side, while green woods and fields allure us onward to its foot. This is Christ Church College, the largest of the Oxford foundations: walls and meadows are both its belongings. The walls are in the castellated style, heavy-browed windows, tall towers, and deep-set gateway. Enter it: a spacious quadrangle two hundred and fifty feet square is before you, — its central space a grass lawn, whose boss is adorned with a fountain. Ancient and noble buildings enclose the area. Chief in architecture is the dining-hall. Usually the chapel or the library is the crowning ornament. Here a more practised eye planned. And in this case the designer did not build greater than he knew. Cardinal Wolsey was a man "of an unbounded stomach." Perhaps he thus knew the weakness and strength of the nation; hence the corner-stone of his college is a kitchen. This he built and opened first. Upon it rose the dining-hall, and afterward the lesser adjuncts of picture-gallery, cathedral, lecture-room, and library. None of these last are from his hand. The chapel only was reached, and that left half-finished at his fall. As if foreseeing that overthrow, he hastens to complete his dining-hall. He knew that thus his fame would be as an odor of rich viands in the nostrils of a hungry posterity. He was not altogether unwise. Other founders are remembered only when at prayers, or wandering among books. He is daily held in grateful memory by feasting Sophisters.

Hawthorne truly sets forth the potent passion of father Bull for beef. St. Mary's Hall at Coventry, which he describes, is surpassed by a score of far more costly halls built for the boys of Oxford and Cambridge.

This of Wolsey excels them all. It is one hundred and fifteen feet long, forty wide, and fifty high. The sides and roof are of richly carved oak. A dais at the farther end is intended for the royal visitant or student; side-tables on the same elevation for noblemen or their sons and the officers of the College; and the long tables stretching on the slightly lower level to the door are for the *ignobile vulgus* of gentlemen's sons. The dark-stained, oaken ceiling looked as if the smoking dishes of the hundred thousand dinners that had been eaten here had imparted to it of their unctuous richness, as the finest tobacco, and turtle soups impart of their quality to their meerschaums and covers. One meal a day exhausts the capacities of this cuisine. At six o'clock the Christ Church animals are fed. Their breakfast is light and taken in their rooms; they conclude the day with their highest and most agreeable reward for study.

The chapel is the cathedral and interesting only for the monument of the melancholy Burton. Characteristic is his epitaph, written by himself: "Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus Junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia." Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies Democritus Junior, to whom Melancholy gave both life and death.

Emerging from the walls of this princeliest of Oxford schools, let us turn to its meadows. "The Broad Walk," deep shaded with ancestral trees, crosses it. Here the young gownsmen of Christ Church have taken their evening stroll for many generations. See the mighty presences of Bolingbroke, Dr. South, Sir Philip Sidney, Locke, Penn, Ben Jonson, George Canning, Robert Peel, Dr. Pusey, Villiers, the great Duke of Buckingham, John and Charles Wesley, all, as beardless boys, quietly or laughingly pacing these paths. The grounds are not as retired nor exquisite as those of Magdalen, but their ample space and wide walks make them not unlovely.

A path across these meadows leads to the

ISIS.

You could easily find the way, were it difficult, which it is not; for crowds of ladies and gentlemen, of black-robed boys and boys in jockey-caps, shooting-jackets, and visorless fez of many colors, with shirts of like attractiveness, are hurrying down the walk to its banks. A boat-race is coming off. The signal-gun for the start is fired just as we reach the thronged bank. Indian-like canoes, with the swaying backs of uniformed rowers, are shooting down the stream. They swing round the goal, and, like party-colored birds pulsing their wings, they press toward the hither bound. Gyas, Cloanthus, and Mnestheus, how they wave up and down like the Dervishes of Cairo! How their several patrons fill the air with encouraging or warning cries. It is only strange that they are not screamed in Latin, "Nunc, nunc, insurgite remis, Hectorei socii!"

"Olli certamine summo
Procumbunt: vastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis;"

only the blows of the rowers could hardly be said to be vast. They cut the water at the final goal and instantly throw up the oars and glide to their station like a down-swooping sea-bird on calm and even wing. The excitement and the crowds speedily die away. We walk into the pleasure-boats, fitted up with saloons for drinking and eating. Pretty *bonbons* of vessels, as near like a North-River steamer in size, looks, and utility, as a handsome doll is like a handsome woman.

The Isis is outside of the College grounds, in this differing from the Cam at Cambridge, which flows through the chief of them. It is a broader stream than that, and very respectable in this country, — not superior to hundreds of our own whose names are hardly known beyond their native wilds; such as the Deerfield, the Mohawk,

the Patapsco. It is less romantic than these, less rustic, less lovely. Yet, embosomed in this melting scenery, it is tender, refined, enchanting; embosomed in more melting memories that cover its bank with every sort of human passion-flower, born of greatest souls, religious, romantic, and royal, bloody and brave, patriotic and traitorous, it has treasures that no Indian river, famous only for the whoop and scalping-knife of aborigines, can pretend to equal. The history and poetry of our rivers is at that point in the life of these, when Cæsar subdued the barbarians on their banks. The Mississippi and Tennessee are rapidly maturing a higher life in the struggle that is reddening their waters. Yet it is still not unlike that which these rivers passed through when Christianity and heathenism, in the fifth to the seventh centuries, were fighting for the mastery of England. The life of scholars, of thought, culture, genius, has yet to give those and all our streams their highest life.

CAMBRIDGE.

Let us fly through the midland counties to the northeastern side of the realm, closing our trip on the Bedford level and Cambridgeshire fens. The railroad station receives us with its underground roadway across the track for baggage, and the overground roadway across it for passengers. This last is a peculiarity of England. No person is allowed ever to cross a track in the station-house. It does not prevail elsewhere, and is getting out of fashion at some of their depots. After a walk of a mile, along a wide, flat street, gray brick walls begin to close us in; the street grows narrower, and soon assumes the contractions of an European town. The shops, inns, and separate residences are replaced on the left hand by a continuous and modest front of stone, two stories high, with flanking towers and a high iron fence before it. This is our first College, — Emman

uel, — not eminent save as the first we meet, unless it is also eminent as the college of Dr. Parr and Sir William Temple. Passing it a few rods, we see on the same side the yet more ancient and more modest front of the far more celebrated

CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

This you will be sure to enter. Massive towers flank the gateway. Two small quadrangles are before you, with nothing prepossessing in their appearance. At the rear of the last, in a straight line with the entrance, an iron gateway leads into a small garden, — only five acres in extent. Follow the left-hand path to near the farther wall. Standing by itself, in the edge of the inner and grassy area, is an old mulberry-tree. The mound about it is five or six feet high. Its branches are bowed with age and propped with stakes. In some respects it resembles the mulberry-tree in the ravine below Jerusalem at the junction of the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat; save that the heap around the latter is of stones, — around the former of turf, — in this expressing the exact difference between Judea and Britain. The Jerusalem mulberry commemorates the spot of Isaiah's martyrdom; that of Cambridge, Milton's college days. For this was planted by "the lady of Christ's." His biographer says "there is no fact of universal biography better attested than that great men, wherever they go, plant mulberry-trees." The remains of one are shown in Groton, England, on the Winthrop manor, said to have been planted by the founder of the Massachusetts colony. And one long stood in New Place, at Stratford, reputed to have been planted by Shakspeare himself. Whether or no this was set out by the lily hands of the London lad matters little. Here he walked and mused, and laughed and jested; now with "divinest melancholy," now with "mirth and youthful jollity."

The boy of seventeen was not unlike others of his age. He was a good scholar, a good joker, as Hobson's epitaph shows, and a warm democrat even then; for he would write no verses on the birth of the King's children, or on the occasion of the King's visit to Cambridge, both of which called forth a volume of university laudations.

Not a few other famous men have walked as lads in this pleasant retreat; Latimer, Quarles, Henry More, Cudworth, and Paley are on the list. I lingered under the old tree, sat on the bank, broke a twig from its bough, looked upon the high walls that shut in the enclosure and the ancient buildings that confront it, and thought my thoughts.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

As we leave the College, we could wriggle round to our left through Petty Cury, — the Anglicizing of the dignified Latin Parva Cokeria, — petty cookery, a name which it held six hundred years ago, and which its little eating-stalls yet merit, and so come by a few minutes walk to the grand colleges awaiting us. But we prefer to turn to the right, down a narrow lane, and glance at Sidney Sussex College where Oliver Cromwell studied, and, according to royal biographers, gambled and was the "fast man" of Cambridge. He was evidently afterward the fast man of the nation; so fast that the nation has not yet caught up with him. One would be glad to know if he and Milton were acquainted here. Cromwell entered in 1618, Milton in 1624. If the first staid as long as the last, (eight years,) they would have formed each others acquaintance here. They must have talked over Cambridge life when in their government chambers at Whitehall, and wondered at the freak of fortune, or rather, as it was to them, the decree of

God, that had lifted the sons of a Huntington squire and a London scrivener to the control of affairs, as Protector and Secretary of State, over the heads of nobles, prelates, and kings.

It is one of the revenges that time likes to take, that the only name mentioned in my three guide-books — one the authorized Cambridge guide, and the others the most popular English guides — as connected with this college is that of Cromwell. Although against his name in the records is written "grandis imposter" "carnifex perditissimus," and such complimentary phrases, yet he alone of its haughty scholars lives, and in him this venerable pile has its sole fame.

JESUS COLLEGE.

Keep on half a mile through narrow streets and partially open fields and you reach Jesus College, the most retired in either University. It is delightfully situated in green fields and gardens and open parks, which stretch out from its meadows into the illimitable country. Quiet, rustic, rural, the ivy covering its walls, next to the Oxford Magdalen it is the most attractive of scholastic retreats, though far inferior to that in richness of beauty. We could easily agree with King James, who said that if he lived at the University, he would pray at King's, eat at Trinity, and study and sleep at Jesus. Of those who have here studied and slept, as well as ate and prayed, were Cranmer, Coleridge, and Sterne. It is noticeable how the three reformers burnt at Oxford were trained at Cambridge. This has been their usual relation: Wickliffe and Wesley, by their exceptions, prove the general law; so perhaps do Arnold and Whately of to-day.

Returning to the city, we follow the crooked ways, led by the rippling brook that keeps the fame of Hobson

fresh. For this rivulet that trips by Milton's College, and so round to Trumpington Street where all the great Colleges stand, flows from a conduit built by the carrier and donated to the city.

THE STREET OF COLLEGES.

The first upon this street is far from the least. This has the rare credit of preserving its original brick; most are faced with modern stone. These walls are still of a ruddy countenance. Their lowly windows, ivy tendrils, and the great area around which they stand, with the slumberous stillness of the place, give St. John's pre-eminence to an antiquary. It is the most poetical of colleges: though its new grand dormitories out in its park, among the stateliest and costliest in Europe, seem a little out of place beside the dear, delightful old-fashionedness of these three quadrangles. No wonder it has bred scholars. No wonder it yet gives most of the senior wranglers to the University. Roger Ascham and Bentley are to the manor born. So are its statesmen, — Strafford and Burleigh and Wilberforce. No wonder it has bred poets too.

> "Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
> The air is delicate."

What college can set forth such a table? Ben Jonson, Prior, Akenside, Kirke White, Herrick, Darwin, and Wordsworth. The first is claimed by both Oxford and Cambridge. Jeremy Taylor is likewise.

The next below — we are winding back to the station now, this street being nearly parallel with that on which Milton's College stands — is the richest of any in either University, — Trinity. Its three courts are spacious, its buildings grand, its pride immeasurable; its renowned students more numerous and more famous than those of any rival. Read a portion of the list and hold your

breath, — Bacon, Raleigh, Herbert, Cowley, Barrow, Donne, Marvell, Dryden, Newton, Porson, Byron, Crabbe, Macaulay, Tennyson. Bentley and Barrow have been among its masters; and Whewell and Sedgwick, its present master and vice-master, still give it preëminence.

Its library has Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron, Newton's telescope, and other instruments, with a lock of his hair; Milton's first draft of Paradise Lost, — prepared originally as a drama; Byron's first letter, — an open, childish one; the tanned skin of a man, such as the Virginia ladies of the last generation had made into *bonbons* of the great forerunner of our war, Nat. Turner, and such as those of our day wrought into like delicacies from the similarly tanned hide of the son of John Brown. Long arcades and pleasant courts make the place alluring. We would tarry long, but must pass on, by the public buildings of the University and one or two minor colleges, and enter the sunny courts of King's. Its magnificent chapel stands by itself to the left of the entrance, — the most bepraised temple in England. It is worthy of its praise, with its fan-tracery roof of stone, its windows, walls, and pinnacles. But it is too small for grandeur. Its narrowness prevents that expansion of the soul which is essential to the sense of sublimity. Still its height and depth, its gloom and grace, give it great power over the feelings, and we could appreciate the emotions of Wordsworth as the mellow music of its organ stole over us, —

> "Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
> With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
> Albeit laboring for a scanty band
> Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
> And glorious Work of fine Intelligence!
> Give all thou can'st; high Heaven rejects the lore
> Of nicely calculated less or more:
> So deemed the Man who fashioned for the sense
> These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof,

> Self-poised and scooped into ten thousand cells,
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
> Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

We could pursue our walk yet further up the street and glance at many a quaint quadrangle made historic by well-known names, but the category would be lifeless to your unseeing eyes. Though I fear you will not forgive me, if I do not take you a few rods farther up, before we cross into the enticing grounds which confronted us, as we looked out of the door of King's Chapel, and show you the square tower hid away in a back corner of Queens' where Erasmus studied; or, crossing the street, peep into the iviest quadrangle of either University, that of Pembroke, and let the heart beat fast with the memory that its green leaves gladdened the young eyes of the martyr Ridley, the poet Spenser, and the orator Pitt; or step on a little farther and behold the corner-stone of Cambridge, — St. Peter's College, founded in 1284, and rightly graced with the name of its most graceful poet, Gray. The record of its graduates shows how dire is the mortality of College greatness. Only four pebbles resist the rushing river of time, and two of them will be soon washed away, — Ellenborough and Prof. Smyth. Of the other two, Cardinal Beaufort is one of whom you never heard before, though "famous" is prefixed to his name on the catalogue, and Gray is the other, and he lives by one short piece of poetry only. That is the umbilical cord that connects him and his College to Earth and Man. Truly, speaking of his own once-renowned and self-confident fellow-gownsmen, he could say

> "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

It is a great encouragement to the defeated wrestlers for college prizes, and to the larger crowd envious of the

slight advantages collegiate youth have over them in the race for honors, to walk the cloisters of St. Peter's, six hundred years old, and muse upon the vanity of human expectations. "Vanitas vanitatum; omnia, vanitas."

If you are bent on seeing the whole of the town, continue to follow up the brooklet. It soon leads you to the fine front of the Museum, and then to Hobson's conduit, and along its shady banks to the tasty, too tasty Botanic Garden, and so out into the starched and ironed landscape.

Let us get back to Queens' and pass down a narrow street under the Erasmus Tower, and probably under the window where the witty Fuller cracked innumerable college jokes, some, doubtless, very poor, and none, alas, preserved, probably, by the fledglings of to-day. We come upon a mill, a river, a bridge, and a deep-shaded wild-wood. Crossing the bridge and tracing our way through the sunless thickets, we commence the longest path of linked beauty and fame to be found in England, if not in the world. From this point you can stroll through open or shaded fields down to the rear of St. John's, — a mile and more of loveliness. The great colleges are ever passing in review. St. Peter's, St. Catherine's, Queens', King's, Clare's, Trinity, and St. John's, with minor halls, lift their magnificent fronts along our right hand, just across the brook Cam. No one view in Oxford equals that from the centre of this extended park. Take your station at the foot of the path that strikes out from King's Chapel and look up and down. On your right are the towers of Queens' and St. Peter's; in front, the matchless beauty of the infantile cathedral and the tall walls of the adjacent buildings; while to your left is the massive simplicity of Clare, — the finest single building save King's Chapel, in the town, — the irregular piles of Trinity, and the stately Gothic of new St. John, all em-

bowered in the perfection of trees and grass, air and skies. For the very sun puts on the academic dress and antique airs here, and mellows down its transatlantic fierceness to an aristocratic indifference; while the winds refuse to blow furiously either hot or cold. Nature is subdued to what she works in.

Under these ancient trees I sat and filled the walks with renowned forms. These beardless, broad-brimmed gownsmen are Byron storming away about proctors and principles, or Wordsworth stalking rustically, or Tennyson moodily, or Fuller laughingly, or Macaulay studiously, or Bacon subtilely, or White holily, or Newton looking skyward, or Pitt looking manward, or Henry More looking inward, or Milton looking Godward. How thronged the grounds with ghosts! Not the Elysian Fields were fairer or fuller. The air grows thick. Spiritualism seems the truest of realities. I can believe in anything but the mortal and visible. If I stay much longer I shall reach one phase of the apostolic experience, whether in the body or out of the body I shall not be able to tell. I must snap the mystic web that is weaving about me. The clouds come nearer and drop their distilments on my bare brow. I find myself sensible to rain, if to no other sub-stellar influence. The trees afford poor shelter. I wind through the last and not least exquisite portion of the long grounds, pass under the towers of St. John, through a curiously carved archway, over a curiously wrought bridge into the dear, old, lowly but enchanting brick quadrangles, out to the street, and into the "Petty Cookery" and the "Falcon Tavern," an inn as old as the times of Milton. Infected by the college style, it is itself a sort of a quadrangle. It had nothing to eat, and so only gave me shelter and a Barmecide feast of memory. I had had enough of the last under the trees, and therefore seek a more modern and more human refuge.

I attended service at the church where Henry Martyn and Simeon preached. The house was large and of unadorned Gothic. It was full, the service was solemn, the preaching plain and simple, as all English preaching is, the place sacred with divinest influences.

I have neither sufficient space nor knowledge to compare these seminaries with each other, or with the schools of the continent. In beauty of situation they are far superior to all rivals. In scholarship and popular influence, inferior. The continental universities belong to the people. They are of and for the poor. These are of and for the rich. Heidelberg is cheaper than Yale or Harvard. Oxford is thrice as dear. If they were levelled to the masses and imbued with the spirit of the age, — the unity and equality of man, — they would be the most perfect of colleges. As it is, their influence is harmful to the people of England. Milton, Hampden, and Cromwell, must again appear at Cambridge; John Howe, Owen, and a democratic Wesley, — which Wesley never was — at Oxford, before they become as all beautiful within as they now are without. Let Britain be emancipated, and these Edens, like the original paradise, will become the centres of the life of the nation, if not of the world.

VIII.

TOWARDS LONDON.

GRAY'S COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

STOKE POGIS is the most unpoetical of names. Yet its church-yard is the most poetical in the world. Upon no God's-acre do such associations grow as have covered that with a century of tenderest life. No one visiting the famous spots of England would omit this. More than Dryburgh Abbey and the grave of Scott, more than Grasmere and Wordsworth, far more than Windsor and Westminster Abbey, does this little cemetery draw our hearts. Yet it is known but as the occasion of one brief poem. There are funeral orations in verse and touching epitaphs. There are long-drawn dirges, like "In Memoriam," "Lycidas," and "Adonaïs," where the singers seem to think more of their music than their grief. Gray alone makes us forget the singer and the song in the emotions which seem to flow naturally from the depths of our own experience. His perfect art is perfect nature. The solitude, silence, and sorrow are not for him and this church-yard alone, but for every heart and every grave.

We take the cars from Oxford for London. The only noted place between the university town and the country church-yard is Banbury, which is celebrated in the works of our most popular poetess, Madame Goose. We look anxiously for the old woman of Banbury Cross, with her

white horse and profusion of bells; but the childish faith failed of realization.

We were solaced by a taste of the hardly less renowned Banbury pies. They are sold in wrappers that declared that the house which furnished them had manufactured the same for more than a hundred years. The pies were fresh and piquant notwithstanding their avowed age.

Clouds gather thick and low as we are landed, near evening, at the Slough station, about two miles from the Stoke-Pogis church-yard. The sure-hastening rain shall not prevent the gratification of joining together the spot and evening. We enter on a pleasant rural road, lined with stately trees, and opening out into one of the soft rolling landscapes that make England the most perfectly finished land on the globe.

Before us, on a slightly swelling slope, rises the white tower of the church. As we draw near to it the clouds draw near to us, and "drop their garnered richness down." But rain is no mar to adventure or scenery in England. The waterproofs cover head and shoulders, and we take a stile and a path across the fields through grass wetter than the poet found it when, a melancholy youth, he brushed away the morning dew in a similar tramp, perhaps in this very path.

A wild, tangled road winds in front of the church. On a knoll close by the road is a stately monument to the memory of Gray. We pass it now, more anxious to see his real monument, the yard itself, than any that modern admirers have raised to his name. It is but a walk of a few rods across an open field and the sacred spot is reached. Grand old trees stand here and there in the pasture, and you can hardly tell where the field ends and the cemetery begins. New graves are here, those of the later fathers of the hamlet. Slight modern improvements of railing, shrubbery, and marble, show that the

rudeness of the ancestral tombs is becoming mollified. The church itself is of the universal type of old-fashioned English churches. Wesley's at Epworth, Bunyan's at Elstow, Wordsworth's at Grasmere, Southey's at Keswick, are of similar type. The square tower rises from the front; a rustic porch enters its side; the walls are overgrown with ivy, and its air is venerable in the extreme. One great mistake some modern innovator has made, — the steeple is painted or washed white. It glitters like fresh marble. The feeling of reverence is rudely shocked by the "improvement." Like a glossy wig in the place of gray hairs, it mars far more than it adorns.

Behind the church a high wall, running south and west a few rods, shuts in the reverend spot. Trees crowd thick against the wall, and graves crowd thicker beneath them. They line the walk to the church porch, and fill the narrow space with their grassy drifts and gray mementos. The seclusion and silence are inexpressible. Nowhere have I felt it so deeply. Grasmere among the mountains seemed far more public than this recess, not five miles from Windsor, not twenty from London. The hour combined with the scenery. A hundred years evanished in a thought. The quiet poet seemed wandering here at eventide. He sits on this flat-roofed tomb. He sees

> "Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
> Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
> Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The elms, yews, and heaving turf are all around me. Eton and Windsor, though in view from neighboring points, are not visible from this spot; yet they are near enough to suggest contrasts favorable to these "narrow cells," on which he dwells in daintiest phrase of deepest solemnity.

Like him, I sat and saw

> "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,"
> "The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,"
> "The ploughman homeward plod his weary way;" —

the same untutored, unelevated, hard-toiling ploughman to-day that he was a century since, though poorer than then, and more degraded, because he has abode so long in degradation, while all nations about have measurably, and some have immeasurably arisen. He disappears from my eyes as from those out of which then looked that sad, pathetic soul, and

> "Leaves the world to darkness and to me."

The mysterious sympathy of soul with soul never was more oppressively revealed to my consciousness than as I sat on these aged graves. Almost every line of the "Elegy" recurred to me, though I had not read it for years. I was regretting before I had arrived that I did not have it with me, but I found when there that there was no need of regrets. I had it with me in very living type. The lines came out in my memory without difficulty, — without even conscious effort. I almost looked to find among these half-buried headstones the epitaph with which the poem concludes. It seemed as though some youth must have laid here then, whose story he had made his own.

One thing I sought to hear and failed. He said, when he reclined here, —

> "From yonder ivy-mantled tower
> The moping owl doth to the moon complain."

The ivy-mantled tower rose before me, but the moping owl was silent. Perhaps because the moon was not visible, perhaps because he was too moping even to complain. Like every other attempt to make the acquaintance of the birds of English poetry, it failed. I walked early through Shakspeare's and many other fields to

hear a lark. I walked late to hear nightingales. But lark, nightingale, and owl, disdained to confer their notes upon Yankee ears. They had imbibed the prejudices of their countrymen. If they appear no better on acquaintance than many of these, silence, in this case, was golden to the unhearing, whatever it was to the unheard.

But if the owl failed me, it had a modern substitute, the only change that I could see from a century ago. The screaming locomotive did to all ears complain. Its shrill cries rent the solemn silence, and more than replaced the owl and his choir, "the droning beetle," and

"The drowsy tinklings of the distant folds."

It shocked the nerves and well-nigh shattered the whole impression. Had it stole in, mournful and musical, it would have been fittingly woven into the picture. But it tore through with roar and yell that made me fear that a troop of screaming vampires were rushing from these still graves. Fortunately two miles of space deadened slightly the tumult, but not enough, I fear, to suit the owl and beetle. They declined to take a second part under the new leader, and, like displaced choristers inside this, I have no doubt, as of many less ancient churches I wot of, they have left the choir and subsided into a dogged silence.

But the rumbling and torturing noises grow less frequent. Night moderates, if it does not completely abate the nuisance. The noiseless spaces become longer and less rarely interrupted, and I feel in the pauses how

"All the air a solemn stillness holds."

But the rain comes faster, and the darkness gathers close about me. I must go, for it is two miles and over to my hostelry, and rubber coats are poor protectives in plunge-baths whatever they may be in shower ones.

As I leave the deep-shaded recess, I pause in front of the church. Just outside of the deepest seclusion,

where the surrounding landscape breaks upon the sight, is a narrow, high tomb, holding the bodies of Gray, his mother, and his aunt. A touching inscription of his to his mother is on one side; a simple statement of his own interment on the other. You can pass down the path and go by the pleasant lodge, perchance a vicarage hidden in shrubbery, or strike back across the field, and visit the monument to his memory. A fosse and fence debar intimacy. How unlike his real grave and graveyard; how like an English gentleman's ideas of the fitness of monuments. All are under lock and key, even if out of doors. A gigantic urn rests on a lofty pedestal. Verses from his poems are on the sides. Across the fields, in the distance, appears the mansion originally occupied by William Penn. The silent Quaker is easily associated with the taciturn poet. John Penn erected this monument. I forget both it and him, as I cast many "a longing, lingering look behind" to that real graveyard and its protecting church. I thought of those around here, of whom one may yet say, as he has said of their fathers,—

> "Far from the maddening crowds' ignoble strife,
> Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
> Along the cool sequestered vale of life
> They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

How enviable seems such seclusion and peace! Life to them is quiet as death; their garden is as their grave. And still it is rather to be sought as a relief than an existence. The work of man is with man. The Son of Man did his Father's business in crowded cities. The retreats of nature were for his refreshment, not for the duties of life. Thus serenely does this green desert becalm us. Yet it cannot detain. It is the home of the sleeping body, not of the working soul. We break from it with a heart-pang such as no British spot caused, save, perhaps, Grasmere. How many a wanderer and

worshipper shall come hither to soothe his soul in this perpetual and blessed calm!

The night closed in dark and heavy with rain. I groped my way, wet and weary, back to Slough, and felt almost as if lifted out of the grave when the cheery country inn smiled upon me with its warm salutations.

ETON.

The rain is over by morning, and the indifference to human pomp and vanity that boastfully preambled the visit to the church-yard is also gone. I feel an Englishman's passion for the paths of glory, and hasten to walk therein. The clean, humble, ancient inn of Slough gives me a nice breakfast of chops and rolls, washed down with poor coffee and rich memories of Gray, Herschel, and Coke, who each doubtless sipped ale on its benches. Then begins a long day's walk through celebrities of every class, — scholastic, monarchical, and scenic, all having the extraest flavor of antiquity. An hour's walk through the usual landscape of England, and the Thames is reached. From its bridge is seen, on the opposite bank, stretching southward, the lawn of Eton, to whose luxurious perfection of tree and grass, the turrets of her chapel and the antiquated brick walls of her dormitories form a strong relief. No bit of collegiate landscape at Oxford or Cambridge surpasses this in quality, though it is but a miniature of their magnificence. The river is more truly a river than the sleeping brooklets of Isis and the Cam. The park and buildings are almost as attractive as any in which they exult. Their chapel pinnacles are no unworthy type of those of King's. The turreted halls, with their deep embrasures, are fitting forerunners of the battlements of Trinity, though the trees stand thicker about them, a body-guard pressing close to its prince. The young

grass ripples at their venerable feet in summer sun and shade and breeze; while the flowing lines of bank and stream, adding to their picturesque life, give the needed air of completeness.

Crossing the bridge, the narrow street of Eton is entered, ill paved, ill lined, ill filled. Here and there a building, having probably some relation to the School, relieves the general ugliness. Flush with the street arises its front. A gateway admits us to the first quadrangle. The dull red brick walls are thickly interspersed with deep-set windows. An inner quadrangle, with a wide arcade or cloister running round it, is besprinkled with begowned and becapped boys, walking and studying. These were the few students of the place, the jauntily dressed young gentlemen in the street and on the play-grounds being the residents, whose purse and title pass them through the course, with the acquisition of manly games in place of more manly brains. Boating is the passion here, as at Oxford and Cambridge, with a far finer field for its display.

The great lads of Eton were walking in ghostly gowns and caps before my inner eyes. I saw the young Pitt, haughty and cold; boisterous, roysterous Fox; meek-mannered Gray; laughing, joking, studying, writing, ever-triumphing Canning; the silent, little Wellington; (was he famous in the college ring, or was he a spooney, or, like our Grant, nothing in particular? His reported remark, that "Waterloo was won on the Eton play-grounds," suggests that he was captain even here); and chief in my thoughts, because he made the most of Eton, the gay scholar, rhymist, boatman, and boxer, I saw Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the most laughing soul that ever talked poetry and politics. A brilliant lad is not always a brilliant man, and *vice versa*. Indeed one of the great masters of Eton, Sir Henry Saville, has recorded his verdict in the still-recurring, never-ending

fight between genius and talent in these strong words: "Give me the plodding student. If I would look for wits I would go to Newgate: there be the wits."

Not the least odd in its suggestions is the fact that on the foundation of this college, 1441, the king excluded from its privileges illegitimates and serfs. This last class were called *natives*, and show that after nearly four hundred years of Norman government, the natives or Saxons were equivalent to slaves. It may lower an Englishman's crest a little, as well as that of his equally self-important American cousin, to see that the proudest feeling he indulges only proves his slavish origin; the brand is on his *nativity*.

WINDSOR.

But Eton is keeping us too long, with its quadrangles and play-grounds, chapel and refectory, boys and memories, street and stream. Let us push forward to the seat whence it sprung. Two miles of meadow walk, by the side of the smooth-flowing Thames, brings us to the cramped and crowded village of Windsor. The street hugs the hill; homeliness and beauty, meanness and majesty, are in painful conjunction. There is nothing more sickening to a believer in the Preamble of the Declaration than the contrast of castles and their engirting hamlets. A few thousand barnacles are these human beings sticking to the sides of this huge man-of-war. Through their midst roll the chariots of the regal and noble, while they, in true Juggernaut style, cast themselves slavishly beneath the wheels. When the castle is dismantled, the peasantry still abide. The wrecked ship is not stripped of her barnacles. Thus Stirling, Lancaster, and Kenilworth have their subjacent hovels hanging round their empty or ruined walls.

Windsor is no exception to this rule. Her mighty towers spring precipitantly from a steeply climbing street whose base and ascent are peopled with several thousand servants of the Queen, dwelling largely in appropriate plantation quarters. The streets are narrow, mean, and miserable. As an American sovereign, *we* — this is the regal pronoun — disdain the humble and probably happier villagers, and pass up the winding way between the gigantic walls that rise like a prison on either side, and through the gates emerge into an open space, surrounded with massive buildings of every age and style. Before us is the chapel; at right angles with it is the comparatively short course of rooms that constitute the Queen's private apartments; while, in irregular continuation of the chapel, are two thousand feet of stone, cut up into many structures, interspersed with towers, round, square, and many-sided. Its farther portion looks down on the private grounds of the palace, with which the Queen's apartments also connect. A high iron fence keeps your feet but not your eyes from exploring this garden, lawn, and grove. Satisfying them, we penetrate the Castle. Unfortunately being on the way to London, I have no pass such as could be obtained there, and the royal state-rooms are closed to my democratic eyes. But they can be feasted on two scenes, the most regal and the most natural, the source and the end of all the living, — the landscape and the tomb. Come through this corridor built by Elizabeth. Wind up and down these crooked passages, like one of her supple courtiers suing for favors. Like some of these, you will get them. Out on the terrace you emerge, after due twistifications, and there lies below you the finest landscape in England. As all Britons have a striking family likeness, so has all Britain. This is the best of its class, as, considering its relations to

royalty, it should be. For miles the eye wanders over meadow, forest, and stream. The Thames winds its silver thread through a velvet of green, tufted with the deeper green of dense-leaved trees, now single, now thicketed, like soldiers and officers on a field. The calm, close, warm, moist sky, clings to the earth as if loth to leave it for the cold empyrean; a feeling in which I heartily sympathize.

Not far hence you see a ragged trunk which tradition says was the oak where merrier wives of Windsor than Mistresses Ford and Page met in spectral pleasure. Although Herne's Oak has been cut down by royal command, the people persist in giving this ragged Lear the royal honors of the departed. If he dies, as is more than probable is already the case, another will doubtless reign in his stead. From this point in a clear day, if ever such appear here, St. Paul's can be seen, twenty miles distant. Our view is limited to the nearer objects. Eton nestles quietly in her shrubbery, a little removed from us. The pastoral scene is unvexed by "the vile mechanicals" of the village, as we fear royalty and its supporters deem them. Woods, waters, land, and flocks, — these are the sole picture.

This is the Home Park, but four miles in circumference, yet so adjoined to other parks that not a village, hardly a spire, offends the aristocratic eye. And this within a half-hour's ride of the greatest metropolis in the world: so exclusive of men and inclusive of land is the aristocracy of England.

On this terrace many kings have walked. The Virgin Virago made it her daily promenade; so did Charles the First and Second, James the Second, and George the Third. Cromwell also enjoyed the view, from these walls, when he ruled the realm. So you are in renowned company as you sit or saunter here. The

unbroken front of Windsor salutes you here in all its grandeur. Go where you may, no such greatness will elsewhere appear. After seeing nearly every palace in the world, from the Tuileries to the Vatican, I can safely reaffirm my first untried impression. The Doges' Palace is more symmetrical and wonderful in genius; but that is not, like this, beautiful for situation. All else are cheap; this expresses immense power, wealth, and pride.

Turning back we enter, as a fitting conclusion of Windsor, the Chapel of St. George. Its contrast to the church-yard of Gray is more marked than its conclusion. That is the same. The dust of Windsor Park and people may be more attractive in its living forms; but its original and ultimate elements are of the universal kind. The most obsequious man I ever met is the verger of St. George's. His voice sounds hollow from below. He is pompously domineering and deferential,—a not uncommon mixture: in fact, the perpetual mixture of a flunkey. His port was magisterial beyond a prime minister's, yet how greedily he hankers for the shilling. We are out of time, but that silver talisman opens almost the vaults of kings: he would have clearly had a severe conflict between his reverence and his covetousness did we offer a sufficient inducement for the desecration. We respect his devotion to kingly dust, and spare him the temptation of exchanging it for our golden dust, more current, if not more valuable.

The Chapel is ornately Gothic; high, deep and empty. It consists of a single vault, without pillars or aisles, as is King's Chapel, Cambridge. Great windows throw their fiery radiance upon the floor. The chancel occupies an oblong section of its western side, enwalled nearly to the roof. That will hold but a hundred or two of people; enough probably to satisfy the pride of the household. At the entrance of the chancel are the

stalls of the Queen and her husband. Around the walls were the stalls of the Knights of the Garter; over each hung his banner. Death only removes them. That of the Prince Consort was not yet gone; he having but just died. But it must be taken down, as have all that preceded it for ages and ages. In the centre of the aisle, near the altar, stood a large vase full of flowers. They were put there by the Queen's hand over the vault below where her husband reposed. He could not be allowed, the verger said, to be buried there, as only the blood royal, or more properly the dust royal, could sleep in this chapel. Husband and wife must part company here, for both cannot be of the regal race. The force of folly could no farther go. Prince Albert's children could sleep here, but not their father. The Queen's father can lie here, but not her mother. How fine the thread that holds this system together. One strong puff of popular common sense and the whole aristocratic cobweb dissolves, and,

> "Like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leaves not a rack behind."

But grief, not contempt, best becomes the place. Under this pavement, and in the aisles without the chancel, lie much of the Norman dust, so called. Henry the Eighth, Charles the First, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, George the Third and Fourth, and William the Fourth are beneath these pavements. You can tread upon their heads as indifferently as they would have trodden on yours when living. Some of these have brought their wives with them. So the verger's theory is false, or new refinements of royalty have come lately into vogue.

In the farther corner from the chancel is the most exquisite monumental group in England, and with but few rivals in Europe. It is in memory of Princess

Charlotte, of much fame forty years ago. A form lies on a couch covered with a sheet. One hand only is seen depending heavily at its side. Four draped figures kneel at the four corners of the couch: the spirit-mother is floating up into heaven with her babe in her arms. Death was never more powerfully produced than in that covered form, revealed, though concealed, under the simple covering. The shrouded mourners represented the four corners of the globe lamenting the dead, — a slightly ambitious conception on which the painful naturalness of the central figure has no share. Canova's groups at Vienna and Venice, and Michael Angelo's in the Medici chapel, are alone superior.

But the dead cannot domineer too long over the living. Leaving the Castle we enter the great Park whose gate is close beside that of the Palace. This estate spreads out into pasture and forest for nearly four thousand acres. A long avenue of three miles, shaded with venerable trees, is its favorite drive. Turning away from this stately vista, we pass the model farm of Prince Albert, and two or three little hamlets, walk through wood and dale, mount a long and steep ascent, descend by the ever-winding road, and are on the banks of the Thames. Five miles' walk across but an edge of the demesne gives some conception of its vastness. Passing along the banks we see a little island basking in the sun; on the farther side, but a few rods off, the mead lies flat and rich and tastefully shaded. These are the plains of

RUNNYMEADE.

The feudal lords of John, restive under his hand, met here and drew up the first English declaration of independence. John invited them to Windsor, but they feared to go. He was therefore constrained to go to them. The towers of the Castle cannot be seen from

this valley: the king sullenly leaves its gates, and yields with surly rage to their behest. The spot has no monument save a questionable slab. It is its own monument. Here was born that *Habeas Corpus* which our rebel sympathizers have been so afraid our President would destroy; but which they never struggled to maintain, when the slave power held their victims in their grasp, in defiance of both its letter and its spirit. Here too was born that not less immortal principle, — trial by jury, — a principle whose death our same mourning friends have likewise lamented. Not the least of its gifts was the curbing of the increasing absolutism of the throne, and the inauguration of that dogma which was crowned with brief success in the days of Cromwell, and will be with yet greater in the days to come. For to restrain the crown is of the same nature as to abolish it. These pleasant plains have brought forth fruit an hundredfold in this island, in Europe, Australia, and America. The proud barons did not mean this: they only sought for their own rights; and won them for the season. Not the least curious of its lessons is this, — that what the Magna Charta actually intended to effect has utterly vanished, notwithstanding its establishment. Its authors cared but little, if any, for trial by jury, or for *habeas corpus*. They sought solely the continuance of feudal power. It was a fight of noble against prince, in which the noble conquered and yet failed. Their equality has ceased. They are less the lords of the realm to-day than the people and the king. He triumphed against his chiefs only by enlarging the rights of the people. The promises of this declaration, long an ignored thing, were raised from the dust of ages and made the vehicle of life to the masses, and of strength to their sovereign. The people will ere long be strong enough to do without the king; and the seed germ of the

great charter, after five hundred years of growth, will have become the tree of life to all this realm.

The station-house of Egham is near at hand; and ere the afternoon is ended I am in the heart of England and the world.

IX.

LONDON.

ITS PLAN.

THE bells of St. Paul's are striking twelve in my ears. The roar of London life, even at this midnight hour, keeps up its moan and dash, ceaseless as the roar of the great sea, of which it is, in some other sad respects, no unfitting type. The fashion here is to go to bed late and get up late. Even such unworldly places as the Wesleyan Bookstore I found with shutters up at nine o'clock in the morning; and nine o'clock, it must be remembered, in this high latitude, is six to seven hours after sunrise. So completely do they turn day to night and night to day. I will try the last, though I cannot afford to indulge in the first luxury.

The first thing that struck me about London was, how well I was acquainted with it. When I inquired the way to my purposed quarters, the policeman spoke a half a dozen familiar names in giving me the direction. No city streets in America are half as familiar, nominally, as these. Given Broadway, Chesnut, Washington, and a few others, and our country youth have got to the end of this knowledge. But my first sight of a street-sign here was the Strand; and Dr. Johnson and his squib at the new school of poets, whose natural verse has washed away all his artificial lines, sprung up instantly, —

"I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,
And there I saw another man,
With his hat in his hand."

I did not see the latter sort, unless the blind beggar by the wayside represented him; nor did I see the Grub Street whence he issued, unless these many lanes where chop-houses abound are the modern interpretation of that ancient and somewhat different synonym. Nor yet did I see the self-sufficient, lumbering old Doctor, unless these men, so portly and rolled up in themselves, were of his blood. They certainly are of his nation, for no man in English literature so completely embodies the ideal Englishman as he. Elegant to elaborateness in style; moral in sentiment; unmeaningly, but intensely devoted to old institutions; intolerent, self-important, always impressed with the conviction that whatever with them is, is right, — such was he; such are they. The Strand, into which he entered thus properly equipped — for an Englishman would almost as soon be seen without his head as without his hat — is a street of fair width, and full of life and motion. Move along up and you come to Temple Bar, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Paternoster Row, Newgate, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cheapside, all familiar as household words. Go the other way a short distance, and Charing Cross, Drury Lane, Whitehall, Westminster, and such old names, in the freshest and whitest of paint, salute your eye. Starting from St. Paul's and walking a little way down Cheapside, you see Threadneedle Street, Old Jewry, Bishop's Gate, Lombard Street, Cornhill, looking at you as though they alone were immortal.

One thing about these streets, — we do not expect to see them crowded with life. They are historic, romantic, — things of the past, of imagination. One would as soon expect to meet Hamlet's ghost and Macbeth's witches parading them as actual men and women. You look for

those that have made them yours. When I was passing the Temple on the Thames, I half fancied that the lad Lamb was carelessly looking from its pleasant chambers. In Threadneedle Street I anxiously sought for Bartholomew Lane, and for old Jacob Stock, the money-getting, but not money-giving, professor. I did not find the Lane nor Jacob, though I presume both are here. The street is a fine, stone-faced banking street, one of a dozen that wriggle in inextricable confusion around the Exchange, Bank of England, and Lord Mayor's mansion. And Jacob Stocks undoubtedly abound here as they did of yore, and do in America, — men who hide the Lord's money in their own selfish napkins. I have seen such before I came to London. How is it that Christians can be found who thus imperil their souls? The voice of the poor, the voice of the Church, the voice of a perishing world appeal to them in vain. They may give what he would not give, — words; but God asks not these of *them*. *Words* he demands of his ministers, who have nought else to give. Out of *their* treasures they must give large and ceaseless, if they would enter the kingdom of heaven. Let them remember the immense difficulty with which Christ says their salvation is secured, and be careful that their golden fingers, as the preacher's golden mouth, are employed in the service of the Master.

But this has not much to do with London; and still it has, for London is the centre of the wealth of the world, and but little of its enormous income flows into the treasury of the Lord.

You want a description of the city? How foolish! Thirty-five hundred streets cut up this bit of land. Imagine any ten miles square thus divided, fill every inch with a house, and make each house a hive, and you get an idea of the town. Of these streets it may be said, in general terms, a few are wide, but most are narrow;

a few are straight, but most are crooked; many are clean; all are paved or macadamized; and through all, at most hours of the day and night, the great stream of life pours in innumerable omnibuses, cabs, carriages, carts, and a-foot. One is impressed with the spreading out of this stream: it is a lake, a sea of humanity. It seems to go everywhere with equal fulness. The coaches are choked occasionally in other cities; here you are compelled to wade slowly through throngs, in many centres, miles apart.

At first sight it seems as if it had no centre; that, like space, its circumference is everywhere and centre nowhere. But the first motto that impressed itself upon my childish brain was in the preface to Colburn's First Lessons, "What man has done man can do." So, as man has built, and therefore comprehended London, I will try at least to achieve the latter. When one goes diligently to work to reduce a tumultous mass, he soon finds much that he can eliminate, as well as points around which the whole revolves. Our national conflict has taught this lesson. So London, which seems a maze without a plan, may be as easily subdued by the careful tourist as it has been by every conqueror that ever set foot on these shores, from Cæsar to William of Orange. As the mountains of human flesh have no more vital organs than ordinary men, so this huge congregation of humanity is easily resolvable, and its few essential centres easily mapped.

First, the Thames makes the city. Take a stream having the usual moderate windings of a river, a few hundred yards wide, or half as wide as Fulton Ferry. On the east or right hand-bank, as you ascend it, there was once a wooded knoll, coming quite near the river for a mile or more, and then stretching on a like low elevation far back into the country. Swamps and marshes were adjoining the river on both sides of this

mound. That was the site of London. There is its commercial and religious centre. It is called "the City," and remains of its ancient walls yet exist. Nearest the river is St. Paul's. A half of a mile back and south, but on the same level, is the Bank and the Exchange, Lombard Street, Cornhill, and other well-known streets, where the business, and banking of London have congregated their wealth, and increased their talents for more than two thousand years. Here, too, is the Lord Mayor's official residence, and the City or Guild Hall. Here, of course, are its jail and cemetery; its retail, as well as wholesale streets. So Newgate and Old Bailey are within a stone's throw of the Cathedral; the church-yard surrounds it, and Cheapside, retail in name and nature, connects it with the Exchange.

But London is more than a commercial city. From the beginning it has been a bribe to freebooters, who sought to dignify their robberies by calling themselves kings and conquerors. So it has a political, a national centre. This heart, which supplies it at once with animal and spiritual life, has a head; and this head, in the course of ages, becomes two heads: one of power, pure and simple; and one of law and legislation, struggling with and ultimately curbing this absolute power. Its centres were the Tower and Parliament. These, with the Cathedral, are the essentials of London. Get these into your mind and you get all. They are all on the east bank of the river; for there were no bridges nor ferries in those early days. The Tower is at the bottom of the hill on which the city was built, about a mile and a half on the banks below the Cathedral. It is the southern point of old London, and was apparently built there by the Conqueror, so that if his enslaved Anglo-Saxons should get up an insurrection which he could not suppress, he might have a way of escape back to his robber dens and forests of Normandy. But this bragging race,

that here and in America boast that they were not born to be slaves, and are very fierce on the poor blacks for submitting to that condition for two or three centuries, never troubled the Conqueror or his posterity with their insurrections, except for a few years under Cromwell. So far as they were concerned, his carefulness was unneeded, and he and his descendants, soon learning this, used the Tower as a palace for themselves and a prison for the rivals of their own blood who fought with them for the dominion over the tame serfs who now talk so ferociously in the columns of the "Times."

Leaving the Tower for the present undescribed, let us get the last and not least of these *points d'appui*. Some narrow and miserable streets connect the Tower with the town. They were evidently not intended to be connected; and these lanes along the river, and parallel and above them, are the encroachments of commerce and a crowded population. Yet these brief and narrow ways have something historic about them. On that close, dirty lane that hugs the shore, a little distance from the Tower, is Billingsgate, a fish-market on the river. I walked through it, expecting to hear the language which has put a word into our dictionaries, and to see manners that should recall Johnson's verbal assault upon one of its dames; but it had only the usual and not agreeable odor of a fish-market; and the few women-sellers among the men were respectable in voice and manner.

Parallel with this street, and close above it, on the side of the bank, is Eastcheap, made immortal by the wit of Shakspeare. It is like the class of streets in our home cities near the shipping, — not great enough for business, nor good enough for residence; a second-class commercial and third-class lodging street; evidently the very spot for the wild revelries of Hal and Falstaff, adjoining the Prince's palace, and yet at the bottom of

society, where these princes love to dive, though not to stay. It is improved somewhat, being chiefly devoted to business.

Passing through these, you reach London Bridge, the oldest and lowest down of the bridges. Near it is a monument of the great fire of 1666. From there to St. Paul's is a straight street, running near the Bank. About as far above the Cathedral as the Tower is below are Westminster Abbey, Hall, and Parliament, all together, all close to the Thames, and all on a low river bottom. The street that leads there is comparatively wide and superlatively crowded; and, although undivided and decently straight, it bears the different and most familiar names of Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, the Strand, Charing Cross, and Whitehall.

This legal and political centre of London and the British Empire was selected probably from its proximity to the Abbey. Those religious houses were sanctuaries of fugitives, whether from the rapacity of tower kings or city mobs, but especially from the former; and law, legislative and executive, naturally grew on the spot where it found the protection out of which alone it could be born. Keeping, then, in your mind, the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster, all on the bank of the Thames, you can easily understand the city. Across the bridges is the Brooklyn of London, an immense mass of population, but nothing more. Here, too, by a strange coincidence, is the Beecher of London, Spurgeon's tabernacle being on this side of the city. It shows, perhaps, that, as in Brooklyn, its population is of the middle class, who are the meat on which such popular orators feed. The lordly and servile stay the other side of the stream.

Below the Tower are the docks, — walled squares of water, with entrances like locks of canals, — filled with ships. Above the Parliament houses are the parks, somewhat in from the river.

Parallel with the streets that lead from London Bridge to Westminster, as far as crooked lines can be parallel, from a quarter of a mile to a mile behind them, is the second great line of thoroughfares; beginning, like the first, at the bridge, passing the Bank, and then winding back from the river. They are called Holborn, Skinner, and Oxford Streets. It comes out on the farther side of Hyde and St. James's Parks. In its upper part it enters the aristocratic and luxurious portion of London. In the neighborhood of Oxford Street are the royal and noble palaces, Regent Street, the Parks, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, the fashionable London of this century. Hither the Tower is transferred, and the dingy gray walls of St. James's, or the statelier pile of Buckingham confronts the parks, not far from the once-despised, but now triumphant St. Stephen's. The Parliament rules England, and royalty comes and humbly takes the appointed seat within its shadow. Here, too, are the great institutions with which wealth has filled this world metropolis, — the British Museum, Zoölogical Gardens, Galleries of Art, and the Great Exhibition. Beyond, on every side, spread waves on waves of houses, a great and wide sea, full of creatures innumerable, both small and great beasts. But you have in this space — a mile from the river and three miles along its eastern bank — the whole of the ancient or modern London of which you read, and which so many come to see, and so many more desire to see, but will die without the sight.

THE TOWER.

In giving views of London, it is more difficult to omit than to describe. Among so many particulars, which to select is a puzzle. Let us take the one that is of chief historic interest, — the Tower.

The Tower, as we have said, is at the bottom of a moderate hill, which rises up behind it. There is nothing attractive in its situation or appearance. There are stone walls, such as usually surround a prison; inside are other walls, which are built up high and pierced occasionally with windows. Inside of these house walls is an ugly square stone building, with a turret on each corner, as tasteless as a Puritan church or cotton factory. This is the original building erected by William the Conqueror. His taste was poor, but his hand was strong. These walls, fifteen feet thick, show this. What does the robber care for beauty? Let his descendants attend to that.

This was a palace and prison for five hundred years, and many are the terrible stories these walls would tell did they but ope their marble jaws. Most of them are unrecorded. The earliest victims died and made no sign. It was only in the last struggles of absolute monarchy in England that its history finds utterance. Within three generations, or a hundred years, is most of its public life embraced. Richard the Third smothering the babes here, was killed by Elizabeth's grandfather. Sir Walter Raleigh was killed by her successor. It has bloody records almost to our day, and far back in the elder centuries; but all that the guides talk about, and nearly all you think about, is in that brief space of its history.

Enter the outer gate, go along a short, narrow passage between the outer and inner walls, and you come to an old gate opening to the water. Opposite is the entrance to the area of the Tower. That water-gate is called the Traitor's Gate, for here all prisoners of state were brought in barges, and hence transferred to their dungeons.

Over the inner gate, opposite the Traitor's, and about twenty-five feet from the ground, is a small lattice win-

dow swinging outward. It opens on a narrow entry, and on the opposite side of the entry from the outer window is a smaller one, lighting a ten feet square bedroom, very plain and cheap. This is the spot where the child king and his brother were murdered. Along that entry came their murderers, holding such conversation in their hearts, if not with their lips, as Shakspeare puts into their mouths. At its farther end, their uncle — for he was a resident of the Tower — waited for the welcome news that he was king of England. Down the staircase, close to where we entered, they bare the dead children, happily delivered from the miseries that then and now hedge in a crown. Not till two hundred years after are their bones discovered. A plaintive inscription of Charles the Second's on a marble urn in Westminster shows where they now lie.

Nothing can be less romantic than this spot. A dirtyish woman lives in the chambers below, which Queen Mary once occupied, and takes us up the steep, narrow stone stairs a few feet to the sad bedroom. You have to thrust yourself out of the present into the past, shut your eyes of sense and open those of memory and fancy, and then the dark and bloody picture rises before you.

Pass into the area. It is a space between William's tower and a high prison built near the walls, about a hundred feet square. In the centre, on the pavement, is a small brass plate, saying that here Anne Boleyn was beheaded in 1536. Here, too, fell others, from their high estate; Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Catherine Howard, and nobody knows how many more. A small, low chapel, built in the twelfth century, is on the east side of the area. In its vaults it is said more than fifty headless bodies moulder. Bodies of the great were these; the ignoble vulgar had no such burial granted them. I entered the homely chapel. There are no monu-

ments, tablets or other memorials of these mighty slain. Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Anne Boleyn, and all, lie unhonored and unsung. The stately Abbey, with its splendid mausoleums and crowds of admirers, is not theirs. Very rarely does any visitor enter the church, for nothing draws them but memory. Yet the names of these unrecorded, mutilated forms are on the tongues and in the hearts of men more than all their murderers. Mr. Melville preaches here alternately with St. Paul's. I hoped to have heard him: but his health is feeble and he speaks but seldom now; so I lost the strange conjunction of one of the most eloquent of England's preachers standing over the headless dust of some of the greatest of her heroes.

They show you the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh was confined, and his library case, whence he drew his material for his History of England. The case was elegant, but the dungeon dark and narrow. He was buried in a church close to the Abbey, at the other end of the town. It was no irreverent feeling that arose within me as I saw the sacrament administered over the vault where he lies, and thought how he was permitted in his measure to contribute to the filling up of that which remaineth behind of the afflictions of Christ. All His witnesses, by their endurance of persecutions for His name, are partakers of His sufferings as well as of the glory that follows.

If we should leave this spot without talking of the crown jewels and armories, some of you would be disappointed. But the latter is only a vast collection of armor of various ages and styles, and the former a small pile of gold and jewels. Crowns look very baubleish, — a bit of red velvet, made like a workman's paper cap, with some white and colored stones stuck on it. They cost immensely. The Queen's, being a new one, cost $5,000,000. Yet the whole system of royalty costs

immensely, and, like these symbols, is "wasteful and ridiculous excess." There are a half a dozen of these crowns, some kings getting up new ones, and others using the old, according to fancy. State swords, a gold baptismal font for the royal family, and a few other gold knicknacks, comprise "the pile." Anne Boleyn's little crown and sceptre are here. She seems to have made the most of her brief day of glory. Those who ruled longer, and died in beds, have long been with her, where earthly sceptres and crowns are not of much avail.

We heard some evidences of the democratic work America is achieving even in the Tower and among its bedizened protectors. Conversing with two of the subordinate officers on our and their affairs, I found they were very free to talk of the cost of the royal establishment, and congratulated me on our deliverance from that incumbrance. They even surpassed me in irreverence. I suggested that we worked on a cheaper plan than they, our Secretary of State having only £2000, theirs £12000. "Yes," they replied, "but that is nothing to what the Royal family receive." The bayonets are beginning to think here. Those who sit so serenely upon them may well begin to think also.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It would be unpardonable for a London sight-seer to omit the Abbey from his portfolio. Described by every tourist in the past, it must submit to the like fate from all that are to come. Like a great man whom every daguerrian and more ambitious painter seek to transfer to their canvas of glass or cloth, and who quietly falls into position at the first suggestion of his solicitor, the Abbey submits its old, crumbling, gray walls without, — its tombs, statues, and greatness within, to the unceasing attentions of its untiring visitors. It is the centre to which every

eye that longs to visit London reverently turns. It repays the reverence by its contents no less than by itself, though after one has seen the great cathedrals he is not overwhelmed by the proportions of the Abbey. We get fastidious very rapidly. What would be a source of constant veneration and a joy forever in America, is looked upon as quite commonplace here. Five hundred years of age and five hundred feet of length, are the *sine quibus non* of our *parvenu* approval. The abbey has the first and St. Paul's the last, so that between them both they make up a first-class church.

But it is not the size of Westminster that we think of as we uncover our heads beneath its embowered roof. It is not its antiquity, gray and reverend as this is; it is the human dust it holds in its protection. How foolish seem all the cavillers at the Bible doctrine of physical resurrection beside the powerful and universal attraction of these grains of noted dust! I have no doubt Swedenborg falsified his theory when in London by reverently visiting these cast-off clothes, which he affirmed were never to be resumed. The Tower contains the veritable garments. How little is the effect that the sight of them creates beside that with which these unseen ashes sway us! These sceptred spirits rule us from their urns. The tombs of the former kings vary greatly in magnificence; but for several centuries they have ceased to build them. The last tomb is that of Elizabeth and Mary, who sleep together as lovingly in their last as they undoubtedly did in many of their first slumbers. A plain gray stone, with the name of the monarch, is the only monument, and even this does not usually exist. Henry VIII. is thus entombed at the Royal Chapel of Windsor; so are some of the earlier kings. George II., Charles II., William and Mary, Anne, and others lie here in vaults as unrecorded as the humblest dead in the humblest church-yard.

This course is far more impressive than the gaudy pile of mouldering marble. It recognizes the equal stroke of pale death, and by its confession of his democratic sovereignty almost wins from us a momentary regard for the intense seclusiveness of their earthly state.

The Abbey is crowded with monuments, tablets, statues; yet but few are of persons of present fame. This grand display of names, titles, and deeds that have completely vanished from the knowledge of men, when once they seemed so enduring as to need no marble record, is another of the sad, yet profitable suggestions that such sights impart. Our pride, ambition, vanity of wealth or fame can have ample opportunity to cool their hot lusts among these marble shadows of once exalted shades.

Another thing that mars the power of this place is, that you do not know which are mere memorials and which cover the real man. In the Poet's Corner, for instance, I know that Milton, Gray, and Shakspeare do not sleep, but I do not know whether Addison, Ben Jonson, and many others are absent also; and hence doubt, the greatest hinderance of devotion, disturbs us with her presence. I suspect that most of these are only cenotaphs, erected after death and time had made them fit to enter this aristocratic cemetery. Under Addison's tablet, affixed to the wall, is a plain gray slab in the floor with "Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay," upon it. Here we stand and feel that awe which the bed of death imparts when occupied by one of extraordinary genius. Statues of Peel, of Watt, of other celebrities fill the place; but with the embarrassment upon us of which we have spoken, we could look at them only as works of art, and not feel the power of actual dust. It seems as if such dust has the power of Elisha's body, and, though dead, can fill with new life those with whom it comes in contact.

The most venerable chapel is that of Edward the

Confessor. Last but one of the Saxon kings, and dying only nine months before the invasion of the Norman founder of the present dynasty, he escaped beholding the subjugation of his people to a foreign yoke. How proud the English nation would be if they could trace their royal blood back to Alfred, and Arthur, and Edwin of York, and Ethelbert of Kent. But these, the names they are proudest of in their history, are represented only in the untitled commoners and laborers of the land. It is well that one, and the only crowned one of their blood, should sleep among those who usurped his honors. Beside him are the tombs of the Norman kings, Edward I. and Henry V., and their families. None so high and lifted up but may learn from his family the coming hour when they shall be but commoners, and all these distinctions be as much forgotten among the living as they are among the dead.

On its walls are two tablets from the American Colonies, and only two; and curiously enough they are from South Carolina and Massachusetts; and yet more curious, though natural, is their purport. The South Carolina tablet commemorates one William Wragge, who was a Tory in the Revolution, and fleeing to England, was drowned on the way. The Massachusetts one is to the memory of General Howe, who fell at Ticonderoga, in the French and Indian War. It is put in the stately style which she even then, more than any British colony before or since, had adopted. "By order," it reads, "of the Great and General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, New England," etc. How striking the contrast of these two States then. How striking now.

ST. PAUL'S

is the eastern, as the Abbey is the western, religious focus of real London. The Cathedral towers over the seats of trade. It shows how nearly religion and business

were once connected, and by its separation from most of the churches, how far they are now apart. The mighty mass grows upon one dwelling daily beneath its shadow. It would be a sublime structure were it washed of its filthy garments and set in a spacious park; but smoke blackens most of its surface, and houses close it in on every side, leaving a few feet begrudgingly to old graves. It is thus impossible to get a fair view of its proportions. Only the dome swells above the surrounding roofs and compels admiration. The French visitants to the Exhibition wittily sneered at its begrimed marble columns and surface, and carry their sneer into its architecture, saying "It looks as if built by chimney-sweeps for chimney-sweeps." But the jest goes too far. Nothing in Paris is as sublime in architecture. The Pantheon alone approximates its grandeur. Within, tawdry masses of marble and tawdrier verbiage of laudation upon them, illustrate the degeneracy of man in his highest estate. Every costly monument is to forgotten vanity, — except statues of Johnson and Turner. Its vastness, like the cathedrals in country hamlets, is beyond the needs of the metropolis, and only a fragment of its immensity is occupied with the crowds of daily worshippers.

OTHER CHURCHES.

There are none eminent save these. Costly, but not grand, are some; cheap and indifferent most. Yet they are costly beside those of the dissenting bodies. All the stately and steepled churches are confined to the Establishment.

There is not a grand church belonging to any dissenting body. Even the Roman Catholics worship in obscure, towerless chapels. Nothing shows more completely the greatness of the warfare against this church, or the completeness of the victory. Twenty miles across the Channel and all the glories of religious architecture

are in her hands. Here not a vestige of it does she possess. It makes one almost commend that rough rascal, Bluff Harry. We see how only such an iconoclast could effect such a work. It took a hundred and fifty years to complete the work he begun: six generations of ceaseless strife before the Papist submitted to his fate.

We also see how in such a work Protestant equality could not get recognized. The nation was under religious martial law, and no liberties of dissent could be allowed to approvers of the general principles of the faith any more than to its bitter enemies. It was then engaged in a rebellion against the mightiest power in the earth, — a power which sought to reëstablish itself by gunpowder plots, by foreign interventions, continued for over two centuries, from Spain with her Armada and France aiding Mary of Scotland against Elizabeth, to James against William, and the Pretender against the Georges; by fostering civil wars, and by every conceivable and diabolical effort. They said, "We must be united against this foe. We can allow no distraction among ourselves which this subtle and mighty enemy will turn to his profit and our destruction." They reasoned humanly, if not divinely; and the liberty of the dissenters to-day may be owing to the suppression of that liberty in the height of the conflict.

It is time now that this domination should cease. The other churches of Christ ought to put up churches which are churches. They should be built like those of the Established order. They would be a most powerful argument of their real equality. The Wesleyans are taking this judicious step. I heard Punshon in a fine Gothic edifice in Highbury that looked like a church and not a chapel. They have others, I understand, of superior beauty.

THE PREACHERS.

If the national Church can boast of the best buildings, the independent bodies can boast of the best preachers. After especial and frequent inquiry I could not hear of one celebrated preacher in all these exclusive churches. I ought to except Dr. M'Call, who was spoken well of by one or two of the officers of the Tower. But his church was in their vicinity, and I could not learn that his fame had got beyond that neighborhood. Mr. Melville is feeble with age, and preaches but seldom. All the live, drawing, working men seem to have freed themselves from the State Church, which, in its effects on its clergy, is but a State Prison. I judged from the many handbills announcing special sermons by incumbents of these Established churches that they were not idle; but I could not hear that any stood out marked and powerful as a preacher of the Word.

Trench, then Dean of Westminster, frequently preached at the Abbey. This elegant scholar has but little appearance of elegance in his address. He is a large-framed man, above the middle height, with large features, and a coarse bushy head of hair. His voice is harsh, and his manners boisterous, — the very opposite of what one would have expected from his writings. But he was intensely in earnest. He seemed tied down by his notes, and struggled as a lion in a net between his parchment and his gown. His subject was Ezekiel's vision, having reference to Whit-Sunday, or the day of Pentecost. His language had his usual force, finish, and sincerity. He impressed me as being greatly burdened for souls. He is said to be an indefatigable worker, and the crowds drawn to the Abbey could not have been more faithfully dealt with.

By rare fortune I heard Dr. Cumming that same evening on the same text: there the similitude ended.

In matter, manner, everything except the unity of the Spirit, they are totally unlike. The Doctor is tallish, slim, very genteel, nice to softness in voice and manner, pronouncing exquisite, "exsqueeseete," and indulging in other such Miss Nancy-isms. Yet the dandy glove hides a grip of steel. He, more than all the rest, discussed doctrinal questions. This was probably owing to his Scotch training and auditory. He referred to the "Essays and Reviews," denouncing them for their laxity on the question of inspiration. His subject was the universal triumph of Christ. His millenarian views were dwelt upon, and prophecies repeated.

The conduct of France and Russia in refusing to aid the Sultan in restoring the Holy Sepulchre showed that they intended to wrest it from him, and he declared that this would soon merge into a religious and universal war. Its peaceable settlement embarrasses his prophecy. He had some neat and novel thoughts, and some fine touches of eloquence. He is very easy to hear, being purely conversational; with no scrap of paper, but only fervid talk. I was not surprised at his popularity. Even that very *tendre* would increase his attractiveness. Two thousand persons were in his amphitheatre of a church.

Messrs. Landell and Brock, Baptist preachers, are very unlike in themselves, and probably in the sphere of their popularity. Mr. Brock is a thorough-going Englishman; stout, sturdy, honest, simple-hearted, striking easily and instantly at the conscience of his hearer. He is just the man for a mass meeting; with no assumption, no fine phrases, yet easy, off-hand, apparently inexhaustible; he is made for the crowd, and knows it. His sermon, on "Behold mine elect whom I have chosen," was earnest and affectionate.

Mr. Landell is an aristocratic preacher of an aristocratic church. His chapel looks like a dwelling-house

outside, but is tasty and even handsome within; though being built, as most are, in a semicircle, with enormous galleries covering half the house, it is far from being a gem of architecture. He is very British in his pronunciation, the most so of any one I have heard. His sermon was on "Be ye steadfast," etc. Like nearly all that I have heard, it was purely textual. Each word and thought was a theme for plain and often choice comment and vigorous application. The successive steps of a Christian life were set forth, and the incentives to faithfulness.

Newman Hall, the successor of Rowland Hill, is the most zealous preacher I have seen, except Spurgeon. He is about forty, dark, with dark eyes, very pleasant voice, and a very impassioned manner. Like Mr. Brock, he evidently feels

> "'Tis all my business here below
> To cry, 'Behold the Lamb'!"

He leans over the pulpit in the most entreating manner, and sets forth the richness of the Gospel promises and the necessity of embracing them. There was a total absence of formal sermonizing, though he had his manuscript before him. It was only an easy, eloquent, intense exhortation.

Richard Weaver I heard in the Tottenham Court Chapel, built by Whitefield. He is an oddity, a ministerial vagrant. The house was crowded almost after the Whitefield fashion. He is much like the eccentricities which fly off from every church, and feel themselves greater than all their brethren. Men and boys were round the doors, hawking his sermons, songs, and portrait, while he was busy within in describing, with great vigor of gesture and but little vigor of thought, his experience and his labors. I should judge him to be well meaning but unregulated. He has power with the

masses, as out of them he has just come, being a converted and still uneducated collier. It is not impossible that he may be at his appointed work, for a great multitude of poor people hung upon his lips that night with the most intense interest. The Lord has many kinds of work is be done in His vineyard, and it is not for us to criticise the services to which some are put.

After all, London fame settles on two men, Punshon and Spurgeon. Arthur would divide the honors with Punshon were he well. I have heard no sermon more tender and fervent in spirit, more neat, concise, yet rich in thought, than one I had the pleasure of hearing from him on "I beheld, and lo, a Lamb in the midst of the throne, as it had been slain." From these words, with great skill, he led us step by step along the highway of the Gospel. He seemed feeble, but showed what power was his in his better days.

Punshon and Spurgeon are very different sort of men. Punshon reminded me of Bascom and Chapin. He reads fast, has but few gestures, is no orator, at least in the pulpit, and carries his crowds by the splendor of his language more than by all other gifts. He rushes with such impetuosity that you are swept along as in an express train. His subject was Jeremiah's complaint against the Jews for abandoning the living fountains and hewing out to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. Like the others, it was textual, seizing each word and showing its force and application; addressed to the unconverted persons of a Christian nation. He enlarged on the difference between the work Jeremiah and Paul had to do, — one to warn, entreat, and lament a falling Church, the other to build up the Church out of the ruins of heathendom. His description of the Jews was masterly. So was his portrayal of the labor of man to save himself: hewing out to himself cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water. His sermons

are exegetical orations. His house was full, and were it known where he preached, the crowds would be enormous. He ought to be advertised, unless he could have a stated place, which the Wesleyan polity forbids. He is a large, full-faced man, of about forty. His voice is pleasant, but not extraordinary. His forte is in these rushing tides of gorgeous rhetoric, not overflowing, but full to the brim. Reading his sermon spoils it for oratory, but does not seem to conflict with his style, which might not be helped but marred by abandoning the manuscript. He may break away from these inky letters on the platform; if so, his sweep must be grand.

But the pulpit orator of London is Spurgeon. I confess to a previous prejudice against him; but he disarmed me. I heard him twice; and though I dislike to admit any one into the circle where my three greatest preachers dwell, — Olin, Durbin, and Beecher, — yet I have to acknowledge he has a seat beside if not above them. He has none of the purely rhetorical manners of Punshon, and yet he has its results. He is a very remarkable man; the greatest preacher, I think, that I have ever heard. Let me try to give you some idea of him. First, behold the field of his conflicts and victories. This is a handsome theatre, — two galleries going entirely around the house. In front of the first gallery, on a line with it, projects a platform, enclosed by common altar railing. This is his pulpit. Half way between it and the lower floor is a platform, in the front of the pulpit, full of singers. He opens the meeting with animating singing, then makes running, witty, and spiritual comments on his Scripture readings. He begins his sermon by imploring the presence of the Holy Spirit, and through every word and moment this seems uppermost in his thoughts. He is very dramatic, delighting to hold imaginary conversations with persons in the house. The night I heard him he fancied himself preaching one of

Paul's sermons in the streets of Corinth, to show what the apostolic preaching was, and for fifteen minutes had entirely forgotten that he was aught else than the fervent Apostle. He refers to the current heresies of the day, and annihilates them with a blow. He made light of systems of divinity, so called, declaring their idea impossible and their wisdom foolishness. Then he answered objectors. This is a good specimen of the quickness of his repartee. "A class object to the Atonement because it is so bloody. It smells of the shambles. 'Of course it does,' he exclaimed. 'He shall be led as an ox to the shambles.'" These words give no idea of the vehemence with which he leaps on his antagonists. He was very positive in his Calvinism. Yet, holding an animated dialogue with an inquirer in the gallery, he makes him ask: "How do I know that I may be saved?" "Do you trust Him?" he exclaims. "If you do, you are one of those who are bought with His blood;" an adroit answer, though far from the demands of his system.

He glories in the simplicity of his preaching, and seems to think that he is nothing remarkable, but only an earnest, straightforward evangelist, who stands before sinners,

> "With cries, entreaties, tears, to save
> And snatch them from a burning grave."

He differs from all great preachers that I have ever heard in this singleness of aim. His every sermon is a battle, begun with a charge of bayonets. His voice is strong and pleasant, except that it breaks on the high notes. He is the perfection of English preaching, embodying in their finest expression all the leading peculiarities of that school. They are less disputatious than the Scotch or American. They are averse to mere rhetoric, or anything which seems to savor of it. I think they would condemn some of Beecher's gorgeous word-painting for this reason. Punshon comes nearest

to us, and yet is pure English; his rushing language being only enforcements of the lessons of the text.

I cannot call this style superior or equal to the American. Ours recognizes intellectual activities in the minds of our auditors; skepticisms, discussions, difficulties, which their spiritual guides must discourse upon. This preaching does not seem to know that there is any conflict of mind in England. It is evident from its character that the mass of hearers are orthodox, and their aim is almost entirely to make them reduce their faith to practice. The skeptical fever has reached the upper classes here. It will reach the masses when they shall become intelligent and thoughtful. Meantime the preachers and preaching in both England and America are wisely adapted to the peculiar needs of each region. Each shall bring forth their appointed work with shoutings, and Christ be all in all.

X.

A NIGHT IN PARLIAMENT.

TO see a battle you must take your station betimes, and wait patiently the tedious movements of the mustering squadrons. So to witness a field-night in the House of Commons, you must be at your post in the morning. The house opens at four, and yet at eleven in the forenoon I seated myself in a dark den on the lowest story of the building, waiting with what patience I could command the slowly moving hours. The reason for such necessity was, that night an important debate came off, and the six hundred members may have each given two tickets to a gallery that will not hold a hundred. The gallery is very democratic, however otherwise may be the House; and its law is, first come first served. So seated in the order of our entrance, we smile condescendingly at any subsequent Dukes and Earls, as we may fancy these latter comers to be, and appreciate the emotions of Madam Blaze, of whom her biographer, Goldsmith, declares, with that simple adhesion to truth that ever characterizes him, —

> "The king himself hath followed her,
> When she hath gone before."

The nobility slowly gather, proving by their rareness their gentility; so that if twelve hundred tickets were issued, not one hundred had assembled before the appointed hour, and our feverishness, as elsewhere was

proved to be foolishness. The hour comes and the blue-coated guide leads us up a series of back, winding, and narrow stairs, and ushers us in a high narrow box stuck up under the eaves of an arched and Gothic roof. How different is the entrance to the galleries of the American House of Commons, and how different the galleries themselves. The most superb staircase in the world, lined with sumptuous marbles and adorned with the highest art of the painter, opens into a spacious amphitheatre, where three thousand of the nation's rulers may witness the deliberations or excitements (usually the latter) of their representative subjects. Here a crooked and perverse stairway leads to a close and crowded loft. Yet this, as that, aptly typifies the relations each body holds to its peoples.

But our eyes are not intent on our quarters. A man might perch himself on a chimney-top, and endure its choking smoke, were the pageant below sufficiently attractive. At least he would admire and observe, not his perilous and cloudy post, but the sight he sought to see. So turn your eyes away from these high-backed, high-breasted pews, and let them sweep the scene below.

Two houses are objects of your study, — the building, the body. The first may be studied first, as the last is not yet organized. It is a narrow room, whose height is its chief feature. Its length may be seventy feet, its width forty, its height forty: yet for these figures we vouch not, our eye being anything but mathematical. Its impression was that of smallness and crowdedness. It was profusely wrought in oak, every inch being covered with carving. A gallery ran around it below where we sat, narrow, and set stiffly against the wall. There was a space through the centre of the floor some ten or fifteen feet wide, a portion of which was occupied by the Speaker's chair with the Clerk's tables before it. The chair was a cathedral seat, with a back ten feet high,

erect and graceless in the extreme. Perched in this box, with his stiff wig and stiffer ways, the Speaker seemed the most comfortless of unfortunates. On either side, and in front of the space and the chair, rose the benches of the members, four or five deep, oaken, and cushioned with green leather.

Opposite to us, above the gallery that was behind the Speaker's chair, I saw an ornamental lattice work, such as sometimes covers the front of city organs. Behind it I discovered a fluttering, such as is not usually seen behind those cages. Was it an aviary of rare birds that waved their glittering plumage behind those bars? Or were fiercer, though not less beautiful creatures, the panther and his family, pacing up and down there? After much study, I ascertained that they were ladies; how near my guesses came to the fact others may judge. Their imprisonment staggered me. Were they penned there for the delectation of the noisy members below, or that their eyes might rain sweet influences upon the fiery combatants. If the latter, the rain would be greatly impeded by the cloudy bars that enclose them. Of what was this the curious relic? Of Eastern worship, where women do not yet presume to appear in the presence of men? Certainly it is not the reproduction of the tournament, of which the scene below might be considered the lineal heir. In those lists she sat the arbiter and inspirer, as she does to-day at the Derby and other national race-grounds.

While perplexing myself with this problem, a cry was heard: the sauntering members who had been slowly dropping in, arose in their seats; the pompous beadle, probably owning some far loftier title, strode into view; the gold mace — a large club of gold — was borne before him on a velvet cushion, — a suggester, to my fancy, of the original mode of settling disputed questions, and of the possible solution to which they may yet come; and

behind it walked the bewigged and begowned Speaker, tall and stately, with the obsequious clerks concluding the procession.

He mounts his perilous perch, the records are mumblingly read, and the usual droning of such sessions is gone through. The expected fight soon opens. The government is assailed for extravagance of expenditure, — the usual resort of the outs to oust the ins where no principles are involved for which either party dare to contend. Such were the long and meaningless quarrels on which our Websters and Clays in that former generation (how long ago it seems) frittered away their genius and their lives.

The officials of the government are seated on the lowest bench, on the right of the Speaker; the leaders of the opposition on the opposite bench; the liberal leaders across the lower end of this parallelogram, "below the gangway," as it is called. The mastiffs from the opposing benches carelessly eye each other. The upper dog in the fight soon proceeds to open the fray. There he sits, with his hat pressed down over his eyes, his smallish form looking as if shrunk with age, his air that of one half asleep and half dead. Suddenly he arouses himself, rises in an utterly indifferent and lazy manner, and with the hesitating tongue which is the *sine qua non* of parliamentary oratory, throws a bombshell into the ranks of his foes. He declares that the question in debate is confidence or no confidence in the ministry; if defeated, he shall resign and appeal to the country. They are seemingly, perhaps really, taken aback by the threat; and much preliminary skirmishing follows. He knows his ground, evidently, and has chosen it with wise forecast: he is not to be beguiled from it. Even D'Israeli's cunning suggestions do not make the craftier fox drop his prey. The debate opens with a somewhat graceful speech from the author of the motion, Mr. Stanstead,

the one afterwards expelled from the Cabinet for his connection with Garibaldi. Palmerston follows. The powers of the man are coolness and readiness His *sang froid* is extraordinary even in a Briton. It is not the coolness of a fluent orator, for he is anything but fluent. It is not the sparkling jets of a ready debater, though in these he is not lacking. It is simply the imperturbability of the man of business, prepared for every emergency that his antagonists can create. He is not merely cool; he is adroit. He knows what to say and what not to say; how to conceal a thought while seeming to express it. He can utter a biting gibe that is itself a clinching argument. And this so carelessly that he appears to be the most indifferent person in all the *mêlee*. His friends and foes grow nervous beside his unchanging calmness. "What 's the overthrow of my administration?" he seems to say. "Mere bagatelle." Others say, "It is infamous! it is glorious!" he, "It is naught; it is naught."

This is the crowning gift of potentates in all spheres, — poetic, oratoric, military, administrative. The coolness of Phillips, Grant, and Lincoln, are among the highest proofs of their greatness. So is that of Palmerston. Virgil's axiom does not fit his case: *Possunt quia posse videntur. He* is able because he does *not seem* to be able.

To him D'Israeli makes reply. Opposite him, not twenty feet off, sat the calmly sneering Jew. He is dressed with studious care, in "an inky suit of customary black," in striking contrast to the seedy slouchiness of his rival. His dark face, large and hooked nose, and snaky black eye, all mark his race and nature. He essays a like *abandon;* but with him the seeming is evident to every eye. His voice is calm, his enunciation measured; he even stammers in his utterance. Yet all these are clearly histrionic; his calmness, extemporaneous-

ness, and hesitation, are all assumed. He is manifestly excited. Every nerve is strained to throw his quiet old enemy who has dropped back into his seat, with his hat over his eyes, almost nodding, as if asleep. His speech is carefully elaborated: there is not a word that has not been hammered out with assiduous toil on the studio anvil. The natural hesitation of one looking for words wherewith to dress the poor naked idea that stands shivering in his brain, is the popular style of parliamentary oratory, because that parliament was not originally intended as a congress of representatives and debaters, but a talking place of the chiefs of the realm. This is the proper meaning of its name; this the yet distinguishing trait of the higher and originally the only house. They disdain to make speeches; they only talk. Hence, as

> "When we stick on conversation's burrs,
> We strew our pathway with those dreadful 'urrs;"

so these gentry, in their parliamentary converse, delight to retain this reminiscence of the earlier colloquiality that marked their deliberations. D'Israeli knows this is the fashion, and strews the pathway of his oratory with these suggestions of an unprepared and half embarrassed state of mind, while they are as carefully premeditated and prearranged as are his most sarcastic or ornate passages.

There is the cold, metallic ring of the memoriter about his voice. Its tones resemble Mr. Everett's; so much so, that, were you not looking at him, you would affirm that our classic orator was alive. There is one marked difference: D'Israeli has an undertone of Mephistophilian sneering running through all his speech. It sounds almost demoniacal; so constant, so intense is the scorn. Everett was utterly free from all such bitterness of spirit and of tone. He thrusts home with masterly sharpness and brightness, piercing always the joints of his enemy's harness. How Palmerston can sit so drowsily under

this stinging sarcasm is marvellous. He hears every word; he feels every word; yet he sleeps on. This Macbeth cannot murder his sleep. That it hits, his replies show. Yet in his replies he still keeps the merry side out, and plants his blows in laughter, making the house ring and his foe writhe at his telling retorts.

Horseman, Bernal Osborne, Lord Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Walpole, a descendant of the famed Sir Robert, all engage in the fray. The last is a plain-mannered, plain-speeched, middle-aged, commonplace gentleman. Stanley is young, voluble, and graceful. Osborne is bright, saucy, and shallow; a small specimen of Palmerston. Horseman is dark, deep, and venomous; a not small specimen of D'Israeli. He is unsuccessful and unpopular, and so the bile floods his words with bitterness; but he is able, and if he were inspired with grand aims would be masterly.

Cobden and Bright are both caught in the storm. Never more will they contend together. No wonder Bright wept so profusely at his grave. They were of one soul. Cobden was portly and somewhat heavy, with massive features, a solemn and solid voice, and a dignified, but somewhat labored manner. Bright is the easiest and most fascinating speaker of them all. The words flow trippingly from his tongue. He is not unlike Phillips, in his ease of manner and of language. He is of light complexion, full countenance, a large, but easy motioned body, a silvery voice; a readiness, fullness, and, above all, frankness, that no other save Cobden exhibited. The twain were the New England of Old England in their principles; hardly less in their style and address. Cobden had but little of the old *régime* stuttering; Bright, none. He would command more admiration in America than any British speaker, save, perhaps, Guthrie and Spurgeon.

Their words were as fine as their ways. Mr. Bright's

position in the debate did not lead him to so full a statement of principles as did Mr. Cobden's. The latter, in his argument against costly armaments in time of peace, cited the United States as an example of their needlessness.

His word in our favor was received with no favor by the House. They cheered his statement that unarmed we had bullied the world; they oh-oh-ed his assertion that we had manifested a power such as no other nation could do. Their feelings were as unmistakable as his.

After much noise and confusion, one tedious member being scraped and coughed down, the House divided. All the members rushed pell-mell into the lobby behind the Speaker's chair, and tellers were stationed to tally them as they returned. This is a habit that would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is boyish and barbarous. Why not call the roll, and respond quietly from their seats, like gentlemen? Palmerston had an easy triumph; and the noisy six hundred, at one o'clock in the morning, dissolved in an uproar.

Two things struck me in that field-night, — the coarseness of the British gentry, and the utter nothingness of British politics. The whole debate was always quite in the verge of blackguardism. Epithets were hurled at each other with unceasing profusion. With much preliminary palaver of titles, the end was always a sling and a stone. "The noble lord is a fool" was the burden of every orator. The English are still the most brutal of peoples in their sports. Nowhere in Christendom, does boxing, horse-racing and kindred brutalities so flourish. The Parliamentarians partake of the same spirit. It is a boxing with ungloved tongues, — a careful elegance of phrase covering thinly a blow from the shoulder. Thus Cobden struck at Horseman in his opening; thus Horseman sought to pummel Cobden.

Thus the two great leaders cut and thrust in intense and unceasing personalities; and Bernal Osborne carried it to its natural, but too unveiled expression, when "he trusted that the honorable member from Bradford was not so *soft* as to suppose," &c.

The American Parliament is far less personal in its invectives, especially in the masters and leaders of its debates.

Another peculiarity of their debates is their valuelessness. They are paltry conflicts over paltry themes, like the fierce wars of our politicians thirty years ago over Bank and Tariff and kindred infinitesimals, while the great questions of humanity and nationality were whistled down the wind; so these are busy discussing armaments and expeditions, tariffs and free trade, while human rights find no mouth-piece, and awaken no interest. How we longed to see a man on that ancient floor stand up for the rights of man. Why does not Bright sound his silver trumpet, and call the nation to confer the right of universal suffrage? Why does he not demand brief and paid parliaments? Why not labor thus for what he says is the grandest deed in the world, — a free people electing their sovereign? "The Democrat" should be published in London. The democratic party should be organized, and its leaders make Parliament ring with their just demands.

This must come. The very slumber of English politics assures us of its coming. Nothing can give its ancient parties life. Nothing separates them. As Whig and Democrat have been almost synonymous terms with us, for twenty years, and as the subsidence of all differences between them gave the new party of humanity an opportunity to emerge into power; so is the decay of Whig and Tory in England the precursor of a most fierce and deadly struggle which is yet to rend that land, to be reunited under the government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

As a supplement to the brilliant night in the House of Commons came a short and dull hour in the House of Lords. A like hall, but of smaller dimensions, is set off with statues of the nobles who wrested the Magna Charta from King John, and with windows filled with the glaring portraits of the kings of England. A few benches line the walls, a big woolsack on a table stands in the space between. A raised dais is at the farther end, covered with red, with three red chairs, and a red canopy and hangings. Those chairs were for the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales. On the steps of the throne sat two men carelessly chatting; one was picking his teeth. He was dressed in light checked pants, and though old and ugly looking, was evidently irreverent and jolly. "That," said one sitting near me, "is Lord Brougham." Such lack of good manners was never seen in our Senate House. What would we think if we saw Charles Sumner sitting on the steps of the Vice-President's rostrum, picking his teeth and chatting with Chase or Seward similarly seated? A bewigged and begowned old man crosses his legs on the velvet cushions. There are a few words from the sandy-haired Argyle upon education; a few from the Archbishop of York, now of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lincoln, all confessing the narrowness of their views, the inefficiency of their plans, and the need of their efforts in this cause, as thoroughly and as wisely neglected by the aristocracy of Britain as it was by that of the South; and the red-gowned tailor rises from his seat and the House of Lords is adjourned. The force of weakness could no farther go. How different, thought I, is this do-little body from those stern warriors that made the autocratic John surrender his dearest privileges! The green meadow plain of Runnymede

was a field of glory and of might compared with its ornate representative of to-day. Away with such rubbish! Cast the gilded baubles of rank and title to the worms that have long since eaten out their life, and let men again govern England. A new Magna Charta should be wrested from the possessors of the old. The people should have their Runnymede, and the aristocracy, from knight to queen, should bow to their superior vigor and recognize them as sovereign. This House as surely hastens to its downfall as did the like effeminate Venetian council a century ago. They are powerless to guide the people, powerless to lead European sentiment. Giving neither arms nor voice to struggling Italy, Poland, or Denmark; giving voice, and, as far as they have dared, arms to the struggling slave power; they will yet be swept out of sight, and senators, elected by the people, shall make this house an oracle of many, an oracle of God.

XI.

A BASKET OF LONDON FRAGMENTS.

LET us pick up a few of the broken bits that remain after our feast of weeks. "The king's chaff is better than other men's corn," and London crumbs are richer than country tables. The field of observation grows with observation, as every study expands to its student. Our baskets of fragments may thus outmeasure the full course already served up. Though we have rambled through familiar streets from the Tower to Whitehall, have haunted church and chapel, have hung on eloquent lips, or over more eloquent dust, yet many gleanings have found no record. How could they? If every character of the play is Hamlet, whatever is left out leaves him partly out. So whatever is in London is of London, and partakes somewhat of its nature and renown.

The bridges must be passed over in the story quite otherwise than they were in fact. I would fain linger on their history, so romantic, and their romance, so historic. I would love to sit with you on one of these handsome stone seats that swell out from their sides, and watch the swift crowds pass before us and beneath us: those afoot or in a locked jam of omnibus, cart, and carriage; these on the crowded decks of the hideous little black steam-tugs that sweat and puff their toilful way up and down the most dirty and odorous river.

One incident, illustrative at once of London poverty and

London sport, can alone be chronicled. Forty feet under Hungerford Bridge, when the tide was out, scores of men and boys waded in the filthy mire knee-deep, and oft-times almost neck-deep, searching for pennies thrown to them from the bridge. Passers by were casting down the coins which sank into the oozy mud, and were enjoying the sight of the fierce contestants who plunged pell-mell after them. Many pennies were lost, but enough were found to make the sport sportful in a very melancholic way.

THE TEMPLE.

A few rods from this disgusting pastime, you strike Fleet Street, close to Temple Bar. Being so near the Temple let us enter its gates. You can wander at will through its quiet courts and its more quiet chapel. The old gray buildings seem crowded with ghosts of the mighty departed, silently winding through corridor and path, as these present embodied ghosts now stealthily glide by. Yet how few memorable names live here. Its two greatest are those who never were of the fraternity. A slate stone, flat upon the earth, almost under the chapel, has inscribed upon it the simple words, "Oliver Goldsmith." Not his vanity, but his taste, would approve such simplicity. That grave is the most important relic within the gates. Another name joins itself to it, as I stand musing above it. I see that lad so gay, so grave, playing upon the stone. Did he not imbibe his weaknesses and virtues from the genial dust? His celibacy, his conviviality, his limpidity of style, his humor and gentleness of satire, can they not all be traced to that childish communion? The seed buried here, in Lamb truly, brought forth fruit after its kind. The more proper men of the Temple — barristers, judges, wits, orators, and scholars — were forgotten by the side of these two intruders.

THE SOCIETY OF THE COGERS.

It is but a step in fact and feeling from this retreat to an institution as aged and potent to-day as any of the city, — the debating clubs. Close to Temple Bar, on Fleet Street, one can daily see on a little board, headed "Temple Discussion Hall," the subject for the nightly debate. I visited one of the oldest, in Shoe Lane, out of the opposite side of Fleet Street. It was called the Society of the Cogers, and had some early date of the last century hanging over its bar as a witness of its age. Tables were set thick through the room, and lined thicker with hard-visaged, but honest-visaged, men, each enjoying his foaming pot or smoking pipe. The purchase of one of these is the price of admission, expected but not required. Their value will be received as a fee from any curiosity hunter of a teetotaller. Here questions are nightly debated in parliamentary fashion, with considerable skill and ability. The Speaker sat in a raised recess, and kept the turbulent elements within bounds. The morality of the "Derby" was the theme for the night. Mr. Train denounced it in an effective parliamentary speech, and a McSomething defended it. The house was divided, and the Derbyites, by a small majority, won the day. The debates usually begin at nine, and close at midnight. In such a club as this — perhaps in this itself — Burke and Fox and Sheridan, and other British orators, trained themselves for the parliamentary arena. It is a popular safety-valve; the privilege of thus playing the politician making the frequenters content with their actual disfranchisement. The business is too real with us to allow such an institution to live. Academical or village lyceums, where unbearded youth prelibate the draughts whereof all our people drink, are the only American representatives of these flourishing political clubs.

Passing out of Shoe Lane, up Fleet Street not many steps, we begin to ascend Ludgate Hill. Half way up, turn to your left and you stand before a mass of huge, black, rough stones, with here and there a grating or a heavy gateway, increasing its sombreness. Those repulsive walls are the outer form of

NEWGATE.

Armed with an order from the governor of the prison, I found easy entrance. Narrow passages, low rooms, and the old-fashioned contractedness of such abodes were here yet. But their cleanliness, whiteness, and sweetness are the improvements that strive to redeem the ancient infamy. I was led into new apartments where was still farther evidence of the potency of modern ideas in prison discipline. They were open, spacious, inviting. Indeed they are so inviting, in contrast with the dens without, that the officer complained of the effect on the miserable savages which were brought hither. "Before they have been here," he said, "they have a horror of coming. But afterwards they prefer it to their homes, and commit crime for the sake of the imprisonment." Yet he argued for farther reforms; and advocated private executions in the very corridors where thousands had taken their last walk. A huge hole in the outer wall, closed ordinarily, opens to receive the gallows. It is run out of this aperture into the sight of boisterous myriads of jubilant felons, — the thick scum of London. Here Müller, the last of the calendar, followed his unnumbered predecessors. The walls seem full of dreary noises, wails, misereres, life-long pinings, blasphemies, deaths: how the smoke of this torment ceaselessly ascends! What a fountain of sins and sorrows here sends forth its exceeding bitter waters which no act of grace can sweeten. "Be pitiful, O God!" He is pitiful even in

His justice. The prison is as expressive of His goodness as the cathedral behind it. Both are essential to the safety and progress of man; both typify the unseen and eternal.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

If we proceed up High Holborn, we arrive in a walk of a mile and more at Trafalgar Square, into which the parallel Fleet Street and the Strand also enter and end. It is the most monumental spot in London, with its Nelson column, statues, and adornings. Along its chief front extends the somewhat stately *façade* of the National Gallery. It contained but few pictures that I thirsted to see, and those few it is more than folly to describe. Ruskin has made us all mad with Turnerism. Had he not written, the great painter might have had his own conceit gratified, and his grandest paintings been buried in his tomb, with no especial sense of public loss. The poetic critic is not the first Homer that has proved himself greater than the Achilles he heralds. As we seek only for the deeds of this Achilles as sung by his Homer, we pass almost carelessly by the other treasures which many more highly, perhaps more justly, prize. See that picture by Da Vinci, of "Christ disputing with the Doctors." How thoughtful, gentle, and self-composed is his countenance. Correggio's "Virgin and Child" hangs near, full of the inexpressible sweetness of his pencil, — most human and most angelic of painters. Raphael's "St. Catherine" is next; one hand is on her breast, the other holds her robes, red without, and yellow within, whose opened folds disclose her saintly dress of gray. Her hair is rolled back from her uplifted head, and her eyes are fastened on the heavens. The face is full of holy fervor, and reveals the power of his perfect art; more perfect seemingly in its earthly finish than in its heavenly aspiration. For how, one is almost tempted to

say, can such elaboration of dress and posture, and even hair, — the exquisiteness of an earthly maiden apparelled for earthly conquests, — consist with those upraised eyes and that heaven-sighing soul? His pictures seem hardly heavenly, but only super-earthly. This and all bear the tokens of humanity about all their spirituality.

But next to him is the desired spirituality. Fra Angelico is as forgetful, as Raphael is mindful, of earth. There is no dust on his shining robes. Around Christ the angels float, praising him with voice or instrument. Christ is too exalted for his strain; he always feels, and is, unequal to that majesty; but the angels, — there he is at home. Never did such unconscious loveliness glow on canvas. They are more splendidly arrayed than Raphael's, in purple, scarlet, blue, and gold; but they know it not. One only impulse they feel, — an unspeakable devotion to their Saviour and their God.

But we must hasten past this crowd of notables, among which are Teniers with his "Money-Changers," as natural as life can be; William of Cologne's "Sudarum," or head of Christ miraculously stamped on the handkerchief that a pitying woman of Jerusalem offered him to wipe his face upon, in that dreadful march up Calvary, and which this artist of Cologne painted upon his knees, — a white handkerchief seemingly, with a dark face upon it, and a gold aureole above it. Murillo's "Madonna," most motherly, and Jesus, most babe-like, can only receive a glance; and then comes the antechamber of Turner, Claude. His forerunner's landscapes precede his own, as if to defy their uttermost power. They are large and graceful, elegant in dress, architecture, and expression, elaborate, careful, finished. But what are they by the side of the master? A whole room is devoted to Turner. Only a few can be noticed, and they how poorly. See this "Building of Carthage"; the water clear, and yet not, but full of life; trees equally alive

overhanging it; buildings busily rising, and the heights crowned with a temple, all glowing in the morning sky of an eastern day. "Calais" is a picture of intensest life. The waves are as busy as the boats that dance upon them; no less energetic are the clouds, their counterpart in animation and beauty. Rarely is a painting alive with such inordinate excitement: and yet it is only natural. Not a step beyond the possibilities of the vigorous morning of a sea-shore town has his pencil stepped.

How different, yet how like, is "Hannibal crossing the Alps," through a blinding rush of snow and cloud, while awful chasms open at his feet. "Dido and Æneas on the morning of the Chase" is wonderful for color and gorgeousness of light. "Crossing the Brook" is as superb in English scenery: trees, water, and skies have her fulness of beauty. "The Decline of Carthage" is in vivid contrast to its opposite. The sun is setting in a mist of glory, covering everything with the veil of death and beauty. "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" has perhaps the most remarkable sea and sky of any in the hall. The galleys blaze in the blazing sunset. The sea is burnished gold. The defiant masters stand like Uriel in the sun. "The Old Temeraire" drawn to her dock, is less astonishing in splendor, though it would blind the eyes in any other collection. "Italy" is exquisite in color and scenery; hills crowned with castles, waters, bridges, and stretches of low woods, make up the scene. "The Parting of Hero and Leander" is another glowing sky, covering the miniature and insignificant personages in its robe of light. In fact his people are of no account beside their surroundings. Earth and sky are the superiors of man. No form bears inspection; none possesses character, hardly one even humanity. A blotch of color stands for the queenly Dido; another for the godlike Æneas. It is only as a painter of the inanimate that he is sublime. In this his two chief American scholars,

Cole and Church, closely copy him. "The Ship on Fire" is perhaps the sublimest of all. Such darkness and such light have never elsewhere been produced by man. The awful sea and flames and sky, encompass the fated victims with unpitying death. The soul shudders as it sees. How one could paint such a horror it is difficult to imagine. No wonder he hastens from it to these frequent glories of harmless Nature, of which "Phryne going to the bath as Venus" is not the least, though our last, in enchantment. That procession winding through the foreground; the palaces almost born, like the goddess herself, from the waters which they kiss; the hills and clouds in equal glory clad — tongue and pen alike fail in description. Italy, in landscape art, is immeasurably behind.

Yet, when you have recovered from the reeling draught, when you have stood bewildered at the conception and the execution of these wonders of Nature, I think you will do as I did, — go and sit down before Murillo's "Mother," so like your own, and Fra Angelico's "Angels," like what you seek and hope to be, and even before Teniers's homely veracity and humanity, with a certain solidity of satisfaction that the bedazzling Turner never conveys. Man is more than Nature, despite the rage of modern artists; and Italy, as the painter of man, is still at the head of art.

We turn from this display of Nature in her full dress of art, royal and resplendent, to her more frequent, familiar, and friendly array. It is but a few steps from this hall, along Charing Cross, up Whitehall, to the Abbey and the opening of

THE PARKS.

Beginning with St. James's, somewhat small of area, they wind thenceforth westward through the city, a broad green river, contrasting charmingly with the less

real river that flows, filthy and fetid, not far from them, and nearly parallel with them. They take different names, but are one stream. Thick-carpeted, deep-shaded, neat, natural, unassuming, they are without the primness of the Versailles, or the too great artisticality of the New York Central. They are merely pastures in the heart of a huge metropolis; as truly and simply pastures as when they were grazed and tilled by the tenants of some lordly owner. Boston Common is far more cut up into paths and lined with formal rows of trees. Here formality of tree and path is carefully eschewed. No threatening warnings and policemen vex your wanderings. You can go whithersoever you will; read, write, talk, or sleep under any wide-spreading oak, as if in the remotest clearing. One can easily fancy himself in the haunts of purest Nature, while sauntering through these spacious woodlands. Royal and ducal palaces appear on either side, but do not interfere with their countryishness. The Zoölogical Gardens occupy a portion of their fields, as rustic in their relations to the rest as a farmer's barnyard to his meadows, though filled with quite a different sort of cattle than is found in his Zoölogy.

Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore, is the only one in America that is as wildly beautiful as those of London; and that, I fear, will yet be reduced to mathematical curves and lines, to enamelled walks and artistic bowers, and surprises and labyrinths and a' that, with which the town is always marring the nature it professes to perfect.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The museums, too, offer their inexhaustible attractions. So immense is their capacity for absorption, that, were we to yield to their demands, a year would not suffice for their study, nor many folios for their description. South Kensington, with its pictures and gleanings of

ancient furniture, is a study of weeks. But the completest encyclopædia in the world is the British Museum. Its pillared front, broad and stately, is among the finest architectural effects in the city. Curiosities of every sort crowd its immense halls; from Greek and Assyrian marbles, through multitudinous birds and beasts, to the circular reading-room, with its out-branching alcoves, fit home for chief creature of the collection, — man. Not the least among its attractions are the Assyrian marbles. The Elgin, though fairer, are more fragmentary; they awaken painful emotions, as if we should see the arm or neck of beauty lying dismembered in a dissecting-room. But Assyria is preserved in perfection; and though her genius is less, it is yet much. One is startled to see the grandeur of repose in these gigantic deities. Enormous winged lions guard the entrance with the calmest, mildest, strongest of manly faces. No Grecian deity has more of divinity in his more artistically chiselled countenance. I can easily discern the outer polish and propriety of Assyrian religion and government in these symbols. I see how Ezekiel and Daniel, familiar with these figures, readily beheld a harmonious and heavenly vision in the strange combination of eagle, lion, and man. Daniel's lion with eagle's wings is here. Ezekiel's living creature, with its faces of lion, ox, eagle, and man, was no unseemly object as seen in the light of these sculptures. Their idolatry outwardly was stately, however abominable within. A similar life-likeness animates the bas-reliefs, which stretch around the walls for many hundreds of feet, and impart the most vivid conception of battles and banquetings, the chase and the siege.

But we must not linger in these walls. Other marbles, beside which these are but worthless fragments, await our worship in their native home.

Resolutely turning my back on this vast and rapidly-

increasing collection, I notice thankfully, as I leave, the obscure chirography, blurred and interlined, corrected and recorrected, of Macaulay and Pope and Milton, and refuse to notice the clean page of Scott and Goethe, without blot or change, or any such thing. Which is the higher authority? The great arbiters of the debate, Shakspeare and Homer, have left no decision in their own handwriting. So the problem must remain unsolved, and each penman may gang his ain gait, in his hand no less than in his legs and brain.

THE KOHINOOR.

Two things chiefly drew me to the Great Exhibition. That gigantic spectacle was in full blossom then, but I was satisfied with two or three glances at its bewildering pageantry. It was all reducible to three stones, — the consummation of art and nature, — Story's marbles and the Kohinoor. The last is merely a stone of blazing whiteness. The perfection of coal is crystal. The essence and glory of blackness is the extreme of whiteness. Coal is clearly a thing not to be despised. In its black estate it has in itself more of the flame and heat of its original than all other stones put together. It enlightens and warms the world. And here we see it, not a grim worker, nor the fiery impulse of the engine, nor the flashing representative of the sun, but solid and ceaseless light. Stevenson was right when he said to Peel, looking at a flying train, "The sun is drawing that train. It is the true car of Apollo. For coal is but the condensation of light and heat. They pressed themselves into ferns, and, liberated now from their prison-house of ages, they appear in their original forms." This steadily-throbbing star, not an inch across, is the essence and embodiment of a million rays. It seems to have life in itself. Is it not thus with man? Will

not the black and torrid man, into whose nature the most powerful influences have been poured, yet shine in the human family with a glory above all his fellows, as this gem outshines the haughty gold and silver that glower enviously around? Another thought flashed on me from its quivering radiance: What must be the glory of the celestial city, which is of pure gold like unto clear glass, and whose every gate is of one pearl? Their tiny sparkles suggest what that "entire and perfect chrysolite" will be, only so far and so feebly as the faith and joy of the Christian can the dazzling rapture of that estate when we shall behold the glory which Christ has with the Father, and shall partake of its fulness forever.

CLEOPATRA AND THE SIBYL.

There is a little room in the Roman Department through which a crowd is slowly and ceaselessly struggling. It is lined with statuary. But the people do not throng hither to see all its works, many of which are worthy of high praise. Two statues only attract them. These sit in the corners next the entrance; Cleopatra to the left, the Sibyl to the right. Very calm, almost to indifference, they appear. Yet so strong is the power condensed into every feature, that once seen they are seen always. They have followed me through the miles of art that Europe has since displayed, through the grander creations of Nature; and still their eyes, though veiled, are ever

> "Looking through and through me,
> Thoroughly to undo me."

They are not mere pieces of carved and polished stone; not even mere expressions of ordinary truth and beauty. Far deeper lie their meaning and their influence. They are historic and prophetic, looking before and after. Cleopatra proves the possibility of that of which the

Sibyl asserts the necessity. They are wrought out under impressions that have hardly as yet reached the public mind, but are only shadowily dreamed and feared. Shall I sketch the preachers before I do their sermons?

They are both in a similar position, and have a similar expression. They sit in a very easy posture, in ancient Egyptian chairs, the former in the Egyptian dress minutely elaborated. A finger of Cleopatra's hand is pressed against its palm, as though the artist was afraid she would appear lax and feeble in her voluptuousness, and through this device she could show the firmness of her nature. It seemed to me a defect. She should not appear to *intend* to express anything. Unconscious expression is the only powerful and true expression. She is full of this; for her whole bearing, though soft and dreamy, is replete with vigor and force of character.

But it is not her form or posture that chiefly attracts you. All her qualities embody and reveal themselves more clearly in the countenance. Thither all lines converge. The features are large, compared with the Grecian face of conventional art, but strikingly like those on Egyptian monuments. The lips and the eyes are full, the cheek-bones high, forehead low; in fine, the cast of the countenance is decidedly African. Even the marbles seem to be discolored. According to ordinary standards, there is no beauty in them that we should desire them. Some ladies stood beside me gazing at them. "Beautiful, ar' n't they?" said one, as she had been taught by the "Times." "Yes, very," replied the other; and then, as if revolting against its authority, she adds, "But the faces are not handsome." The other assents. That is the first impression. And that impression is increased by their position among a gallery full of Grecian faces. "Jephthah's Daughter," "Esther," Bryant's "Indian Girl," look not like Jewesses or Indians, but as if made to order by a Greek potter. These two

beauties are evidently African, not Athenian. It would seem as if, having been created in seclusion, they are providentially placed among these popular models, and compel our admiration against our will, as the race they represent is brought out from the seclusion of ages, and placed among their haughty brethren, compelling their notice, and ultimately their admiration and regard.

For there are sermons in these stones. Cleopatra looks the easy mistress of the world. She does not smile upon her Grecian rivals, but all can see that she is sensible of her superiority, and that they are sensible of it also. Cool, and yet fiery; in intense repose, and yet in intense action; conscious, and still unconscious: all these contraries, balancing contraries, are embodied in that statue. It seems to say, "I belong to a despised race, but you shall feel that I am your superior. What if my forehead is low, and cheek-bones high, and lips thick, and nostrils not undistended? What if all the characteristics of the negro are stamped upon my countenance? You shall acknowledge that they are no drawback to my power; that they may even be the weapons of my conquest. You shall be my slaves, as my people are yours. Not every one of you can approach me. Your selected representatives and rulers, they shall be my worshippers. On them will I cast my chains. Their passion, their infatuation, shall teach all your race the folly and criminality of your pretended natural abhorrence of my blood. It is negro blood; and your Antony, the type of your beauty and culture; your Cæsar, the representative of your highest qualities of mind and will, — these shall seek alliance, at any sacrifice, with the African. They shall teach Caucasians of every age and clime that my blood is as good as theirs, — is one with theirs; that it is as great an honor and privilege for you to marry me, as for me to marry you. The time has been when, in my person and in

that of these proudest names of your race, this truth was recognized. It will be again. It will be universally."

Here the Sibyl opes her marble lips. Sibylla Lybica, the artist calls her. I am sorry he shrank from giving her a name by which she and her meaning would be instantly recognized. Multitudes gather from its name that it was intended to represent some Oriental priestess, and hence see in it only a work of art. It ought to be plainly printed in the catalogue — Sibylla Africa. But it is so printed in the marble; and perhaps he acted wisely in choosing words that in themselves were not repulsive, but were even attractive; and so, by a little guileless guile, drew attention and admiration to what would have been otherwise rejected without consideration. Hence the name of the most famous of ancient beauties is given to a plantation beauty of to-day. And the prophetess has a classic though African title, by which her origin and calling are alike suggested.

There sits the negro Sibyl. How perfect the repose! Cleopatra's finger does not mar her hand. She is without voluptuousness, without rigidity; with more force than a Madonna, and with no less tenderness; with no Cassandra ravings, yet apparently on a Cassandra mission. Her sad, sweet, calm face looks towards you and yet past you, as though you were of slight importance compared with that on which her eyes are fixed. They look into the future, up to God. There is no earthly love here. She embodies the religious, as the other does the earthly, problems that invest this race; the divine, as that the human. She is a vestal, pure and of solemn aspect, sadly uttering her burden of vision. She does not appear to care about our answers. It is hers to speak. It is God's to take note of our replies. Can you hear her words? They are addressed directly to America; to its Christians, to its patriots; to all. Thus they seem to speak: —

"Receive me as your own self or perish. I am bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh. The same God and Father makes us of the same parents, redeems us by the same Saviour, renews us by the same Spirit, appoints us the same destiny. Why put you a difference between us? Why do you carefully cultivate an abhorrence of us? My children play with yours in their youth. Why are they cast out from their society as an accursed thing as soon as they come to maturer years? Why is it that no one, with my blood in his veins, can be a master-workman, can hardly be a subordinate workman in any mechanical callings, — a clerk or partner in your stores, — a teacher in your schools? Why is it, when one of them is called to the ministry, 'not of man, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father,' — why is it that he is forbidden to exercise his sacred office except over people of his own complexion? Did God say to him, 'Go work among the black grapes in my vineyard: the white clusters only white servants can prune and perfect'? Why is it that oneness of race is practically abjured by the disciples of Christ, and scholars pervert their learning to build up a scientific foundation for your prejudices, as they have in other times for equally powerful and popular abominations?"

With many like words she quietly penetrates our souls. She utters no complaint. She asks the questions which are appointed unto her by God. She declares the burden of judgment: — "If you will not abandon your prejudices, you will be devoured of them. There is no other alternative. Do or die. You refused to do. You were brought to the gates of death. Still you partially revolt from your duty. Many of your journals, truest to human liberty, are careful to say that they do not like the colored race, and wish it were out of the way. They are defending great principles that happen to be embodied in a very offensive people. They seek to

crowd us out of the land by a professedly voluntary, but really compulsory, emigration. Ah!" says the Sibyl, "God has joined these vital principles to His despised people, in order that they may be saved only through our admission into all the conditions of national brotherhood. You cannot preserve them unless you take us also. You have welcomed the down-trodden masses of Europe, with less culture, with less religion, with far worse habits, than my people. You set no barriers to their elevation. Their blood flows freely and honorably with your own. But we, — natives to the soil for two hundred years and over, industrious, honest, virtuous, religious, intelligent, in comparison with our opportunities, more than they, — we are still an abhorred thing. You must treat us as you do these, or you shall become like unto us. If you will not allow us to ascend, you must descend. Prejudices as baseless and as ruinous have existed elsewhere than in America. The holy chapel of Paris, a marvel of wealth and beauty, was built by the most pious of the Bourbons out of the money of the Jews whom he robbed and expelled. Jews rule France to-day; but where are the Bourbons? Spain expelled the Moors. Where is Spain? Andernach, a once imperial town among the Rhine mountains, has forbidden for centuries a Jew to enter her walls. He is still forbidden. But no one else enters them. America may imitate pompous little Andernach. It will only be sure of a like fate. A law of repulsion, to be binding and natural, must be mutual. The Jew and Christian in the Middle Ages repelled each other. The Christian is becoming cured of his prejudices: the Jew will soon be of his. But this feeling, which you try to erect into a divine law, has no such necessary foundation. The African is not inwardly repelled from the rest of the human race. He has no such abhorrence. The other races, therefore, cannot say that their repug-

nance is natural. You have sought to make your prejudices a law of God. The slaveholders have been in advance of you in this radical question. Of your race, long your rulers, they do not loathe us. They held us in chains, not because of prejudice, but for power and pelf. Unless you have their feelings you cannot utterly break their yoke. They will rule you in their ruin, if you seek to cast us from you. We are chained together. You must raise us up out of this Alpine chasm, or we shall inevitably drag you down."

So speak these marbles. I have reported them honestly, though far below their full utterance. He who carved them evidently

> "Wrought in a sad sincerity.
> He builded greater than he knew,
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

It grew to truth, to persuasion, to prophecy. I think their artist the bravest American except John Brown. He has dared to do what the most courageous of Abolitionists have never yet dared to say. He has made a negress the model of beauty, — an African prophetess the seer of America. Shall we imitate his courage? We have shown an abundance of an inferior sort. The valor of the battle-field is less than that of principle. We have thrust out our Hebrew servants. We refuse to cover them with our national robes and jewels, — equality, fraternity. They will be stripped from us if we do not share them with these our neighbors and kindred. God has not ordered them out of the land. It is their Canaan. He demands, in behalf of five millions of His children, that we pay no more regard to complexion than to language. Let the accident of color, as of birth, be forgotten. Let every road be as freely open to them as to every other man. This is all He asks. We must grant it, or yet lose our own liberties.

While uttering her burden, the Sibyl appeared to be

not merely a prophetess, but the Sphinx, the organ of judgment as well as of vision. She proposed her riddle. We must solve it, or be devoured. Have we an Œdipus who, by his courageous wisdom, will insure our salvation?

These marbles are by far the finest works of art in the Exhibition. But their art is their least excellence. This grace is poured upon them, as like fascination is upon great preachers of righteousness, that we may listen to the all-important truths they are appointed to convey. Will we listen? will we obey? will we hear the cries of the peoples of Europe, gasping in the clutches of aristocratic pride and power, "Save yourselves that you may save us. Treat all nations and peoples alike. Be consistent democrats, and democracy shall soon supplant royalty in all these commonwealths." The unborn generations of America entreat us that we will not bequeath to them an inheritance ruined by a godless pride. The very rulers of Europe, hopeful of our overthrow, laughed us to scorn because our destruction was coming from a refusal to be faithful to our own principles.

We have treated this negro Sibyl as Tarquin did the Roman. He repented in time to save a little that she offered him, though at immeasurably greater cost than was first demanded. Our refusal has already cost us priceless blood and incalculable treasure. We yielded slightly under the terrible chastisements of the Almighty. We consented to lock shields with him for our salvation. Still our hearts are hard. We refuse to seal the vows of liberty which we made. The waste of life and treasure may avail us naught, unless we follow the example of the proud Roman, and make the Sibyl the priestess of our faith and practice.

May this remarkable courage of Mr. Story awaken corresponding courage in others. Ministers, philanthropists, Christians, patriots, let not a work of art rebuke

your silence and convince you of sin. Take the position he has, — the only true position. God hath made of ONE blood all nations of men. Carry it out consistently, courageously, and America shall yet be, more than ever before, the hope and glory of the whole world; and our motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, embrace in its grand significance, not only states, but the peoples, tongues, and races of all mankind.

But our fragments are getting overlaid with art-criticisms and inflammatory orations. Shut down the basket-cover and conclude the feast. Dear old London, with its crooked streets and lanes, its delightful surprises of alleys and courts, most grandfatherish of nooks and corners; with its history and wealth and noise and floods of people, and yet greater floods of never-ceasing showers; with its arrogance and coolness, its horrid coffee and exquisite chops, crammed, confused, bewildering, alluring, unfathomable, familiar, cordial, fatherly old London, *à Dieu!* To God I commit thy mighty millions. May they yet be free, moral, comfortable, and Christian. How fearful the elements of great cities! How unlike those of the city above! Vice and vanity are the masters below, wealth and wickedness, the miser and the miserable. But 't is not so above. Why does congregated humanity ever breed moral pestilence? Why are great cities always great sores? Why do the pure country youth of England or New England, of America or Europe, plunge from heaven to hell in leaving the virtuous allurements of rural society for the deadly fascinations of the metropolis? The depravity of man needs no other argument to prove its potency and universality. As air soon becomes fetid if breathed by a crowd; as uncleanness rapidly infects street and house if thronged by multitudes, so does the moral air become rife with ruin if inhaled by compact populations. Only the most vigorous sanitary efforts can moderately restrain the

superabounding vice. These efforts the Christians of London faithfully put forth. Schools, churches, every ounce of saintly civet they are casting into the pestilential mass, and with partial success. Yet I expect the centre of Africa will be as pure and pious as the most secluded village of America ere any great city of Christendom is really Christian.

But a pile of fragmentary thoughts is gathering on the cover of my enclosed basket. It is enough.

XII.

TENNYSON'S HOME AND ROBERT BROWNING.

NEXT to seeing a famous man is seeing the house he lives in. In fact that is nearly all that we see when we stand in his bodily presence; for rarely does such an one bring forth his greatness for the admiration of the curiosity hunter. That is hidden deep in the close-locked vaults of his spirit, and only bosom friends can gaze upon it. This thought I took to comfort me after the loss of that which I had never found, though it had been greedily and somewhat hopefully sought.

Coming into Southampton from Havre, I had enjoyed the sight of the green-wooded Isle of Wight, most novel, most welcome, in contrast with the barren bloom of eastern shores or the drizzly winter nakedness of French and German landscapes. England, like rich men, keeps up the appearance of her demesne all the year round. She never loses her greenness, carefulness, luxuriance, or repose. Being so near the popular poet of the age, I resolved to spend a day in getting as good a glimpse as possible of his person and park. The last I roamed through at will. The first I found as shadowy as Æneas did his elusive sire.

A little tug on a stormy day wriggles its way down the Solent, a sound between the great isle and the little one, and after tedious tossing, lands its sickened freight at the petty port of Yarmouth. A walk of three miles

alongside of the high walls that everywhere encompass an Englishman's home, — if he have any home to encompass, as but few truly have, — on the smooth, hard roads, luxurious even in their wet estate; up gently sloping hills, through sweet water valleys, quiet with park-like beauty, and the rear of the Laureate's home is reached. Misdirection brought me to the backdoor of the place. Here a deep cut in the ascending downs is entered, private and very muddy, even if Tennysonian, — a charge that cannot lie against his verse, —between high banks of mud, capped with hedges and walls. Wading upward for a third of a mile, past his barns and out-buildings, the huts of his servants and sheltered cottage of his overseer, a high rustic gate offers a way of escape. Opening it, I find myself close to the house. It is of gray brick, two stories high, with a French roof, — a verandah on the side entrance, a bay-window in front. It stands in a thicket of trees, at the top of a gently sloping, tree-besprinkled lawn. Being so near, I thought I would try to get nearer. I had loaded my gun, at the village of Yarmouth, for the purpose of bringing down this shyest of game. It missed, as was not unlikely, with so poor a marksman. A card accompanied a note, stating in a few words my nationality, admiration, and desire for a brief interview. I approach the door, inquire if Mr. Tennyson is at home, and am answered in the affirmative. I requested the lad to hand him the note, and soon receive the compliments of Mrs. Tennyson, with the less agreeable conclusion that Mr. Tennyson is not in. Who was right, the boy or the mistress, I had no means of learning; enough for me was the last word. Perhaps both; for he may have been "in" bodily, and yet on some Pegasean flight; so that though in the body he was out of the body, — "a disembodied thought." Perhaps that "American" was the reason of my failure, — his aristocratic sympathies making him

repellant of too great familiarity with the representatives of ideas that he prefers to sing rather than to practise; for quite a worshipper of titles is the author of "Locksley Hall," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and "Maud." Perhaps he was not really in; and most likely, with commendable good sense, though in, he disliked being pen-and-inked by this unknown wandering gamester from foreign shores, and did precisely what we should all be likely to do under like circumstances. Everybody hates to be made a spectacle, especially to mere curiosity seekers; and the only right way, also a feasible way, is to get introductions from friends, that will ensure you not merely a sight of the outer, but of the inner man; not only a sight, but a feeling; an acquaintance, perhaps an intimacy. This can be readily secured, if you have an acquaintance with any of their acquaintance; if not, you can easily follow up the trail till you strike it. A true explorer of earth or man can always, if patient and persistent, win his prize. Lack of time and opportunity prevented any farther strategy to reduce this fortress of Mansoul; so I must content myself with the outer aspects, — the house, the place, the landscape, — which last are partakers and representatives of his innermost spirit. For more than any other British poet, save Wordsworth, "in the eye of Nature has he lived," and felt her soul passing into his "with purer restoration." A thick-set grove is on the side and rear of the house. It breaks up into thinner clumps of verdure before the wing of the house, and opens out on the front into the smooth descending landscape of a British lawn. The house is of modest proportions; the parlors covering the open and southern side. This my eye, wandering from the lawn housewards, fancied it discovered. The outlook from the windows is neither sublime nor beautiful. The lawn slides off into the highway — an eighth of a mile from the house. Beyond

it appears the common breadth of a common landscape. Neither hill nor dale, sea nor shore, are in sight; the "imagination all compact" has to create its conceptions out of materials gathered elsewhere than under the immediate eye. Wordsworth sitting on the stumps in his garden, and looking upon Nature in her infinite variety of solemnity and beauty, reflects in his verse, as on a photograph plate, the impressions she makes upon the soul; though not, as some might think, in the colorless style of our photographs. He caught the trick that the trade yet seek, and painted Nature as she is. Tennyson, on the contrary, tramps over long spaces to find spots fitted for his easel, takes his sketch with his eye, retires to his studio, and works hard and long over the painting into which this sun-picture shall grow; a painting in which there is more of genius and of art than of Nature; less of the actual than the ideal. A talkative trader in pictures and other local attractions, whose little shop is near his place, said he was a kind neighbor, at times very conversational, at times very reserved; but with no striking whims and oddities, such as are supposed to be the common heritage of poets and men of genius. He has a shuddering abhorrence of lionizing, which a little tavern, directly opposite his house, often filled with gaping Cockneys, does not tend to diminish.

A mile or so from his home is the little village of Freshwater. A dozen cottages line each side of a road that terminates in the uniform, ancient, square-towered church. It has hardly been touched these five hundred years Here he worships in less depth, if in greater breadth of soul, than his predecessor at Grasmere. A handful of graves, sunken with age, cling to its rude walls. The land behind and beyond it drops rapidly off into a narrow estuary of the sea. Beyond this, it rises into the rolling, thin-soiled downs, that constitute a peculiar feature of the island, and of "Enoch Arden."

Behind his house they rise in a high, steep, rolling ridge, which commands probably the Southern and Western shores of the island. But rain and time — too much of the first, and too little of the last — prevented my enjoyment of that scene, whose bright or dreary features appear in so many of his poems, especially in "In Memoriam." I regretted that I could not climb and see

> "The stately ships go on
> To their haven under the hill."

But without that sight, and the sound of the beating of the sea upon the crags, the pathos of the moaning conclusion echoed in the soul.

The winter day closes early in these high latitudes. Low, thick clouds the earlier shut it in. The windows of heaven are opened, and all their floods poured out. The famed isle does not look especially attractive in this shower-bath; the most beautiful damsel could hardly maintain her beauty under such an ablution. The scenery appeared less romantic, and even less finished, than much of that in the Lake District. The boat is reached, and Freshwater and Tennyson, the seen and the unseen, are bidden a most tearful farewell. May future visitors from afar be more successful in obtaining a glimpse, if no more, of one who is so kindly and cordial in the more living revelations of his muse.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I had better luck with his compeer and friend than with himself. It was a mild, almost sunny January afternoon, that found me riding up Oxford Street, past Hyde Park, on my way to Warwick Crescent, Harrow Road. After an hour's drive through a continuous wall of gray brick, I am let down in a scarcely sparser neighborhood, where genteel residences triumph over shops

and factories. It is not rural, not even suburban, though many miles from Guildhall. It has, however, a fresh look, as if lately subdued, — the charming country unwillingly transformed into the unlovely town. It had not lost all its former grace. The houses were set off with tiny parks and ponds, that feelingly remind us what they were. The rustic Thisbe whispers of her former beauty to her urban Pyramus through these walls.

A curve of comely gray brick houses encompasses a little pond. Quiet as Grasmere is the pool and its enclosing street and walks. The grocer, and a few like needful intruders, rattle their morning carts around it. The postman and the residents rarely pace the unresponsive flags. The houses, though uniform and compact together, have a villa-like air, as though it were pleasant for them also to remember the country. In this they contrast agreeably with like blocks in our cities. Many 's the spot in London where you get retirement, trees, water, and a cozy style of country-dwellings at reasonable rates, yet near enough to the howling centres of traffic. The usage might be profitably transferred across the Atlantic.

In one of these city villas, in quiet so profound, dwells the poet, Robert Browning. A card and note of introduction from a mutual friend gave me instant admission. I was ushered into one of those snug parlors that compel good-nature and sociality. The poet enters, and as warm and hearty a greeting as the oldest of friends could wish, disabuses me instantly of the long cherished notion, that one so recondite in his writings must be monkish in his habits. Perhaps he is monkish, for the memory of certain delightful hours spent at the hospices of the Simplon and St. Bernard convinces me that monks are among the jolliest of men.

His dress was half deshabille, — a light gray business suit and open neck, unthrottled by the garotting tie. He

excused himself for his free and easy dress, and perhaps will not excuse me for telling of it. But everybody likes to see his favorites in their undress; and so you will like this photograph better than if it was arrayed in faultless costume.

A sketch of Tennyson reading "Maud," is on the mantel. It represents him lounging in an easy-chair, with one leg drawn up on the cushion, and held in its place by a nursing hand, while he holds the little volume in the other (hand, not leg); and the tall, bearded, repellant, yet all-fascinating poet, is slowly chanting, in an unheard but not unfelt monotone, his song of songs. Do you not hear it?

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood."

The sketch was taken by an artist when Tennyson was reading the poem at the Brownings. As Webster in his old hat, under the Marshfield elms, and Walter Scott among his dogs, reveal the man, and hence please their friends far more than statelier affairs, such as Webster in the Senate, and Scott in his Edinburgh Monument, so will these homely sketches of Tennyson and Browning.

He is of the medium size, light hair and eyes, very pleasant features and expression, not too handsome for a man, and not heavy and over-fleshed, like most Englishmen. His residence abroad, or his active nature, perhaps both, prevent that redundancy of flesh with which this amphibious air clothes most of his race. Air and water, in England, are largely unified: so also in Englishmen; not so in Browning.

Conversation began on the only subject then talked of in Europe, — the American war. His sympathies were with us most heartily, and he spoke with an evident sense of gratitude of the field which America opens to the writers of Britain, and of our earlier appreciation of new

talent and readier recognition of it than was common, perhaps possible, in their more solidified society.

While chatting, his boy entered the room, rosy-cheeked, slim, well-made, and comely. He was about fourteen years old, and was pursuing his studies for Oxford. A child of such remarkable parents is somewhat in the condition of precocious fame, which Longfellow tells us is like putting the corner-stone of your monument upon your head, and then building up to it from the earth. Should he prove to have the resultant of parental genius, he will be like the administration that was made up "of all the talents."

The house seemed vacant. Her picture is on the wall. Yet one looks for the living presence of this greatest among women, but looks in vain. Other pictures and minor works of art make the room homelike, though not truly homelike. What a sad, perhaps unconscious presentiment of the hour ran through the lines in that tenderest and deepest of conjugal madrigals, — "One Word More."

> "I shall never, in the years remaining,
> Paint your pictures, no, nor carve your statues,
> Make you music that should all express me.
> So, it seems, I stand in my attainment.
> This of verse alone our life allows me;
> Verse, and nothing else, have I to give thee.
> Other heights in other lives, God willing;
> All the gifts from all the heights, your own, love."

Mr. Browning is more known through his wife than through himself. This should not and will not be. His genius is equal, in some respects, superior. With Tennyson they occupy the highest English poetic seats of this generation. They rule the world as from one throne. Of these, Browning is the most playful, dramatic, and thoughtful. Tennyson never lowered himself to Wordsworthian ballads or Southeyan chat with children. Mrs. Browning is oft like "Æschylus the thunderous," and is always in full dress, even when looking from Casa Guidi

windows and cheering on the Italians to victory. Browning appears before the public as before his friends, in the abandon of ease and playfulness. "Pied Piper of Hamelin," "Up at a Villa, down in the City," "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," are examples of this delightful freedom; while "Evelyn Hope," "Saul," "By the Fireside," "Death in the Desert," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and "Prospice," strike as profound depths as any poet reaches, and many a drama unknown to the theatre is full of swiftest life.

But we are getting away from the man to his works. Yet they are the man. Whoever would see him must study them. "Fit audience, though few," they boast. It will increase with years. Of God and himself he really, perhaps knowingly, wrote in that half-lamenting, half-exulting poem, "Popularity."

> "His clenched hand shall unclose at last,
> I know, and let out all the beauty;
> My poet holds the future fast,—
> Accepts the coming ages' duty,—
> Their present for this past."

The brief hours galloped away. We broke the, to us, charmed spell, and he took his place in our memorial Pantheon. No finer soul adorns that gallery. If we have sketched him poorly, it is not for want of admiration; if, as he may think, too plainly, it is not because of disrespect. Poets, the most transparent of men, whose profession it is to carry their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at; who are constantly surpassing Prometheus, in that they voluntarily offer their ever-growing souls to that ever-devouring vulture, the cordially hated, yet more cordially loved, public, offset this superabounding frankness with corresponding sensitiveness at any description of their fleshly tabernacles. But this all-devouring vulture revels as greedily upon the outer as the inner life. They must feed the appetite they have created. So we beg pardon for partially grati-

fying others at his expense; and he may somewhat rejoice, as would Sydney Smith's South Sea missionary, if he does not disagree with the epicures that eat him.

In his own words we exculpate our fault, and bid him hail and farewell.

> "Stand still, true poet that you are;
> I know you: let me try and draw you."

XIII.

SOME OF THE SACRED SPOTS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN I talked of visiting England I inquired of a travelled friend the best guide-book. "Bede's Chronicles," he replied. I did not at first perceive the significance of the advice. "How could chronicles composed eleven hundred years ago prepare one for the sight-seeings of to-day?" But he declared it was worth more than all Murray's hand-books, and the thousand and one bulky and thin pictorials that waylay you with their vociferous but useless proffers. I followed his counsel, and advise all other tourists to go and do likewise. The excellence of that little book is, that it gives you the foundation of modern, of real England. You are led by it to her fountain of life, — "*aquæ lene caput sacræ*." It tells you why these old cathedrals stand in their little, out-of-the-way towns; and the beauty of it is that it does not mean to tell you any such thing. Written when the cathedrals were simple, primitive churches, about as magnificent as old John Street, or the first church of the Plymouth Pilgrims, it is simply a story of the planting of Christianity in pagan England; what barbarous chiefs assailed it, who first submitted, who resisted; and how the capitals of the petty principalities became the sees of modern bishops, the real representatives of defunct kings and kingdoms, as the Pope is of the dead Cæsars.

I could not follow Bede in his entire tour, for three-

score days are not three-score of years, though it comes nearer to that than one would suppose, considering the state of the country now and then. But I followed him in spirit, and felt his influence from my first to my last look at Britain. England is exceedingly rich in these earliest altars; and the reverence and culture of the past; the beautifully shaded and grassy tombs in which Nature, as it were, buries these sacred spots; the care to keep them as nearly as possible as they were originally, — all these reproduce her primal religious life in a much more vivid and appropriate form than is done anywhere else in Europe. For elsewhere the former things are not reproduced; they are simply left in their native decay. Here they are kept up like a garden. This is too apparent sometimes; and what with fences and vergers and artistic restoratives, you feel as though modern pietism was worse than Nature's iconoclasm. "Let the dead bury its dead," you incline to say. As, for instance, a little modern hut is put on Herbert's Island to represent his hermitage. It is as tasty as wealth and fastidious mediævalism can make it. But it is very discordant to the higher feelings. So St. Martin's Church at Canterbury, the oldest in the kingdom, has a wooden porch at the entrance of the grounds that looks so ancient that you can easily believe King Ethelbert passed through it to his baptism, and Queen Bertha to her grave. And yet it is not five years old. I prefer ruins in ruins, and old spots as Time and Nature, the best of artists, put them. This England is too rich to allow.

She has another reason for this, — one eminently practical. There is an eye to the main chance in all this idolatry. Other things equally old and useless are decaying in England as fast as her cathedrals and ruined abbeys, — aristocracy of blood, titles, huge landed proprietaries, the Establishment itself. The people are outgrowing these, and the leaders strenuously and ceaselessly glorify the

old spots and services that they may preserve the more important things on which they live. This inordinate reverence may help them to retain the present titles, honors and possessions of the nobility of Church and State. Hence they keep up service twice a day in these village cathedrals, which nobody ever attends. Hence the priests intone their prayers, because the Papists do and the Fathers are supposed to have done. The Fathers fell into the "godly tone," probably unconsciously, through the fervor of their petitions. The Romans and Greeks maintain it, because, if this or any form be broken, all are. They, too, may have had the excuse of great cathedrals through which only a chanting tone can penetrate. But these do not attempt to fill the vault with voice, nor are there listening multitudes to hear. They, therefore, "pipe and whistle in the sound." There is with them no soul, as in the first, and no body, as with the last. Yet they hold it, as they do all traditions, almost above the Gospel. It is superscriptural. Without it, more than without faith, it is impossible to please God. It helps to keep Church and State, that is, their soul and body, together. A good American prayer-meeting, lively, social, devout, is the best modern expression of ancient worship. But such a meeting, held in one of these cathedrals, would break in an instant all the rotten strands that bind the Church and State together, and then what would become of our livings? So, like modern fellahs, they use the mummies of their fathers to make the pot boil. They will all be burnt up soon, and then good-bye to the aristocratic swell and strut "that make ambition virtue." But you wish for observations external, not internal, — the spots, not the dreams dreamed upon them.

ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND.

Let us take them in the order of our visitation. Herbert's Island is almost as solitary to-day as when he hid himself there more than a thousand years ago. High, solemn hills, the most so of any in England, gather close around the dark lake of Derwent. Then most of the people scattered through the adjacent country were heathen. The Druid stones that still stand two or three miles distant, on a hill that overlooks the island, had hardly ceased to be the altars of human sacrifice. The crowded village of Keswick lies some two miles above, at the head of the lake, on a wide plain between the opening mountains. The village is full of activity, but down here one could easily imagine himself a recluse, if not transform himself into one. Here it was that St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, came to visit his old and faithful friend, and, as Bede says, conversing together on the blessed experience of religion, "they made each other intoxicated in the cups of heavenly life;" *sese alterutrum cœlestis vitæ poculis debrierunt.*

Cuthbert informs his friend that he must soon put off this tabernacle, as his Lord had shown him; whereupon Herbert beseeches him that he would not desert him, but that he would pray that as they had served the Lord together on the earth, so He would translate them at the same time to heaven. They implored this favor, and Cuthbert received an answer to his prayers that the request should be granted; and the following spring, though they were on the extreme coasts of England, they left the body on the same day, and, as Bede beautifully says, together they emigrated to the Lord, — *migraverunt ad Dominum.* This is probably a veritable event in the history of earnest Christian ministers; for both of these were faithful preachers of the Word. Herbert's hermitage was not the cell of a recluse merely, but a

parsonage, whence he made long itineraries on a great circuit, preaching the Word and training the people; and Cuthbert was a most zealous minister of Jesus Christ.

Fix your eyes on the little spot, well described by Bede even for to-day, — "*insula stagni illius pergrandis de quo Derventionis fluvia primordia erumpunt*," — the island of that great lake from which the first streams of the Derwent issue. Remember the love-feast, the season of prayer, the intoxicating sweetness of Divine love, the presence of the Master in the little meeting, and do not imagine that there was no salvation on the earth before you experienced it, and that none will be here after you have migrated to the Lord.

MELROSE: THE NEW AND THE OLD.

By a happy juxtaposition the next really sacred place which we visited was the spot where these faithful preachers probably made their first acquaintance. It was at the academy whither they had come to get their education. The academy, theological school, and college were all one in those days, as in the early days of all churches and peoples. These lads, bright and religious, had been sent thither to be trained for the work of the ministry. The spot is the only one that I saw in England which had not been fenced in, or fixed up and spoiled by its officious proprietor. I hope he will not see this statement, for it may tempt him to go and ruin it. It is about three miles from Melrose Abbey, and is called Old Melrose. The Abbey, of whose ruins you have heard so much, was built in the twelfth century, by King David, of Scotland. The monks had by that time become rich and powerful, and the king built from policy more than piety. These great institutions made religion dependent on the State, and helped to keep the masses

in subjection. This was the debatable ground on which Scotland and England fought for centuries. It was no small help to the Scottish cause to have these religious establishments scattered through the region. So Melrose, Jedbourgh, and Drybourgh, all within a circuit of ten miles, were splendid structures and amply endowed. Melrose is in the valley of the Tweed, with hills lifting themselves up in the near horizon, and the uniform finish of a British landscape, inexpressibly quiet and rich, opening around. The ruins are under lock and key, and one has to be led round by the guide for a few moments where he would love to sit and muse for hours. I visited it twice, — by pale sunlight, and hardly paler moonlight, and each time the portress went tagging at my heels, thrusting her shilling between me and memory. Had she taken that and herself off, it would have been satisfactory; but she acts as if afraid one would pocket an arch or pillar, if left to himself. Perhaps there is reason for this course in former vandalisms; there might have been good ground for fears now; yet it spoiled the picture. One hates to indulge in sentimentalism before folks, whether toward the dead or the living. I could not, and would not, therefore muse over Bruce's heart, or Douglas's dust, or arch and tracery, wassail and penance, prayer and plotting, all the visible and invisible, spiritual and material things and thoughts, that make this ruin their perpetual home. The quiet sentinel frightens them all away. The central nave was once fitted up for Presbyterian worship, and the beautiful pillars are marred by incasing walls of rough brick. Outside lies a country church-yard, which connects the present to the past by the universal tie of death and sorrow. The arches and pillars yet spring light and airy from the earth, joining no sign of heaviness with its many of decay. Like a light-hearted old man, bowed with years yet erect of

spirit, these ruins are strangely gay and graceful amid all their desolation.

You cannot gaze upon them without losing much of the nonsense that has been poured into you about the darkness of the Middle Ages. No artists of stone in Paris or London to-day execute such works as these unknown architects of rude old Scotland nearly a thousand years ago. Westminster Palace or the new Louvre, the two greatest architectural products of this generation in these two greatest centres of wealth and taste, do not equal in general design, nor surpass in minute finish, this beautiful pile. They did not have railroads, newspapers, and other luxuries of to-day; but they did have a lively sense of the beautiful, and power to embody it in enduring forms.

But wealth and power were too much for the Melrose brethren, as they have been for many others before and since their day. They became worldly and wicked, and God wiped them from the earth. So will he the Church of to-day, if it does not profit by their example.

We have digressed from our path, though we are on the road to the spot we started for. New Melrose is reached before Old Melrose, in time as well as in space. A British morning, wet with showers, yet soft and delightful notwithstanding, saw us *en route* from the New to the Old. A walk of two miles over a high hill, and along one of those high-walled parks full of beauty and seclusion, where the British aristocracy daily thank God that they are not as their neighbors are, brings us to a little gate. We enter and strike the bank of a narrow stream, cross a rustic bridge, follow a charming path through the woods, and soon reach the banks of the Tweed. They are quite steep and densely wooded. The river rolls along with a breadth and volume that is quite respectable. It is but a stream as compared with ours, yet here it justly assumes all the dignity of a river.

Following it through the woods for a mile we reach the spot where it makes a sudden curve, sweeping back to the road which we had left.

On the extreme edge of this promontory stood the old monastery of Melrose. A narrow plateau is close to the river. The banks rise high from it. On the opposite side of the stream the hills rose high and rocky. All around were woods, and no sound but that of the river rattling over the rocks. I have seen no seclusion so complete as this. A large house stood near, but it was like all the houses of English gentry, as quiet as the landscape; not a window open, hardly a curtain drawn, and not a soul out of doors: so it only increased the solitude.

This spot had much to do with the Christianizing of Britain and of Europe. Cuthbert had wandered in these woods, studying, reflecting, singing and praying, feeling, like all young Christians, a burning desire to bring the world to Christ. St. Boniface, the founder of the Church in Germany, was educated here; and hence he departed on that great missionary work by which he became the first Luther of that land. A great multitude, of whom no record is kept below, have filled these hills and woods with their prayers and praises. It is something to stand in such a place; and, though I subsequently roamed through Oxford and Cambridge, and drank in their delicious sights and more delicious memories, and walked through the Sorbonne, and remembered what mighty scholars had given its old walls and contracted little spot a great name for more than six hundred years, yet neither of them impressed me as powerfully as this solitary spot, without a stone to mark it, and with but few records in history. The taste of those old preachers in selecting this site for their seminary was far better than that of those who afterward removed it. Forests filled all the region in those days, and down to within a

few centuries. Enough are left to vividly reproduce those times. We regretfully left the lonely loveliness, passed the house, which, from its stillness, may be the one where the sleeping beauty is awaiting the lover whose kiss shall bring her and all around her to life; crossed the open lawns that are skirted by the steep and wooded banks, and, after a walk of two miles through drenching rains, reach the station near Drybourgh Abbey. Scott lies there, but the rain prevents our looking upon his monument and the ruins in which it stands.

LINDISFARNE AND JARROW.

We take the train and fly across many ancient battle-fields, Marmion's, and others unknown to fame, where the English and Scotch wrestled for a thousand years; pass Berwick and the Border, and soon see on our left the once most popular spot in England. It is Lindisfarne, or the Holy Island, as it is still called, where Cuthbert gathered a flourishing seminary, where he labored with unceasing assiduity, and whence he departed to meet his brother Herbert on their way to heaven. It is a long, crooked, barren island, yellow with sand, a few miles from the shore. It looks as if it was almost entirely uninhabited, and as if it was impossible for it to have ever been an ecclesiastical centre, — the seat of the Conference when he was elected bishop, and renowned in the history of the Church for centuries. Its sanctity was doubtless largely connected with the pilgrimages made to it after his death. The island is but half an island, being joined to the shore by a tongue of land, that at low tides is bare. Remains of Cuthbert's monastery still exist, and are described by Scott in his Marmion: —

> "In Saxon strength the abbey frowned,
> With massive arches broad and round
> That rose alternate, row and row,
> On ponderous columns, short and low

Built ere the art was known,
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,
The arcades of an alley'd walk
To emulate in stone."

In those walls he makes the abbot bury alive the in constant Constance. Within them long ruled the founders of the see of Durham, and against them raged many an olden storm of war. In these days, when the heir to the throne of these lands makes a Dane the heiress, those ancient wars of Saxon and Dane around these ruins come fresh and piquant to the thought, —

"On the deep walls, the heathen Dane
Had poured his impious rage in vain."

Still another and later heroism floats around the isle. Grace Darling has given it a place in modern story: for it was off its light that she wrought the deed of courage and devotion that has made her the theme of pencil and of pen. Cuthbert's brave spirit thus yet walks the isle, and thrills its dwellers with his zeal and daring.

A few miles bring us to Newcastle. Six miles below this city, on the road to Durham, is a little, gray stone church, with its usual square tower, standing in an open, flat country, in the midst of the low and dingy houses of miners and shippers. This is the parish church of Jarrow, and close beside it stood the once leading monastery in Britain, where Bede lived and wrote, and whence, in the language of his pupil and biographer, he migrated to the celestial kingdom. No contrast could be greater than between this spot and Old Melrose. Ships, colliers, trains, factories, all the life of a seaport and a thriving factory village, surrounded the old church. The landscape was without attraction. A few trees skirted the horizon, and slightly relieved the tameness of Nature and the bustle of man. In that church a chair and table of the Venerable Bede are kept, but their authenticity is doubtful. Perhaps, after all,

Jarrow is nearer like what those practical Fathers desired than Melrose. It is surrounded by souls struggling with sin; and one would most perfectly imitate them, and secure their and their Master's approval, who should spend his days in active service here rather than in seclusion there.

A ride of ten miles brings us to Durham. In its cathedral are the professed graves of Bede and Cuthbert. The encroachment of the waves at Lindisfarne was the pretended cause of their transfer, the profitableness of their bodies, as objects of veneration, the real reason. Bede was stolen by a presbyter and brought hither; Cuthbert was transferred in state. No shrine in England was as popular as his except that of Thomas à Becket, four hundred years afterward. The spot where he lay is back of the choir, and there he was found but a few years ago, arrayed in costly apparel and decked with gems. Bede's tomb is in the Galilee, a sort of lecture-room for vespers. A plain sarcophagus stands in the central aisle. On it is written, in rhyming Latin,

> "Hac sunt in fossa
> Bedæ venerabilis ossa."

It so happens that the bones are not in that "ditch," as the rhymes compelled the writer to say, but they are probably in some other one; for no one knows where his dust is, it having been scattered, like much other such in Europe, by the irreverent democratic tornadoes that have blown away so many crowned heads of the living and tombs of the dead.

The stately cathedral is the fitting monument of their virtues; but the bustling Jarrow, or silent and solitary Holy Island, is a far more appropriate resting-place.

YORK MINSTER.

York is one of the two culminations of the ancient holy places. To York, these Melrose, Derwentwater, Durham, and Jarrow monks ever turned reverential eyes. This was their Metropolitan See. The chiefs of their nation and of their church here reigned. This too was their fountain-head. Brought from far distant Kent, and from a hostile power, the sacred truth here first struck its roots in the soil of Northern Britain.

Then too, undoubtedly, as now, the chief temple of the realm was standing here; and Bede and Cuthbert in their pilgrimages probably had visited the capitol of their nation and church, and worshipped on the very spot where the most magnificent of English temples stands.

York Minster stands high up on the bank of a narrow river. It is not on a hill, but on the levelish uplands. Figures will not help you much, yet they are all we have. On this spot, conceive a building nearly six hundred feet long, with transepts of four hundred feet. The towers are of proportionate breadth and loftiness, and all finished in the most carefully wrought tracery of stone, giving a light and airy look to the whole immensity. Enter, and an open hall receives you, ninety feet high, and hundreds of feet wide and long, without a seat, or aught save immense pillars to interrupt the gaze. You may well take your hat from your head. The spot is worthy of veneration, not for itself, but for Him to whom it was built. Richly painted windows, lofty and brilliant, are on either hand. Before you is said to be the largest window in the world, seventy feet high and thirty-five feet wide, larger than the area of many a church, and full of paintings that give almost every incident in the Bible in their panels.

A money item may convey better notion of the extent

of this pile. Being Americans, you are supposed, by this non-penny-loving people, to be peculiarly moneyish. But I find they talk money as much as we do, and seek it in ways to which poverty does not constrain our people.

This cathedral has been set on fire twice within twenty years; once by a maniac, and once by accident. When the fire was discovered, no engines could reach it, so high was it, and the roof, the only part not of stone, fell in. To replace this required an outlay of $750,000. This was only to build a roof over the nave. Here is another element. A year or two ago the Archbishop preached a charity sermon, and seven thousand five hundred persons stood on these pavements, yet was not the place full.

Many historic remains are here. Among them are a drinking-horn of a Saxon king of the seventh century, and the chair in which these kings were crowned, as homely and as revered as Harvard's legacy of Parson Turell.

Underneath are portions of the previous edifices, back to Edwin of Deira, celebrated by Alexander Smith. Even the pagan times beyond pay their tribute to their victor; for a heathen altar is under the church. This was the royal seat of the king of the Angles; and, upon his conversion, he established his first church on the site of his heathen temple. Here Christ has been worshipped for nearly twelve hundred years. Here is He worshipped yet. Though when one hears, as I did, a band of boys and men, dressed in dirty white gowns, and two or three priests or deacons in those but a little cleaner, going through the service in the humdrumest way possible, to half a dozen most disinterested auditors, he will feel that the spirit and the letter are thoroughly separated. How silly, not to say blasphemous, all such worship seems! The fact is, the original use of these great structures has passed away. Built in the Middle Ages, when religion, as now with Romanists, was in

sight, not sound; built for crowds, who, catching a glimpse of officiating priests, secured thereby salvation, they have lost their power among a Protestant people. They are admired and talked about as the English admire a great many other useless things, such as ruins, castles, and "royal" and "noble" families. However, we can rejoice that this spot, for more than a thousand years, has been consecrated to the service of the Saviour; and we trust that as long as the world stands, shall stand here an altar of Christ's, and more than ever before it shall be the birthplace and growth-place of myriads of souls.

EPWORTH.

It is an easy transition from the marshes of Jarrow, the empty sarcophagus at Durham, and the emptier splendors of York, to the low swells of Epworth; even if we pass over a thousand years in passing over that score or two of miles. It was no small matter to find this hamlet. It is a Nazareth yet, though a century and a half have passed since it became the birthplace of "the greatest ecclesiastical genius since Hildebrand," and a far greater than he, because the Protestant was a restorer, not a destroyer of the faith. While at York, I felt a natural curiosity to see the spot whence sprung the reviver of the true religion, the reanimator of a dying faith, the more than Saint Augustine, or any saint in Papal or Churchman's calendar. Yet, although Epworth is only about twenty-five miles from York, I could find nobody that could tell me how to get to it. At the railroad, hotel, and even Wesleyan Chapel, there was equal ignorance. The Wesleyan minister was not at home, or I should probably have had less trouble; but the sexton, and several members to whom I applied, were all ignorant of their birthplace. After much searching, I got partly on the track, but by misdirection was

left at Goole, fifteen miles from the place, at six o'clock of a Saturday evening, with no means of conveyance but those supplied by Nature. It was a beautiful May night, and I was determined to spend the Sunday at Epworth. So I mounted a sort of country express wagon, and started for Crowle, six miles from Epworth, and whither I should have been carried by the cars. The rustic wagon went but a short way in the direction I desired, and left me by the side of a great dike, along which a walk of eight miles would lead me to the village of Crowle. I took my staff and travelled on, beguiling the way with the glories of a summer sunset, the calm and rural beauty of a rich though lowly nature, and the thought that possibly Wesley in his early, if not later life, had walked over the same path. Sunlight and twilight had both left the world to darkness and to me ere I touched the desired village. A great fair was to come off Monday, and the preliminary crowds, with their booths, and games, and *lusus naturæ*, were already on the ground. So there was no room for me at any of the inns, and I must needs walk four miles further before I could find a bed. Near midnight a wayside tavern gave me a poor but cleanly welcome, though a room full of neighboring boors made the house hideous over their beer.

The Sabbath sun, bells, and scenery, all made me forget the toilsome midnight walk and the disgusting midnight revellings, as the blessed sun, and scenes and sounds of the heavenly Sabbath, will make us forget the dreary night of sorrow and drearier sights of sin which have wearied and worried our earthly state. The flat country on which we had walked all the previous evening began to rise slightly. The gray tower of the church appeared on one of the most considerable of the knolls, with trees scantily covering its northern and eastern sides, but thickly shading its southern front. At

its foot were the crowded streets of an English town, with their red-tiled roofs blazing in the sun. This was Epworth Church and village, the birthplace and youth-place of John Wesley. It is a small place of a half dozen streets, compact together, and void of beauty, as are all British villages.

The church stands outside of it, on its northeastern limit. Its entrance is through a row of lofty sycamores and elms. The chimes cease their cheerful rattling, and the few homespun villagers enter the antique porch. It is a very old edifice, with but little architectural comeliness. Its bare walls and rafters look as though they had been untouched long before the days when the bright Johnny and Charley, with the other children of the rector's family, used to be led hither by their pious and lovely mother.

I could easily reproduce the scenes of more than a century and a half ago. The stern and stately rector, the meek but resolute matron, the crowd of little ones, with the more thoughtful faces of the two lads, were all before me. A later period in its history and theirs I also reproduced: when the pale youths, having returned from Oxford in holy orders, opened their mission among their early acquaintance, in the presence of their venerated parents. And a yet later, when one of the same young men was dragged from the pulpit and thrust out of the church by his father's servants and successor.

The rector, an amiable gentleman so far as appearance went, read the service in a reverent manner, and also the earnest exhortation of the Prayer-Book to the little congregation to remain to the Sacrament. He did not preach, and the congregation did not stay. Less than twenty tarried to the communion. The altar was in a small recess back of the body of the church, and there we felt still more deeply our affinity with the worshippers of that generation.

Leaving the church by its chancel porch, and stepping a few feet to your left, you stand beside Samuel Wesley's tomb. It is a plain slab, on a brick base, with a too long inscription, under an old, fine-spreading tree, close to the door of the vestry. The story goes that that was the door out of which John Wesley was put by the authorities of the church, and that he instantly mounted the low slab beside it and proclaimed the Word from that far more sacred pulpit. Some dents in the stone, caused by the presence of iron ore in it, are said by the villagers to be the print of Wesley's feet. Very earnestly and honestly did a lad make me this declaration. It shows how easy legends could become subjects of faith in a more credulous age. If such a story could be believed by anybody, as it undoubtedly is in Protestant England to-day, we must be lenient to the credulity of earlier ages and less enlightened climes. I have seen, since, a small white slab, a foot and a half square, on which was most clearly the impress of feet; no mere flaw or dent, but two solidly touching feet. It is the stone, so called, on which Christ stood when he met Peter, a mile out of Rome, who was fleeing from the martyrdom that he saw was coming. It is not strange that such a slab should be worshipped by a multitude of believers. Human nature is much the same everywhere. There are greater fools than these in America, as mesmerizers and spirit rappers can testify. It does not need a footstep or a flaw to make their converts.

The view from this hill is the best which the town affords. Low knolls rise around you. Windmills girt the horizon. The pastures are free from the offensive high walls which mar the beauty of English landscapes. The aristocratic, absorbing landowner is not found here. As in France and America, the people own the soil they cultivate; and they need no monstrous prison walls between their tiny lots. The northern and western hori-

zon gathers itself up into low hills, but the east and south glides down into ocean meadows. The town is really on what was an island, and was not unfrequently isolated by the tides, so near is it to the German Ocean. The island, which is called Axholme, has of late years been joined to the mainland, but it still has all the characteristics of such situations.

We pass down the deep-shaded avenue, and find our way to the Wesleyan Chapel. Two rival Methodist bodies flourish here, — the Wesleyans and the Kilhamites. The last are the New Connection Methodists, I believe. Their founder was a native of Epworth, and revolted early from his allegiance to his townsman, and established an independent body that is quite flourishing. Their chapel here is much handsomer than that of the Wesleyans. The latter are a worthy body of disciples; some of them are of the leading classes, and all that I met are godly and affectionate Christians.

In the heart of the village are the pleasant grounds of the rectory. Like all such gardens of delight in England, they are shut from all eyes by very high, blank walls. I wished to look on the spot where Wesley was born, and the house where he spent his early years; so I lifted the latch of the gate, and entered uninvited and unwelcomed. The house is a plain brick edifice, standing a few rods from the street. Before it spreads a level lawn, two or three hundred feet square, with a walk around it shaded with venerable trees and lined with shrubbery and flowers. A vegetable garden on the north, and pastures on the east, complete the rural picture. The house was the same that Samuel Wesley built after the one was destroyed by fire from which John was saved. His living was evidently valuable, and the family exclusive and superior to their rustic neighbors. The present rector is the son of a lord, and the present value of the living is about

£1100, or over $5000: it was correspondingly valuable in the days of Wesley. So the Methodist pioneer was, in the English sense of the word, a gentleman; and his life, in view of the intense pride and exclusiveness of caste, was the more remarkable and honorable. The ghosts that troubled the Wesley family were long since laid. The comfortable mansion looks as though it was above such intrusions. It is not stately nor spacious, though sufficiently ample and convenient. A single parlor, with an entry by the side of it, a like room behind it, wings in the rear, all of fair width and height, — such is the house where John Wesley received his first and chief education. There the child gambolled, the boy studied, the youth meditated, the man struggled and triumphed, and went forth, a chosen vessel, to bear truth and grace to unnumbered myriads and generations.

A memorial church should be erected to his memory here. No son of England deserves it more. The society need it, and would aid in the enterprise. A window to the memory of the rector and his wife should be in the church, — a costly Gothic temple should bear his name. I trust the enterprise will be inaugurated by his disciples in England. It will meet with a hearty response in America.

BEDFORD AND ELSTOW.

These spots should not fail of a place in the sacred sites of England. Though not connected with a great reformer or church-organizer, they are with the most imaginative mind that she has dedicated exclusively to the service of Christ. Milton had a divided duty; Jeremy Taylor, Cowper, Charles Wesley, were each less endowed with creative power. The Baptist minister, poor, ignorant, ignominious in calling, a long time captive, and worker with his hands in arduous toil, was

far beyond, in God-given powers, the greatest of the peers or prelates who scorned and scourged him. Bunyan's home must hang in your picture-gallery. It was winter ere I saw it. Winding round from Cambridge to Liverpool, I found it in my homeward track. It is an hour's ride from Cambridge, over the Bedford level, flat and fat as the prairies, Holland, or Egypt. One route led through St. Ives; I mistakingly took the other, and so missed the sight of the great procession of the seven wives, and their perfect progression of sacks, cats, and kits, which saluted the bewildered eyes of Mrs. Goose in her itinerary hither. How anxiously would that part of my vision that has not yet put away its childishness, gaze at the seat of this most ridiculous and puzzling of puzzles, — the happiest satire in our language on a swollen style that has not yet passed away. Huntington, the birthplace of Cromwell, and Northampton, the home of Doddridge, are on that route. In this wide level grew most of the mighty spirits that won what of civil and religious liberty both this nation and ours enjoy. It is a favorite conceit of the poets that mountains are the home of liberty; but it is not so in England. Her experience gives this honor to her plains. These low and often watery meadows bred her Cromwell, Hampton, Bunyan, Wesley, Cowper, Baxter, and other renowned defenders of civil and Christian freedom. It was also the seat of the great Puritan emigration to New England. The names of English towns transferred to Massachusetts and Connecticut, are almost exclusively from these Hollandish counties; and Cambridge, which, as compared with Oxford, is the seat of liberality and reform, is in the same prairie. The poets will have to revise their songs, in view of Flemish and English history.

Bedford is a brisk town, of about twelve thousand inhabitants; through it sleepily steals the Ouse. A wide street, lined with one-story cottages, leads from the depot

to the bridge. Beyond it, the street grows narrower, buildings taller, and bustle livelier. Quite stately churches occupy open squares, and costly stores line the thoroughfares. But not the old and ornate church, nor the tall stone stores, have drawn us hither. A spirit rules it whose body lies in the centre of noisy London. Two places in the City attract our eyes and feet, — his church and his prison. The first was built for him soon after his release from jail. It is situated on Mill Street, a little one side of the main street, and like the present bridge only in location, reminds us of him who has made it immortal. A few years ago the original Bunyan Chapel was taken down, and a neat, brick edifice took its place. The lecture-room contains an old-fashioned, high-backed, narrow-bottomed chair, such as are common enough in the old houses of New England, in which Bunyan had often sat, and a table at which he had often written. I seated myself in the chair beside the table, and tried to fancy the fancies of that seething brain.

Going back to the bridge, the Howard Chapel is passed, and I learn for the first time that this philanthropist was a native of the county. His seat is not far from town. He built himself a chapel, and preached in it before and probably during his world-wide labors. So the great reforms in social morals spring from the same fount whence rise the other purifying streams of this yet far from purified commonwealth. The bridge is the pivot of Bedford, geographically and historically. A narrow roadway till within a few years occupied the place of this broad and handsome structure. On its central pier stood a little, low stone hut. That hut was the den, in which, just about two hundred years ago, a poor illiterate preacher was cast for telling his neighbors what great things God had done for his soul; and there he dreamed a dream, which, like a prophet's vision, all the world has read, and will read with increasing admira-

tion to the end of time. The building and bridge are gone, but the lazy Ouse, whose waters were consecrated with his baptism, still roams and sleeps within its winding banks, with their coverlet of softest green, and their curtains of overhanging willows. Its pensive and perfect beauty was no unapt type of the river of the water of life which his eyes saw, and where his soul walked when shut up in the damp and dirty dungeon between its shores. One easily reproduces the bobbin-weaver and his blind child, the rapt seer, the busy penman, seeking all sorts of scraps whereon to cast his burning thoughts, — the praying, exulting, peaceful man of God. No poet haunt of Britain, whether grand as Wordsworth's or dainty as Tennyson's, compares with this gliding stream.

But Bedford does not give the whole nor the best of Bunyan. Like most great men, from Antæus till now, he draws his strength from the soil. The rustic village, not the dense and busy city, is his real home. Fortunately too the village is all unchanged. It shows the stability of European habits outside the rushing channels, that not two miles from a thriving country town is a little hamlet scarcely altered for at least two hundred years.

Leaving the town and the bridge, coming back through the broad street, lined with red-tiled cottages to the station-house, I strike out on the open meadows. Though it is January, the farmers are busy harrowing and setting out cabbage-plants, unmindful of frost or snow. The open champaign is sprinkled with trees, and "all the air a slumberous stillness holds." Though mid-day, everything is as drowsy as at evening. A half-hour's walk over a broad, smooth, winding road, brings me to a street thinly sprinkled with thatched-roofed, clay-walled cottages, unworthy most of them of human habitation. One of the smallest of them stands by itself, at the entrance of the village, on the right hand of the street. It

is very small, and thatched with ancient straw transformed into soil and grass. Near the south corner crouches a door. Two small windows are in front, two smaller ones in the little gambril roof above. A neighbor opposite furnishes the key, the poor proprietor having lately left for Australia. There are two rooms about eight feet square and six feet high, with a bit of pantry or closet going out of one of them. From the corner near the door, and beside the grate, stairs go up into the attics, as may be often seen in an ancient New England farm-house. Only these are on the petty scale upon which everything is constructed. Stooping our way upward we find two cramped bedrooms, lighted each by a four-paned window. Outside, at the corner nearest the street, but within the enclosure, his forge stood till within a few years. It was built up against the house. Behind this hut — scarcely larger than the other den where he was stived — is a little plat a hundred feet by thirty, with a few apple-trees, some withered weeds and esculents, a ragged hedge, and the ridgy hillocks of departed potatoes. This is the home of Bunyan. Here he lived after his early marriage, when a dissolute youth and dreadful blasphemer; here he lived when haled to prison, and here he is said to have continued to live when he was the be-praised author of poems and allegories, the popular pastor of Bedford town, and the most crowd drawing preacher of London. We looked on its humble walls and wondered that no names had profaned them. Irving, Scott, and Byron could not keep theirs from the but little larger and no comelier walls of Shakspeare's house. How is it that neither they nor others have visited and thus adorned this shrine? The second imagination of his age, if second, the higher than Shakspeare in heart and purpose, his cottage is left to the rude chances or necessities of the poor peasantry among whom he lived. Perhaps it is better thus than petted and pro-

tected, as is that of Burns, by the class that, were he living, would scorn to recognize him. He still dwells among his own people. Though it seems to us that if any cottage in England should be rescued from destruction by living hands, the Christians of Britain should hasten to embalm this. For a trifle it could be bought and preserved. Let them beware that it is not neglected until it is too late.

Passing down the silent street a few rods, and a bend to the left opens into a wider road; one side faced with like crowded and petty cottages, and the other occupied with the old church of Elstow. Very old and dilapidated is the Gothic pile. It is after the style of Grasmere, Epworth, and most such churches in the country parishes of England, — very rude and simple: a nave, a rough stone floor, rough wooden pillars and ceiling. Yet it has a rudimentary grace that the primitive abominations of our fathers never achieved. You can see how this *can* grow into something grand and lovely. The child is father of the man. The unspeakable majesty and tenderness of York and Cologne dwell in this poor and miniature nave and aisle and fretted roof.

One feature of it differs from any of its fellows that I have seen. The bell-tower stands apart from the church, like a campanile of Italy. It is a plain, square, half ruinous mass of stone, lifting itself a hundred feet or so out of the spacious green that lies before the church. This drop-down pile is full of history. It was while playing beneath it on a Sabbath afternoon, and pouring out a flood of profanity, that young Bunyan heard a voice out of heaven, as distinctly as Paul did on the plains of Damascus. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," sounds through his soul also: words which his companions, like Paul's, heard not, but which he, like him, instantly and zealously obeyed.

Sabbath games were common then upon this green, —

a relic of a yet hardly extirpated popery. They were the fierce and brutal games of the British populace two hundred years ago, — bear-baiting, boxing, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and kindred pleasantries. The most reckless and blasphemous of the Elstow youths, the beggarly son of a beggarly tinker, in the very height of his blasphemies, received his call from God. Who could have thought the richest brain in Europe burned under that unkempt head? Who could have dreamed that the loftiest imagination, save one, of that century was hiding its wings behind that fiery eye? Surely God here, as so often elsewhere, delights to make "the weak things of the world confound the things which are mighty; and base things, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Before I stood under this staggering tower, I had visited many a spot consecrated as the birthplace of the regenerated soul: where Peter was called, and John; where Moses saw the Lord, and Abraham; where Luther was born again, and Wesley, and Calvin, and many of the world's mightiest; yet none was more sublimely simple than this unfenced, uncared-for Elstow green. Nowhere had God come nearer to earth; nowhere had he plucked, as from the burning, a more blazing brand, which had become in his hand a more blazing star. As the tall sons of Jesse were passed by, and the insignificant David elected, so all England's greatness was contemptuously disregarded, and the vilest member of her lowest rank, hardly above the gipsy, whose vocation he followed, was crowned by the unseen hands of inspiration, amid the boisterous revelries of his undiscerning associates.

Stand here, then, reverently. Look on that ancient, lowly, poverty-stricken church. See those grassy pastures that lie idly around, deep-shaded by thick-sprinkled

trees. Feel the depth of stillness that rests down upon the scene almost like a shroud. Out of its calm, as from these barrows of ancestral dead at your feet, recreate the noisy activities of that Sabbath-breaking hour; and let the whole life then flashing into being, as if the burdened brain were cleft by the stroke of the Spirit, shine out upon you, while you bow in silent awe and praise at the marvellousness and mystery of the providence and grace of God.

Before leaving Bedford I ought to chronicle an incident that convinced me that the spirit of the sires of England's Great Rebellion lives yet in their sons. Walking up the main street, I inquired of a lame man, who was rushing past me with all the energy of a Yankee, where Bunyan's Chapel was. On his directing me, I remarked that I was an American. "North or South?" said he. "Neither," said I; "a United States American." "Why did n't you say that before?" said he. "I would have introduced you to that large, white-coated man going up the other side of the street. He is a great Union man; so am I. It is the aristocracy that wants the Confederacy acknowledged. If they acknowledge it, we shall revolt." "Revolt!" I answer; "what will that amount to? They say up in London, John Bright has no friends." "John Bright," he replies, "can march more millions to London than they can rally against him!" His eyes flashed, as his soul, on fire, blazed from their windows. He knew what "revolt" meant. Cromwell and his fellows had taught him that. This purpose alone has prevented Britain's intervention. Her poorer classes, with these earnest radicals of the middle class, have filled her aristocracy with fears, and stayed the impulses of their pride and dread. They will yet be the instruments of England's regeneration.

A run of a hundred miles southward brings us, in five hours, to London, over the country which Wesley and

Bunyan had often travelled in hardly less than as many days. We need not stop here long if we are searching for shekinahs.

One would suppose that such a city would have among its historic spots many that are sacred. But great cities are not centres of great reforms. Rome and Jerusalem are the only two that have religious fame; and of these one has always, and the other for more than a millennium, has been exclusively religious. But London, like Paris and New York, has but little interest to the religious antiquarian. St. Paul's, with the vainest monuments in Europe, except those of Venice; Westminster Abbey, with its pompous dust; each slightly relieved by a few holy and renowned names, are all that ancient London piety offers us: and yet we err. For two spots within its circuit are as holy as any in the land.

BUNHILL FIELDS AND SMITHFIELD.

The first is a close-packed, homely burying-ground, thrust upon a noisy street, which begrudges the space to the dead which it could, with more seeming profit, fill with the living. Opposite to it, standing back from the street, is Wesley's City Road Chapel, the cradle of Methodism. Beside the lawn before the chapel is the parsonage, where he died; and behind it the crowded yard where he lies among his chief disciples, — Watson, Clark, Benson, Bunting, and other followers, — a silent congregation, as numerous and as sacred as that which filled the neighboring walls on his last appearance therein. Bunyan lies in the opposite yard, and so Epworth and Elstow meet in this common mart of mortality and man. Wesley's mother and Dr. Watts sleep beside Bunyan; the three, with her son opposite, representing the four grand divisions of Protestantism that in their living unity, as these in their dead, shall yet renew every land

in righteousness. The house where Wesley lived and died is a comfortable brick edifice, such as is common to city streets. The plain and spacious chamber where he met his fate looks but little like the ornate room made familiar in the picture of his death. Probably the satin damask coverlet and the somewhat theatrical air of the mourners, and even of the patriarch himself, are equally imaginative.

An older death-bed than this, and a more worthy, because more heroic, is in the busiest part of the ancient town. If we start from Newgate, where some of the martyrs — John Rogers was one — were imprisoned, we shall pass over the road up which they walked on their last journey. Smithfield is not far off, behind High Holborn and the hill that makes that high. It is a square of moderate dimensions, and that space immoderately reduced by scores of cattle-pens. Bartholomew's Hospital still presents its dingy front upon the western side. Before its gates was the history enacted that has made the humble acre a true God's acre, more divine than common cemeteries, more even than most of the sacred land, manifold more than the sites of merely civil martyrdom. A quiet Sabbath hour allures us to this holy of holies. The air is full, not of its usual grossness, but of heavenly fragrance and freshness. We see not the bleating victims of man's daily appetites, but the solemn, sweet-faced martyrs. We hear only sacred and celestial melodies. The sin and degradation that oppress the outward senses drop from the spirit, as the lark leaves its earthliness behind, while she wings her way, through faith, to the heaven of heavens.

This altar, where Christianity endured its fiery test, and where the key-stone of its triumphal arch was placed, fittingly precedes the last of our sacred places and the first of hers, —

CANTERBURY.

I could not make my pilgrimage hither after the fashion of Chaucer, though the starting-point was not far from his. Southwark, where his parting tavern stood, is but little above the station of the South Eastern Railway. Crossing, as he did, the London Bridge, whose high-barred gate, long since removed, was then probably adorned with human heads, the victims of royal or priestly tyranny, we find the "Tabard Inn" of to-day to be an immense depot, elegant and crowded. Less reverent, but more numerous, are the caravans that now ply to the ancient shrine; but no poet of wit and fancy hies with them to beguile the journey, or to publish his itinerary. By the plain and homely prose of the cars, it is a run of a few hours, a halt, and all is over. The pilgrimage hither is ended. The rattling trains are bitterly hostile to rhyming and story-telling. So we silently enjoy the fields swimming past us, full to the brim with landscape beauty.

The city we seek lies in a hollow, surrounded on every side by moderately high hills. The valley is less than five miles in diameter. The hills are evidently of oceanic origin, and point to a time when the waters prevailed here. Into this vale, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Kent, Augustine came, sent by the Bishop of Rome to revive the flickering, if not already extinct faith of the islanders. His efforts succeeded. The Queen, and then the King, accepted the faith; a metropolitan church arose; the King's daughter married the King of the Angles, whose seat was York; her confessor attended her; her husband was converted, and Christianity thus planted itself in the extremes of the island. Rome absorbed the previous schools and churches into herself. Her administrative and autocratic genius easily assumed the reins, and the seats of these, her first royal children,

became the centres of her Church. They have retained their preëminence, despite the decline of their political sovereignty and the overthrow of Papal domination. The Archbishop of Canterbury is now, what he was in the days of Thomas à Becket, the Primate of all England, the first peer of the realm.

Through the vale in which the town sleeps, as in a cradle, steals a thread-like stream, dignified with the title of river. Near the middle of the valley is a small, thick cluster of ancient houses, out of whose midst rise the great towers of the cathedral. As with the other cathedral towns, the church seems to have exhausted the capacities of the people. More than at York is it the case here. There factories and a busy population reduce in some degree the pretensions of the church; but here the cathedral has it all to itself. A mile out, on the road to London, is the hill where Chaucer says he first saw the city, and from which Henry made his pilgrimage on foot to the tomb of Becket. At that spot it looks as if the church stood alone in the meadows. Its towers pierce as one shaft the heavens, and the village hides herself in its ample robes. When one gets nearer, the power of the hamlet is more clearly seen. It has its revenge. So closely does it crowd upon the church, that from no side is there an impressive approach to it.

Through the old gate, covered with grotesque inscriptions of the Middle Ages, we enter a court incased with high walls and lined with rude dwellings. In its centre, but a few feet from the wall, is the cathedral. All the effect of open space is lost. From no point near or remote, can the eye take in its full stature from foundation to topstone. It is not preëminently grand either within or without. Its size and general effect give it a majestic air. But its impression is feeble in comparison with that of York and many on the continent. The error is carried within. Though really of great length, it is so

built across at the choir as to appear short. By the side of the choir, steps lead to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, once the most attractive in Europe. Naught is left of shrine or dust: the indentations made by multitudinous knees on the rocky pavement alone attest the general idolatry of Catholic England. The chapel, where he was killed, was by the side, and below the high altar, now the choir. While in the act of performing vespers at its altar, he was struck down by officers sent from Henry to expostulate with him, but who, finding him obdurate, took this effectual way of winning their case. It was really effective; for in spite of royal pilgrimages and the papal consecration of the Archbishop, the power of the Papacy was weakened by the blow, and never rallied again to its former and everywhere else excessive assumptions.

The score of houses that surround the cathedral give shelter to the many useless appendages to its service. Twenty or thirty singers daily cry aloud to empty walls. A dozen priests whine the service to the same audience, and all must be supported. Besides, the Archbishop must live in state at London; and so many here pay tribute to the cathedral. It is a bloated old spider that sits in its dusty cobweb eating modern flies, who feel themselves honored by gratifying its aristocratic palate and filling its ecclesiastical maw.

Nothing is more ludicrously senile than the cathedral service of England. In Catholic countries the masses yet believe in the services, and so the cathedrals always have some worshippers, and often crowds. In England they are as empty as deserted halls. They should be fenced in, as are other ruins, and left in their sepulchre.

There is another antique here far more interesting than the cathedral. It is the feeble beginning of English Christianity. She is very fortunate in possessing

this memorial. As the first church erected by the Pilgrims would be the most sacred of our sites were it standing to-day, — as is the John-Street location to the Methodist Church, — even so and more is the Church of St. Martin's in the city of Canterbury. We turn away from the empty pomp of the empty cathedral to the little, old stone chapel that stands in its rear. On a grassy hillock, not unlike that on which the Epworth church stands, with a scenery somewhat hillier, yet similar to that which surrounds it, is the most ancient church in Britain, and, if we consider its style and aspect, perhaps the most ancient in Europe; for though there are possibly churches in Rome that are of an earlier date, yet these were either erected by emperors, or have been so altered by Popes with pictures and images, that their original character, and especially their connection with early Christianity, is totally lost. This retains much of its primitive appearance unaltered.

Its size is about fifty feet by twenty-five. It is built of stone and brick, some Roman, some British, laid together in the rudest style. The door formerly opened in its side, but has been lately, and very unwisely, altered to the end. It was originally much shorter than it is now, but the present extension is of the days of Augustine and Bertha. There are seats for only about a hundred persons. At its entrance is a large and tall stone font, very rude of construction, in which was baptized Ethelbert, the first Christian king of Kent, and so of England. The monument of Bertha, his wife, and an earlier convert, is also shown. However dubious these memorials may be, it is certain that this was a Christian temple in the time of Augustine, and probably before. Bede declares that it was most probably built while the Romans possessed Britain. It is therefore conjectured that the first British Christians, of the second or third century, erected it, and that on the revival

of Christianity, under the labors of Augustine, it became the royal and metropolitan church.

Nothing can be plainer than this edifice. No backwoods chapel is more rustic. One cannot pass through its modern but antique-looking gate and the venerable little graveyard, and enter the lowly portal, without bringing back the days when the little flock gathered there, and, free from the artificial formalities of modern Anglicism, or the deadly mummeries of Romanism, enjoyed the ministration of the Word in its original simplicity, freshness, and power. These hills looked quietly down upon them; the same fields of luscious greenness glimmered softly around them; the same shaded and balmy sky bent over them. Within them glowed the same precious hopes, struggled the same fearful doubts, wrestled the same mighty forces, that have always marked the lives of the people of God, and will to the end of the world.

I could but think of the service done to Christ and his Church by the stream at whose fountain-head I was standing. The glorious company of earliest martyrs, who fell before the rage of their pagan brethren; the more modern heroes, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, Rogers, and hundreds of others who "loved not their lives unto the death"; every Christian body in this and our land, from the Establishment, its eldest-born, to Methodism, its youngest, sprang from this godly seed, as well as the great institutions of faith and love with which England and America are sowing the earth with heavenly pearl.

Not the royal converts, but the humble believers, who here rejoiced in Christ, were the true nursing-fathers and mothers of this great flock of the Divine Shepherd. King and queen gave it earthly power; the working Christian, heavenly.

Our sacred spots properly terminate here. They be-

gan with the cell of an itinerant; they end with the humblest of churches, in which such as he labored faithfully in the Lord. The grand edifices into which these flowered may stand or fall without affecting the faith thus established. If that is ever of the simple, happy, and vigorous type of the worshippers at Lindisfarne, Melrose, Jarrow, Epworth, and St. Martin's, England may yet accomplish much for herself and the world. Great beams are yet in her eye, — beams of formalism, pride, caste, unbrotherliness toward her neighbors. If she be purged from these sins, she shall be more than ever a vessel of honor. May St. Martin's, not kings and cathedrals, be the model after which she shall be moulded! Crowns and costly temples are not excluded from the service of God; but it has been England's mistake, from the time of Ethelbert till now, that she sets too great store by the patronage of the one and the pomposity of the other. Could her Dissenters be united in the liberation of themselves from the thraldom of a political hierarchy, they would soon liberate the nation; but the Wesleyans, as a body, do not desire this emancipation, and the Dissenters agitate it but feebly, and so the spiritual tyranny still holds its own. As a specimen of this tyranny, see the Church of Epworth. With less than twenty communicants, and less than seventy in the congregation, it compels a poor and small population, who attend and sustain the chapels, to contribute over five thousand dollars a year to the support of a preacher they never hear nor see. So Canterbury tithes the whole region round to feed the officials of a service which nobody attends. Fifty miles and more from it, near the Shakspeare Cliff, I was told by a countryman that much of the land thereabouts belonged to this See. An effort is being made to make these tithes voluntary. If they were so, many of these churches would instantly collapse. Let this power be taken from the Queen and

this tax from the people, and Christianity would soon abolish England's formalism, and probably England's throne. Five times at each service is that throne remembered; not once the people; and that in a book of *Common* Prayer. It must be reversed. The people are more than their governor. These walks among the earliest footsteps of the Church teach us this. May the first love be revived in more than its original purity and power on this long-consecrated soil!

XIV.

LAST LOOK AT ENGLAND.

FOLKSTONE. Near midnight.

MY first sketch of England was a photograph of first impressions. My last shall present the picture as it stands forth in my memory after a brief but quite intimate acquaintance. The surroundings of that writing-desk were a country inn and its beer-drinking loungers: that of this is a company of sleepers stretched upon the divans of the Folkstone station, their valises for their pillows, waiting for the tide to start them to France. As we shall have to wait two hours yet for Neptune to make his connections with our wharf, there will be ample time for the review proposed. If it shall seem particularly dull, attribute it to the weight of deliberation rather than to that of drowsiness. The bird of wisdom utters his judgments at midnight, so does the British Parliament those of the nation; so may I, being here, mine. Ere the review is begun, let me give you a sketch of this day's rainy wanderings to

SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF.

I started forth from this place betimes, welcomed with the ever-weeping countenance of mother England. The chalky hills which rose suddenly and steeply behind the town were slowly climbed; the everywhere present and

everywhere blessed McAdam alone made even that slowness possible. A walk of six miles over dreary downs, empty of house or hut, almost of beast and bird and man, through most fitful, but when the fit was on, most furious rains, gave me the needed accompaniments. I thought how "poor Tom's-a-cold" was muttered sadly in this very region, and under more chilling blasts. The poor protection of a rubber coat hardly prevented my sympathy with Lear's exposures; while with him I could exclaim, —

"I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness."

Only one man did I meet in that long walk. He was the peasant hireling I have referred to, of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At last a telegraph station appears on the right, not far above the valley into which the road was descending to the port of Dover. The old man tells me that is Shakspeare's Cliff. The ploughed and muddy steep is with difficulty surmounted. A little box, a shelter for the look-out, stands on the topmost point. In it I found a covert from the storm; while from it, both below and beyond, I drank in the fulness of the scene.

The cliff is worthy of its fame. It is not mountainous. Nor is

"yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock."

Neither are the "crows" half-way down "beetles"; nor the "men" on the beach, "mice."

In fact they are not diminished at all. But the poet must be excused, on the ground that he had never seen the spot, and so drew upon his imagination for the facts. Or if he had, he was untravelled, and had no large unit of measure. Kit North's greater experience did not prevent his committing greater folly, as you will remember. It is certainly sublime compared with anything between Stratford and London.

Perhaps, after all, he needs no defence. In this, as in most things, he is right. For he paints it not as the judgment of a broad-day beholder, but the impression to be made on one who had been led hither blind, and put on the edge of the beetling crag, while his attendant seeks to make the seeming height still higher, the better to carry out his design. To such extravagance does he go that he exclaims, when pretending to stand below, —

> "Look up a height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
> Cannot be seen or heard."

It is not far from two hundred feet deep. Yet its precipitousness increases its effect, and one can hardly hang long over it, —

> "Lest the brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

The out-look is much the same as when Shakspeare, or Lear, or the real personages that before and since their widely separated day gazed upon it.

A mile below nestles the little town of Dover, on the side of an arm of the sea, crowded between this cliff and the higher one that rises from the other side of the frith, on whose top stands the Castle, second only to the Tower in historical importance, and potent yet in its undecaying greatness. The chalk precipices wind along the shore, falling away where the town lies, but renewing their whiteness and smoothness under the hill of the Castle. They seem to say, "England shows her high, white forehead defiantly to all who insolently or covetously gaze at her from beyond the sea."

Across this watery belt of blue and gray, changing in color with the changing sky, lie the dim shores of the far-stretching East. Rome, Greece, Jerusalem, Egypt are linked by solid earth, and more solid history, to that faint line. One forgets all about the poet and his imaginary character as the grander realities rise from the sea

and shore and throng to his memory. Cæsar with his legions is on that opposite coast, is tossed on these vainly resisting waves; pirates and marauders follow, now called dukes and kings; Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, who, during the slow-moving centuries, came and saw this fair brow glittering in the morning sun; and, as with all the other fair brows that passed before them, instantly coveted and attempted to win her. How often have these waters been covered with invading fleets! How often has the blood of the conquerors mingled with that of their slaves, and national strength grown from seeming weakness, — glory from shame! Especially do we see the robed and sandalled priests of the new religion stemming these opposing floods, that this people may receive a whiteness such as no cliff can suggest, — the purifications of heavenly grace. Augustine, Lactantius, perhaps Paul, have moved hither with precisely the feelings that Hall came to the Sandwich Isles or Judson to Burmah, — to rescue barbarians from abominable idolatries.

But the Castle guns broke in upon my musings, and yet intensified them. Their roar was the fitting accompaniment to the history that was marching before me. It rung through two thousand years, and made them all as one moment. Time was not.

More modern and more useful inventions break the charm. Under my feet, in the heart of the hill, is heard the rumbling of the rail-car. The track to Folkstone is largely tunnelled through these cliffs. Cæsar and William did not compass this triumph in their desires, nor Shakspeare in his imagination; so we are yet ahead of all the great ones gone before, and I can leave my seat with that complacency that a sense of superiority ever imparts.

By carefully stepping down slippery stairs of chalk, you can reach the bottom. Looking up, the hill towers ma-

jestically. At your feet the waves leap upon and crawl around boulders of chalk of every size and shade. The size of a piece of chalk would be a harder problem *in situ* than where it is ordinarily propounded. Many of the lesser rocks are covered with beautiful green mosses, as carefully combed out as if planted in a marine herbarium. Their white faces and green hair remind one of the mermaids, or of that fisherman's daughter whom Dr. Holmes so pathetically describes, —

> "Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks,
> Like seaweed on a clam."

But the moans of the sea swallow up all gayer fancies, and the too familiar lines roll and dash upon the inner and unseen shores of the soul.

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray rocks, O sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
> Will never come back to me!"

The day will come back to all who sorrow, not without hope, more tender, more lovely, without a night and without end.

> "Break from thy throne, illustrious morn!"

How sublimely the faith of the Gospel exalts itself above these moaning, beating waves of sorrow and time. They may howl with anguish: they may leap upon its base, and throw their cold spray far up its lofty sides, but they neither shake its foundations, nor bedew its summits.

THE PEOPLE.

But we must turn our eyes away from the visions and dreams of Dover. The Charon boat that is to ferry us over the sickening Styx to the Elysian fields beyond will soon be summoning us to the doleful passage, and our last look at England will be exchanged for a first look over the gunwale at the tumultuous waves of the Chan-

nel. As a country, England confirms all my first impressions; in fact, were it not for the incessant rain and cloud it would be perfect. But those rains and clouds give her this perfection. Dry up her sky, and you dry up her soil. Still it has a uniformity that tires the eye. From the edge of the Scotch Lakes to the Isle of Wight it is as much of one look as central New York. The Highlands, Westmoreland, and Wales break it up as the Adirondacks do New York on the north, and the Alleghanies on the south; but the parts most travelled, most populous, and most historical are low rolling fields, never abrupt, rarely lofty. The scenery has a tender, effeminate beauty, which makes you wonder where the hardy, strong, coarse blood of the nation comes from. The land ought to produce beauties, or delicately-natured men. It certainly does not raise these as a class. The peasantry of England are not fascinating in appearance; and the rare bloods whom I saw in Parliament are far from handsome or polished, in looks or address. Our people, as a people, are superior in beauty and grace to those of England. Its attractions of feature are largely confined to the land.

There are two reasons for these defects; her climate and her institutions. Her climate drives everybody indoors. Windows are rarely open in their pleasant June days. Nobody sits on the verandahs or in the doorways. This seclusion is confined to her upper classes. The poor are one in feeling as in condition. On balmy, if not bright mornings, I expected to see the windows up and life bustling around and outside of the house; but everything was as close shut and drawn as if death were within. It is so at all hours of the day, and all days of the year. You must get inside of the house to see England. Home means something there, as it does in all countries with long winters. It is not that they are more affectionate than other people; but their climate is

less affectionate than other climes, and hence they are habitually

> "shut in
> By the tumultous privacy of storm."

Such a life, if it be religious, intelligent, and pecuniarily comfortable, is among the highest of human livings. The tenderest and purest attributes of our nature grow best in that soil. Hence, if you have the *entrée* to some of these homes, you will find many of the loveliest plants there, as rarest flowers bloom in hot-house gardens; though it is as difficult to get in as into hot-house gardens. One must, however, have money, piety, and intelligence to make this life a happy one. If he lacks them all, as many of the people do, he is miserable indeed in this miserable climate, and takes to strong drinks and fierce pleasures to cast off the heavy atmosphere.

Those of the upper classes, who have intelligence, but not religion, are equally gross in their tastes. The national sport, of which they boast so much, is running horses. In all England races abound. It is a brutal practice. From the horse lashed to the top of a gallop to the least spectator, all are degraded below their real nature. Gambling, drinking, and fighting are the essential features of the day. And this is her petted institution. The Queen gives prizes, and the nobility throng to the scenes. Many ladies of high degree, even to countesses, duchesses, and princesses, share the excitement; and yet it is hardly more refined than a Spanish bull-fight. For this passion, the climate is somewhat to blame. Pressed under its heavy weight, and lacking moral power to resist its influence, they are driven to these gross incitements.

But this is not the only nor the greatest cause. Caste completes the degradation which climate induces. The people have no inward atmosphere, clear and bracing, to lift off the load of clouds without. The social and civil

skies are far heavier than the natural ones. Had New England none of this uplift of spirit, her east winds might drive her into like manner of life; they are as bad, though not as prolonged, as any English atmospheric miseries. But her whole social and civil life is so free from east wind; so bright and balmy and liberal is this air, that she can easily endure the outward infirmities. But no one can conceive, who has not seen it, the state of the masses of England. The social oppression is enormous. I found it the same everywhere. They are as much shut out from real communion with the middle and upper classes as if they were in another world. The occupants of Wordsworth's first cottage, at Grasmere, are well-to-do farmers, and far above the lowest class. Yet they told me how their brother, a painter in Ohio, writes to them that he had at last found a place where he did not have to take off his hat to everybody who carried a title; and they spoke freely of the immeasurable distance between a lady and a lady's-maid, which service their sister held in a neighboring family. When I told them that our housemaids, sewing-girls and factory girls, mechanics, and farmers who tilled their fields with their own hands, were as good as anybody in America, and took off their hats to no superiors, they could not see how such a state of things could be. Fine-looking men would speak of those who hired them as "Master," in a tone precisely like that which the slaves of the South used to have. These are adopting the tones of the rest of us now; those will.

The social degradation is intensified by the civil. There are but about half a million of voters in a population of thirty millions. In the discussions upon suffrage, it has been said by the enemies of its extension, that to base it upon a six-pound rental would exclude nine tenths of the people as deserving as the fraction that would then be admitted.

They are shut out from land as well as suffrage, and see only the great gentry owning these acres. To-day these gentry are especially covetous of land. More than gold, or even titles, do they seek to "lay field to field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

This grasping will soon be a gasping aristocracy. Results are rapidly ripening for it. Education is going forward. I heard a debate on this subject in the House of Lords, in which several bishops joined, and all acknowledged the difficulty of confining this work to the Church schools, and the eagerness of the people for education. The Bishop of Lincoln said he heard Prince Albert say that no people had improved so much in this matter in the last twenty years as the British; and still everything almost remains to be done, judging from the height of our perfection.

Temperance is making steady advances among the people. I met with gentlemen of wealth and position at Ambleside, Kendall, and Epworth, who were active in the cause. Excellent temperance inns may be found in every considerable town. From Edinburg to Southampton I made them my homes, and found them very homelike. In that respect she is far ahead of us. Our temperance people ought to devote their energies to the establishment of this class of houses. It would do much towards the ultimate success of their cause. I attended a large meeting at Exeter Hall, in favor of a bill giving parishes the right to pass local prohibitory laws. It was enthusiastic, and betokened victory. That building itself is a queer example of the mixed condition of all things human. It is both a tavern and a temple. Rum flows, a fiery river of death, around the river of life. The wheat and the tares grow together. Probably they are owned in this case by the same farmer, who finds each crop profitable.

Politics are feeling the struggles of this new life.

Said a salesman of Longman, Brown, & Longman's to me, "We were all getting to be democrats a short time ago, and believed, with John Bright, that royalty did n't pay. But we are all converted from that now." I told him they would be bigger democrats than ever within five years. A most conservative gentleman told me that if they had a king like George III. or IV., they would be a republic within ten years. Yet these were not especially tyrannical. It is the institution, not its representatives, that they are outgrowing.

The Queen sees this, and, wise woman that she is, seeks to cultivate the friendship of the people. She sends her heir to America, and made him and her other children visit the Exhibition on the shilling-days. And the flunkey *Times* confesses that the people treat the royal children less rudely than the moneyocracy of the five-shilling days. She may be gathered to her fathers before the storm breaks. It may not come as a storm, but in the still small voice, though this is not the usual way for such power to die. This fear made the aristocracy anxious for our disruption. Brougham, Shaftesbury, all the blue-blooded abolitionists, were busily engaged from the beginning in taking back all they had said against the slaveholders. The matter became, at last, so delicate that to speak for America was almost to speak against their whole system of government; and one said to me of the Rev. William Arthur, an eloquent defender of our cause, "We think he is almost too much of an American for an Englishman."

One has but little idea how closely the crown is woven to the head of the State through the Church. They cannot even administer the Sacrament without remembering the Queen. The nobility and gentry are prayed for, while the only allusion to the people is a prayer for contentment in that condition of life into which we are born. That may have originally been intended to suppress the ambition of the nobles; its sole force now is

to keep the poor quiet in their poverty. Many have broken loose from an aristocratic Church, and lifted up their voice against it. They must likewise against an aristocratic State.

I look forward to the hour when an Imperial Parliament shall sit in London with senators and representatives from her colonies, then States, of North America, Australia, India, Polynesia. Had she granted our fathers the representation they demanded, that end would have long since appeared in view. She preferred to abandon the taxation of her colonies, rather than to abolish her insular institutions and inaugurate a World Republic. Let her even now equalize her people, and it would soon be. A World Congress would follow a World Exhibition. Britain copying America may outstrip her in the glorious race. If she delays too long, Washington, and not London, will be the capital of the Universal Union.

But I am getting political and prophetic; let me subside into commoner themes. My last views shall be of the homelike and every-day sort.

England and America, speaking the same language, as they do, seem at first sight to be more alike than any other peoples. The English, probably, will not like to acknowledge this, nor the Americans either, just now. For the former prefer to resemble the haughty, old continentals rather than the raw, young Jonathan; and the latter are somewhat justly sore at their treatment by their mother in their hour of agony. Yet one cannot always be as he wishes, and we have to be compared with each other whether we will or no. Some of the minor differences are worth noting. First, as to speaking. She, of course, complains that we talk through our nose. I told one gentleman who spoke of that peculiarity as something very degrading, that we perhaps had better authority for it than they had for their abdominal elocution. For the Bible says when God created man he

breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul. If his living soul went into his body through his nose, it was proper for it to come out that way rather than from the depth of the stomach. It showed the Americans to be the more akin to primeval Adam.

But the real difference is not so much in the organs through which we speak as the pitch of the voice. Ours is in a higher key than theirs. Though one notices in foreign dialects and foreign languages that they are all uttered in a higher key than he supposed we spoke. They run up at the end of the sentence generally. The educated classes are scarcely distinguishable from Americans. This was especially noticeable in the speakers in Parliament, and in Spurgeon, Trench, Arthur, Cumming, their best preachers. But the dialects of the lower classes are almost untranslatable. I was nearly as much bothered at Grasmere and Epworth to understand the conversation of the peasants as if they had talked in a foreign tongue.

Some words in use with us they never hear: "depot," "freight-train," "car," "store," are never used. "Station," "goods-train," "carriage," "shop," are their several substitutes. "Clerk" is never applied to a salesman, — "clark" they always call it, and apply it only to a writer and a Church officer. "Either" and "neither" I found were perplexing them as much as us. Prominent speakers pronounce them differently. So they are also *in transitu*. Oxford and Cambridge are quarrelling over the word knowledge. Oxford says it is mediæval and orthodox to say knō′ledge; Cambridge approves of the modern and universal knŏl′edge. I heard the Bishop of Lincoln pronounce it after the Oxford fashion.

English travellers complain of our railroads as compared with their dustless roads. That is all their advantage, and that owing to the constant rain. Their

carriages are comfortless affairs, except the first-class; and all are cold in winter, without fire or water or refreshments, or any means of relief for the sick. As a whole, they will not compare with those in America, except for safety. Being locked in, you can hardly fall out. But Müller has taken away that argument. Better fall out through open doors than be flung out, murdered, through open windows. The third-class is getting to be quite commonly used by very respectable people. Trying them all, as I have, I should prefer that class usually to the second. The first are a foolish expense. The second are near the first in price, and the last in character. I have seen clergymen, merchants, and many fine-looking people in the parliamentary or penny-a-mile trains. The corporations will not run them but once a day, which is all government requires of them, or they would soon drive the second off the track. They make them as disagreeable as possible, though some roads near great centres are more courteous. The class system of society alone prevents the introduction of the American car.

Mr. Trollope thought American ladies very ungrateful for the seats they have offered them, and even heard some New York gentlemen talk of getting up a demonstration on the subject. But in England I have seen like forgetfulness in the few cases where they had such favors extended to them. It may be that the unexpectedness of the courtesy finds them unprepared, for they are seldom favored with such offers. At church, more than once, among all sects, I have seen pews half filled through all the service, and ladies and gentlemen standing in the aisles. Some churches act like Americans, gentlemen, and Christians. Dr. Cumming's and Mr. Spurgeon's are particularly obliging. But it is not the rule of society.

One very excellent custom prevails here, — that of

putting texts of Scripture over their public fountains. I thought often of her superiority over us in this respect. Every London fountain has as its motto such fit words as these: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." We are too afraid to be Christian. No statue of a minister is in the chapel of Mount Auburn; none at Greenwood. Jonathan Edwards should stand by the side of John Winthrop; John Summerfield with DeWitt Clinton. We need reform in this respect, and this outward recognition of Christianity ought to be reëstablished.

Finally, let me commend the common people for their kindness and honesty. Norton's Hand-book says they are not trustworthy. But he is greatly mistaken. I never met persons more anxious to please. Ask your way, and they will go far out of theirs to show it to you, and be profuse in their description. I asked a stranger a direction in Edinburgh, and he walked several blocks to guide me. I protested against it, but he said that it was but little that we could do to show our love for our fellow-men, and that we must do that little to show our love for Christ. Such language a stranger would hardly hear from a gentleman of New York on asking the way. But I heard it in some shape frequently. I never was answered curtly. Some judge of England by London cabmen. But they are no better and no worse than those of any large town. The people are exceedingly honest. "Honor bright," "'pon my word," mean much with an Englishman. I trusted my valise to a porter, whom I saw at the depot at Carlisle, to send it to London, with nothing but his name for my protection, and I found it there on my arrival. I should have hardly dared to have placed like confidence in an American porter.

These are the saving qualities of the nation. Out of them has her growth been great. Out of them it will be greater. The people of England are able to take

care of their liberties. It is nonsense and sin to declare they would be riotous if free. There ought to be instantly universal suffrage. Temperance, education, and religion would grow faster than ever if the people were thus made the real seat of power. But I must stop. The memory of many pleasant walks and talks in these country regions will be a joy forever.

If any seeming harshness shall have imparted its bitter flavor to these pages, it has come from sympathy with the people and abhorrence of the evils, social and civil, that still oppress them. It is hard, I know, for a nation, as it is for an individual, to change their habits. Ours has shown that only a terrible war can uproot a wrong which every conscience has always recognized in its fulness of iniquity; and we do not hasten forward to perfection with the speed that God requires. These institutions are equally rooted, and, despite the evident and unutterable misery they inflict on the beggared millions, seem equally ineradicable. But they too must disappear. "Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up." Whether social, civil, or religious, whether based on caste or color, however fortified with age, and power, and wealth, and "the fear of change," they shall flee away; and human brotherhood in Christ possess all nations. To this favor will this early and renowned home of religion and law assuredly come. The leaven is working. Let our cause succeed, and she will speedily follow. A democratic republic shall gladden her shores, kindred with our own and with all the world's. To the land of my fathers I give heartily my midnight benediction. God bless the Commonwealth of Great Britain!

BOOK SECOND.

FRANCE.

BOOK II.

FRANCE.

XV.

ENTRÉE.

IF England wears a foreign look, France gives forth a foreign sound. One is alien to the eyes, the other to the ears also. I have told how I shivered in the rain on the Shakspeare Cliff, and saw France through rolling clouds and waves. The roll was transferred to me before morning, and I was tumbled topsy-turvy, inside and out, before my weak feet or head (I am not sure which) touched the solid and the sunny land. If the salutation was with the head, it was as pardonable an act of idolatry as Naaman's in the house of Rimmon. The goddess Terra never seems so adorable as after one has been subjected to the tortures which her angry brother of the sea inflicts upon his votaries.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

At sundawn we ran up a narrow inlet, — green, shelving shores on the one hand, and close, high, staring, white stone houses on the other, — and fastened our boat to the sleepy dock of Boulogne-sur-mer. A string of women hastened to greet us, little and lithe, of middle age, with black bloomer dresses, gray hose, and white

caps. What is their mission? Were they the representatives of this most polite people, who thus fittingly send forth their ladies as their heralds, to welcome us, ruder races, to their graceful shores? The mystery is soon solved. The black-kirtled dames caught up the huge trunks and boxes, swung them upon racks that hung round their necks and down their shoulders, and hurried off to the custom-house. So this most highly finished nation sets its women its heaviest tasks. Poor creatures, I pitied them, though they were probably unconscious of any need of pity. I had seen women in England working in the fields for a ha'penny an hour. I had seen women in Maryland toiling in like manner for nothing an hour; but their work looked lighter than this, — their wages were too: for these earned more in this one hour than their sisters in British serfdom did in a day, and than those did in America in a year. The last have since escaped that condition. When will the first? They have a strap around the neck, to which a bit of board or a basket is attached, on which the trunk rests: the heaviest are carried on a litter, three or four at once, by two of the portresses. A sixpence satisfies the custom-house official, an equal sum the snug little grandmother, and we are off for Paris.

There were but few passengers by boat or rail, the travel between the two cities being but trifling, when compared with that between ours of like neighborhood. London and Paris are but few miles farther apart than Boston and New York, and about the same number of routes connect them, most of them running day and night trains. The fare too is the same, — one pound giving you a good second-class through ticket. And yet upon each of the two routes on which I crossed and recrossed the Channel, there was not a score of travellers, and apparently not a hundred pounds of freight; and this between the two largest cities in the world, each draining an immensely

populous country. No wonder their steamers are such miserable tubs. How different from the crowded boats and trains that join our cities. Nationality is the cause of our superiority. One speech, one interest, one flag, make us flow together. Here the natives feel that greater gulfs than the Channel separate them. Poverty, language, and nationalities roll wide and deep between these neighbors, not twenty miles apart. The breadth of Long Island Sound makes broad distinctions, which the scholars on either side elucidate in philosophical discourse as to the effect of climate, soil, origin, et cetera, on developing varieties of mankind. Give them one language, one flag, and especially universal liberty, and the *savans* would soon find these so-called natural differences disappearing in the grand unification.

Boulogne by the sea has history, if we could stop to read it. Here Godfrey started for Jerusalem, and changed his coronet for the crown of that city, and a grave beside the stormy Channel for one in the more stormy metropolis of Saintdom. Charles Lamb requested Patmore to inquire if "old Godfrey is living, and how he got home from the Crusades," adding, with his inimitable quaintness, "He must be a very old man now." Supposing his friend had exhausted that topic of inquiry, I did not see fit to pursue it. Here, too, Napoleon on the Arc de Triomphe de la place du Carrousal, pompously says, he "threatened England." "L'Armée Française, embarquée à Boulogne, menaçait l'Angleterre." All the rest of the inscription describes victories at Austerlitz, in Italy, throughout the Continent. It was equal to them all to "threaten England."

Here, too, pleasantest thought of all, Thackeray had loitered, and as if in remembrance of his early poverty, makes Claude Newcombe wear away his hungry days along this hungry beach. But the ghosts of Godfrey, Napoleon, and Thackeray must not beguile us from the

more alluring sights beyond. I take my seat beside long-robed priests, dapper women with the gayest, cleanest, and tastiest of caps, and men in broadcloth and blouse. Blouse and cap are the universal costume of man and woman. The first, a short, blue, clean, cotton frock; the last, white and ruffled, and jauntily set on the head. Never have I seen one dirty, soiled, or tasteless. They are the only clean people in Europe; and yet some of their public habits surpass those of all other nations in disgustfulness.

How bright the town and the landscape look beside the ever-cloudy and rainy Britain. These white walls and white blinds contrast with the shining green of grass and trees like America. Were it not for the stiffness of village streets, and the hut-like character of the thatched hamlet, one could easily fancy himself in his far-off home.

A few hours' ride through a tame country lands us at Paris.

HOTEL ACCLIMATION.

My first experience was amusing, perplexing, and may be to some reader instructive. I stood by the cars, inwardly debating what course to pursue, when I found my valise whisked from under my eye in the most urbane but rapid style of Parisian politeness and American fleetness. I rallied and secured it. Again they press their flattering attentions. I drop the word "hotel," forgetting that that is a French word. Instantly the valise is resnatched, tossed upon a cab, and I very politely requested to enter. Believing in free agency, I resented this interference, and ordered it back again, suggesting that I would go to one near at hand. As instantly is it caught up and carried, I helplessly following after, across the open square, through several by-streets, and into a far from attractive court. The landlady

jabbers smilingly; a porter flies down the stairs, seizes the poor helpless portmanteau, and begins to reclimb them, beckoning me to follow. Had not my resolution revived at this moment, I should have probably been comfortably tucked into bed within fifteen minutes. I found I must assert my sovereign rights. I ordered the captor to halt and surrender his prey. On my flight hither, I had seen "Thompson's Prince of Wales Hotel," on the block facing the depot. It sounded homelike, especially the "Thompson." I bethought me of this way of escape, gave my energetic guide his fee, resumed my valise, and left. They looked queerly, as they were thus compelled to welcome the coming, and speed the parting, guest in the same person, at the same moment. I preferred, if fleeced, to be so in my mother tongue. I could then understand, if not enjoy, the operation. I found pleasant quarters till the next day, when, guided by a friend, I was transferred to private lodgings, — the pleasantest and cheapest style if you would make a stay of a month or so.

This first experience of roughing it in Paris taught me two lessons: first, be not carried away with the confusion of tongues or the determination of porters; second, have a place selected beforehand where to go and go there. Take your time then to look about you, and prepare at your ease to live the life of Paris. How cozy this room where I write the story of my *entrée* into France and its capital. See how the pretty French taste peeps out everywhere in this seven by nine snuggery; lace and damask curtains with heavy tassels hang before the doorlike window. A neat balustrade without gives a sight of the street below, and the privilege of jumping into it, if possessed with a perfect Parisian passion. A large gilded mirror, marble fireplace, marble topped toilet-table, Brussels carpet, partly covering a polished oaken floor, two mahogany, damask-stuffed chairs;

such are the adornings of this humble tenement, for which the, I fear, not humble tenant pays the enormous sum of fifty francs a month, or thirty cents a day. Where will you find the like out of Paris? And yet it could easily be found everywhere, were we so willed. American ladies could give their poorest chambers these comely adornings, had they but the wit and the will. These are not costly luxuries. This lace is not Brussels, nor the damask velvet. It is taste, not expense, that reigns here. Taste and cleanliness are the two French virtues; they should be ours. The last we have; in the first, being still English, we are defective. Paris should rule the boudoir as she does the bonnet; the chamber, as well as the costume. She will yet: for taste, which is beauty, is certain to win the prize everywhere in the end.

LINGUAL ACCLIMATION.

The acclimation of the tongue and ear is far slower than that of the rest of the body. I was at home in lodgings and in the streets long before I had become at ease in the language. Several marvels that I had read of I now experienced. One, that wise discovery of John Bull, who gravely remarked, looking on the crowds here, that he never saw so many foreigners before in all his life. Another, the equally profound remark of an equally profound Englishman, as recorded by Hood: "Why, even the little children in Paris talk French!" How much one would give, as he stands here in absurd perplexity, if he could again become a little child. When I see them playing in these parks, and crying out to each other in the intensity of childish tones, I take off my hat, not only to their superior education, but to that kindly law of Nature, which makes us learn a language without knowing it, and so without weariness or vexation of spirit. I have to become as a little child, however

humiliating it may be, as many a proud spirit has to do in greater matters, if I wish for the treasures that lie all around me, and yet cannot otherwise be touched.

Learning a foreign language at its home, is very different from learning it at school, or from books. I thought I knew French "like a book." And so I did, just like a book. It was all eye and no ear, and the same word does not look as it sounds. When, therefore, they rattle away words I know as well as I do my own name, I am as ignorant of them as I would be of that name if it was put before me in Chinese characters. So we have to learn it like a little child, that is, by the ear.

Then again, we imitate the child in that we learn the words in frequent use, common nouns and verbs first, the words connected with our daily bread. I would give more to talk with a *garçon* at a restaurant than a professor in his lecture-room. The boy, for so all these men-servants are called, though old enough to be your grandfather, has what I must have or starve. The learned professor I can talk with through his books. The moral of all this, Hood has put it into verse: —

> "Before you go to France,
> Be sure you know the lingo."

The three best requisites for European travel are French, German, and Italian. Yet you can get along without any of them. It is astonishing how few words are necessary to satisfy our daily wants. And those few are soon learnt. For the rest, take your hands and gesture your way along. The chief loss is not to the eye, but that of insight into the style and manner of the minds of the people. I found my colloquies with the people of England among my best teachers. From these I am shut out. I would like to go inside of these bright and sprightly faces, —

"To view with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine."

But that is forbidden. No *billet de permission* from an officer of state can give me that *entrée*. So as to how the French people feel, and think on politics, Napoleon, war, work, religion, America, I can give no information. I may get the door unlocked and partially open, but not enough to give me or you much satisfaction.

Shall we confine ourselves to the eye department, as the ear and tongue are locked so close? Here is enough for a score of sketches. My guide-book contains over six hundred pages, and if I write all that out, as you expect tourists to do, as their own, and then add what really are my own tedious reflections, you see where you would be. Not in the Paris you had fancied, pleasant, bustling, beautiful, driving dull care away; but in a Paris as dismal, if not as dreadful, as that which existed here in revolutionary times.

To save you from that fate, I must elect a portion of what my eyes see and thoughts think, and set it before you. If it is small, Parisian dishes at some fine restaurants are apt to be; if of questionable taste, so are they; if olla podrida, so are they; if warmed up from memories, so are many of them. You can be assured, therefore, that in eating the dish thus set before you you are enjoying, or rather experiencing, a truly Parisian sensation.

XVI.

PARIS:

FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

MOST persons desire to get a general idea of a city before they do a special. A high point of observation alone can give this knowledge. Three or four of these are at your disposal. The towers of Nôtre Dame are the most historically central; the Napoleon Column of the Place Vendôme is the population centre; the lantern of the Pantheon is the loftiest; that of the Column of Liberty gives the sweep of the Boulevards; but that of the Arc de Triomphe is the most artistic and all-embracing. On each of these heights I stood after sore climbing, but with rich rewards. Let us ascend the last. Leaving our cheerful chamber in the Rue de l'Oratoire, a few steps conduct us to the Champs Elysées. Turn your eyes to the right, and just before you appears the greatest monument of power and pride the earth sustains, — it may be confidently said, ever sustained. Sepulchres, temples, palaces, she has upheld; but never an Arch of Victory equal to this. The Column of Trajan, the arches of Titus and Severus, are small and cheap beside this memento, professedly of the "grand army," but really of the grander Napoleon. I never felt before the eternity there is in stone. Whatever decay may cover the great captain's name, it will live fresh and immortal in these stones he has set up. Headstones will they ever be to mark his fame.

Draw near to it. Measurements can give you no idea of it. Of what use is it to say, "Conceive of a mass of stone one hundred and fifty-two feet high, one hundred and thirty-seven feet wide, and sixty-eight feet thick. Through its width is a carriage-way forty-five feet wide and ninety feet high. Through the narrower thickness is a transverse carriage-way twenty-five feet wide and fifty-seven feet high"? All this I learned from my guide-book. It did not teach me much, and probably will not you. Let us try some corresponding measurements with which you are familiar. You are looking upon a pile, larger than our largest churches, that is covered thick with most vigorous bas-reliefs of peace and war. It is as wide as the central front of the National Capitol, or the Boston State House, or New York City Hall; and as high as three fourths the height of Trinity steeple. That State House in site and size may well represent it. If it were built level with the street, and a carriage-drive should pass through an arch whose height should be the ceiling of its Hall of Representatives, that arch would not far from resemble this. Its position is equally superb; its adornings are far superior; its object — there the comparison fails. The plain brick front, the representative codfish, the homely statue of Webster, made handsome by its homelier neighbor, — all these are forgotten; and a building that represents the liberty, equality, and sovereignty of the people is immeasurably above the most splendid memorial of fruitless valor, personal aggrandizement, and national bondage.

Radiating from this arch are twelve avenues, wide, straight, long, and lined with trees. They have all, with one or two exceptions, been opened by the present emperor. I said twelve. That is not quite true. There are to be that number; but two are not yet opened; and that side of the otherwise handsome circle shows what nearly the whole was when he began the enterprise.

Its dirty, drop-down shops will soon fall, if Napoleon does not tumble first. The greatness of this work may be imagined by supposing twelve broad avenues cut from the New York Park in as many directions, levelling the dense costly stores west of Broadway as remorselessly as the Five Points' dens on the east, some of them stretching out for miles, not over thinly peopled space, but through compact populations.

Some idea of the power of the Emperor may be gained from this fact. Other demolitions and reconstructions are going on everywhere, but none equal to this. Two of the streets attract your chief attention. The Avenue de l'Imperatrice, that of the Empress, runs out of the city to the Bois de Boulogne, the park of Paris. It is three hundred feet wide, straight as an arrow, and hard as marble. It has seven divisions; the central is for carriages, that on the right for horsemen, that to the left for footmen, each flanked by enclosed spaces of grass and trees, and these again flanked by carriage and footways. Elegant houses front the whole. The woods it leads to I wandered in for many delightful hours; through long, heavily shaded avenues, around parks with browsing deer and sheep, by the side of romantic lakes, through gorges and under waterfalls, — lake, gorge, and cataract made out of level earth and Seine water; in the garden of acclimation, where flourish rare plants and foreign domesticated animals, strange, though familiar; often resting, chiefly under the awnings and boughs that surrounded a Swiss *châlet*, where delicious milk was served by brown-skinned beauties. Of all the haunts of Paris for comfort and delight, give me that Swiss *châlet* in the Bois de Boulogne.

But this scene is a long way from the Paris we mounted hither to see. That lies on the opposite side of the Arc. Turn round, and the second and superior of the main avenues lies beneath you. Starting out from

under your feet is the Champs Elysées. It is straight, as is everything perfected in France, wide, lined with many rows of trees, and thronged with carriages and pedestrians; for a mile and a half, the stream of human life flows through these green banks of foliage. Its lower mile, for an equal breadth, spreads out into a green sea of trees and gardens, isletted with palaces and haunts of pleasure, sometimes of dissipation, but carefully concealed under the array of propriety and taste. Nothing shocks the eye or the conscience, though nothing leads or points to heaven.

At the farther end of this avenue you see a square with fountains and statues. A grim Egyptian obelisk in its centre is looking as much out of place in this modern flutter as a mummy in his case at a ball. This is Place of the Guillotine, which all the while ran blood in those days when God avenged the slaughter of St. Bartholomew upon the descendants of those murderers. Beyond this appears a deep grove of tall trees, behind which rise the gray towers of the Tuileries, — a long, tall, French-roofed, massy, but not majestic pile. There is no Windsor grandeur about a French palace, any more than there is British pride in French blood.

The Tuileries join the Louvre, a quadrangle that stretches half a mile farther into the city. Beyond this, the eye wanders distracted over gray roofs, gray walls, gray streets, everything gray but skies and man. They wear no aspect of decay. The buff *façade* of the newer and nearer dwellings slightly modifies the prevailing tint of age. The towers of Nôtre Dame lift their square front to the right of the Louvre. The dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, under which Napoleon sleeps in gaudy splendor, is just across the Seine, to your right. The Pantheon rears its lofty dome at the farther end of the city, towering high over the Sorbonne, Jardin des Plantes, and other intellectual centres of the Latin quar-

ter. That church, built by a courtesan, and which once held the bodies and yet shows the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, too fitly represents the relations which learning and religion have usually held in this centre of sceptical science. And yet, close beside it is the humble bell-tower of the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, where Pascal lies, in whom science, genius, and religion met and mingled in a higher degree than in any other man of men. With a pen as graceful as Rousseau's and as witty as Voltaire's; with scientific capacities surpassing Cuvier, La Place, or whoever has here studied, he gave them all to Christ and the true Church. Pascal should be the patron saint of the Latin quarter and of modern science.

But we are sending our eyes far away on their meditative mission. Let us recall them, and run once more along the lines of vision immediately before us. So straight are these lines, that when Napoleon looks from the central window of the Tuileries his eye will cut the centre of this arch, the memorial of the army, the foundation of his dynasty. It will also strike the centre of the obelisk that marks the spot where the axe opened the way for his rise by chopping off the heads of an older dynasty, and where some of the howling democrats, whose feet are at his door, may yet perform like service to him and his.

No city in the world has such a stretch of rectilinear greatness. Not less than two miles and a half of its central space are appropriated to pleasure, power, and pride; royalty petting and riding the tiger of democracy which it cannot tame. Along a part of the line the Seine flows, forming the boundary of the Elysian Fields and the royal palace. Both banks are faced with hammered stone, with frequent steps leading to the water. Tasty bridges cross it, and bath-houses and barges trick it off as if for a holiday. It has no sign of the Thames' life or

filth; of its commerce or corruption. It is as finished as a dry dock and as elegant as if cut through a palace garden.

On its farther side, not far from you, is the Field of Mars, a broad open space admirable for reviews. Here, too, are the military schools and hospitals, the Hall of Deputies, where the Duchess of Orleans offered her son for a sovereign, and heard the fatal "C'est trop tard" seal his destiny. These and other governmental halls give the farther as the hither bank a pomp and luxury that is unequalled elsewhere.

IN THE STREETS.

Let us descend and take a nearer view of the city. Sauntering down the Champs Elysées, among the trees, gardens, swings, stalls, *cafés*, everything to allure the eye and pick the pocket, we come to the Place de la Concorde. The red obelisk, the ornate fountains, the marble groups on each corner, give no hint of its history. Turn your eyes Seineward, and the Chamber of Deputies looks upon you. Turn them in the opposite direction, and the Church of the Madeleine lifts its pillared splendor. Walking the few steps between you and the Madeleine, you find that church at the beginning of the most bewitching thoroughfare of Paris, and so, of course, of the world. The Boulevards here commence their winding way. They are one in fact, though many in name. Less crowded than Oxford Street, less splendid in their fronts than Broadway, they far surpass them in the gayety of the *cafés* that line the broad walks, dense with loungers sitting and sipping wine or coffee, in the dazzling attractions of the shops, even in the rush of omnibuses and carriages, and the less rapid, but not less excited, flow of pedestrians, all seemingly bent on pleasure alone, with no thought of business or care. You

have reached "Vanity Fair" at last. Can you walk safely through it? If like Faithful, you may; if not, not.

For two miles and more this curve of beauty winds, closing its present career, as the Champs Elysées concludes hers, in a revolutionary centre, the place of the Bastile. From that spot, as from the Arc de Triomphe, handsome new avenues are radiating in every direction. From it, too, old streets, populous and crooked, diverge at every angle. But the attractive life of Paris ceases here. Our walk may here cease also. If you have gathered even an imperfect conception of the aspect and outline of Paris, I am content. For only the eye can make the shadowy real. May that eye soon forget this description in the clear light of its own perceptions.

XVII.

PARISIAN CHURCHES.

PARIS abounds in churches, though not, I fear, in piety. They are often very rich internally, but possessed of few external attractions. In this respect they are somewhat unlike the people, whose outward adorning surpasses their inward. New York has finer edifices, with one or two exceptions, than London or Paris. Within, the last are far superior. Hardly any city in Europe equals her in this respect. A few only of many sketches can find a place in this portfolio.

ST. GERMAIN L'AUXERROIS.

The first thing I stumbled on was a sensation: perfectly natural, you will say, in Paris. Even so; yet it was a sensation, notwithstanding. Prowling around with eyes and feet, I entered an odd-looking church, with a heavy, highly-garnished porch. It was opposite the Louvre. All the churches are open here; thanks to Romanism for keeping that bit of good sense alive in her organism. When will Protestantism revive it in hers? I had to go many rods out of my way to hunt up sextons in England for churches I wished to see, and had to pay them for their service. Here they are all open, and always gratuitously, with the additional gift of holy water, which you can take from the end of a little brush, held out by an old man seated in a box by the door. I don't like to ride a free horse to death, and therefore, if for no

higher reason, declined the extra gift. After looking around the church at the paintings and statues in its niches, and enjoying its cool, contemplative pillars and roof, I was curious to know its name. Most of these churches give no hint of their names. So, after considerable study of chart and book, I found that I was in the church whose bell gave the signal for the St. Bartholomew massacre. What a new current of feeling swept over me! I had been carelessly tasting its novelties, when I was suddenly thrown back three hundred years, to that warm August night of 1572. I heard that bell, whose plaintive voice had just struck a mid-day hour, utter that solemn midnight knell. What were the feelings of the sexton as he struck? of the infatuated Catholics that awaited it? of the King, who, from his palace window opposite, gave the signal? It was responded to by the bell on the Palais de Justice, then a royal palace, now a prison, and the work began which buried Protestantism in France for ten generations. By a divine revenge, there sprang up in its place dissoluteness in the Court and atheism in the schools, and the guillotine of the Revolution completed, we trust, the solemn judgment of God.

It was the parish church of the Tuileries, having been largely patronized and frequented by extinct royalty. Hence its ceiling was covered with the Bourbon symbol, — *fleurs de lis* on blue ground. It was one of the first seats of Christianity, — a church having been built here by Childebert in the sixth century. The Normans levelled it in 886. This building is but four hundred years old. In front of it Prince Coligny was killed, under the palace window where the King stood. How things connect themselves. In Canterbury Cathedral you are shown the tomb of his brother, who escaped from France at that time, and, with other fugitives, found shelter under Elizabeth. A chapel was fitted up for

them in the vaults of the Cathedral, and French service is still held there every Sabbath. But few attend; yet with that faithful adhesion to an ordinance, long after it has ceased to be vital, which characterizes the British mind, they regularly hold the service.

PALAIS DE JUSTICE AND THE GUILLOTINE GATE.

Let us finish this chapter of connections. The bell that gave the signal to begin the work, as we have said, was that on the Palais de Justice, — this one being the voice of the Church; that, the approving order of the King; and that very building was the place where his own descendants were confined, and from whence two went to the block, and another, Louis XVII., to a more dreadful death of cruelty and starvation. Let us go and look at it. A palace and prison have existed successively there for fourteen hundred years; though, like the Tower of London, it has ceased to be a royal residence, yet, unlike that, is still in regular use as a court and a place for the detention of witnesses.

You leave the royal Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, with its Gothic porch, filled with grotesque bas-reliefs and paintings, and soon come to the Seine. Walk along its granitized bank a hundred or two feet, and you cross the oldest of its many bridges, — a handsome stone structure, a thousand feet long, built by Henry III., three hundred years ago, and adorned with an equestrian statue of Henry IV. The bridge leads to a little island in the middle of the river, which is the heart of old Paris. On it is the Nôtre Dame, and near it are all the ancient points of interest.

More than London, Paris crowds its earliest history into one centre. She shows in this the difference in her organization. All things have always centred in her monarch. In London three diverse forces have ever

contended for supremacy, — the merchant, the statesman, the king, — and their original centres of power were far apart. Here all are, and have ever been, one.

Only a few steps from the bridge, over which kings have ridden and plebeians walked for centuries, — with that brief interregnum in which plebeians rode, while kings walked to their death, — you see on your right a large plain pile of masonry, beginning with a homely square tower and a little pyramidal cupola upon it. A few feet farther on, and two round towers, equally homely, swell out from its sides. They are twelve feet apart at their inner edge. Between them is a door now closed with iron bars, and across the front of the towers, an iron fence. That is the door whence the guillotine cart issued every morning with its human freight for the shambles. Imagine the cart, the summons, the pallid, sleepless, haggard victims taking their seats! See it drive carelessly out, pass over the bridge we crossed, or, turning to the right, cross the Pont au Change just below, enter Rue St. Honoré, a narrow, crooked, long street, but wide enough then to hold crowds of intensely excited men and women, move down its length, come out in front of the Tuileries and its gardens, three fourths of a mile from this, and transfer its victims to the knife and to eternity.

Out of that door, Maria Antoinette went, in widow's weeds, on her final journey; her husband having preceded her from another prison. Out of it Princess Elizabeth, in due time, followed her. Was not the sin of the royal murderer of St. Bartholomew visited upon his children, then? Her cell is now a chapel; those occupied by other prisoners have been mostly demolished. I visited her cell. It was with great difficulty that a permit was secured. The Emperor dislikes to have any one remember that royalty in France ever wore chains and abode in a dungeon. The past might become the future, if that knowledge was too general.

This fear is increased, when he remembers that here too he dwelt a prisoner after his attack on Boulogne. But his cell he allows none to see. Only a request from Mr. Dayton to the French Secretary of State could win me entrance. With this missive the bolts flew back, long dark corridors were traversed, and I was ushered into a low, whitewashed, damp, stone cell, lighted by a small window thrust up under the ceiling. It was about twelve feet square. Here the petted daughter, wife and mother of royalty suffered ignominy and anguish that no tongue can tell. Less than half of this little room was allowed her, — her brutal keepers indulging in boisterous revelry outside of the screen, behind which she paced and prayed, or wept and slept, never being left for a moment to herself. How the splendor, comfort, and bliss of Schönbrunn and Versailles must have risen before her in those dreary dreadful hours! Few are the contrasts of equal vividness that earth affords.

But let us balance our pity with contrary pity. The victim may seem especially affecting, but the sacrifice was needful, was just. Her house had been the cause of agony far greater than hers. The terrors of that hour were as nothing to the previous terrors of royal tyranny. The Bastile was worse than the guillotine; the slaughter of the Huguenots than that by Robespierre. That thunder-cloud wonderfully cleansed this hitherto foulest of atmospheres. No nobles were so exclusive and haughty as the French; no royalty so superb and sinful. No *habeas corpus*, no commons, no lords, stood between their will and its object. To-day there is practically no nobility in France. Napoleon is only a tenant of his throne, at the will of the people. He knows a breath can unmake him, as a breath has made.

The perfect level of the people pleases you. An American feels entirely at home here. They look and

act, and if we could only converse with them, we should find that they talked just like us. What few I have conversed with are thorough democrats. Said my teacher to me, "We have no aristocracy, as in England. Some keep the 'De' and other titles, but they are as poor as I am." These titles are like an American Esq., or Captain, complimentary, and yet not. They express no landed, and but little political, or official power.

But twenty-five hundred died in all that time, and the French people have been, ever since, democratic, if not free. Let us not blame the Revolution. If it seemed cruel, it was only seeming. The cruelty was before, and in secret.

As our civil war, dreadful as it has been, is nothing beside the miseries that have been heaped, for generations, on our enslaved brethren, so was it with that great era. It cut the throat of kingly tyranny here, and made every monarch in Europe feel that his honors were empty and his seat perilous, if he did not rule in righteousness.

As we leave this cell, in which, by a strange justice, Robespierre was himself confined, we pass through a longish, lowly chapel, capable of holding twenty or thirty persons. Here the Girondists spent that last night, so often pictured, in debate, oratory, singing, and frivolity. The dreary cave lights up with lurid memories: pride and pleasantry on the lip; pallid horrors curdling the heart.

THE MADELEINE.

My first Sabbath I broke in gratifying curiosity rather than kept in worship. The festival of Corpus Christi was to be celebrated, an idolatrous service, except that it was without idolaters; neither priest nor people believing the divinity to be within it that their fathers revered. This ornate, Greek temple, with its

statues and pillars, was crowded with spectators, for so I must call them, since they chiefly looked on; a very few read the prayers, which were themselves very few. The principal business was the prostrations and gesticulations of priests. They were arrayed in scarlet velvet, with gold lace in profusion, and went bobbing round the altar magnificent with its statues of Mary Magdalene and four angels. Each angel cost $30,000. The injection of the cost of an angel into the description of a religious service may seem Yankeeish and profane. But it fits in properly; for the whole service seemed to be gotten up, regardless of expense, in order to astonish the people. It was grotesquely appropriate when one of the pompous priests in his yellow satin vestments, and gold and purple bands, in the very midst of the genuflections, took his pinch of snuff, and wiped his delectated nose with a dirty rag of dingy bandanna. The inner spirit of the scene came to the surface in that act. The soiled and paltry rag was the true symbol of the spirituality, sincerity, and piety of the priests, if not of the people; the violet velvet and royal yellow satin were its deceitful coverings. The stately service soon began. Boys in scarlet, with red waistbands, waved incense and rang bells and held tall candles. Other boys in scarlet, with blue ribbons around the waist, carried immense baskets of bread across the stage, — no, the chancel. Others, with white ribbons, brought in baskets of flowers and scattered them on the floor; the priest wiped and kissed a golden plate, and put it to the lips of another, wiped it, and then put it to another's lips, then wiped it again, put the wafer upon it, and gave it to a half a dozen that alone out of the great congregation approached to receive it,— wiping the plate each time he laid a wafer upon it. Then they formed a procession. First came girls exquisitely dressed in white, and with white veils falling over back of their heads, and down almost to their feet, and white flowers

in their hands. Singing, they marched, — the boys after, more girls, more boys, yet more of each, all with silk banners, white and golden. Then men, then a military band, then singers in red silk robes, then the chief priests, the last under a scarlet canopy and bearing a gold cross, before which all were expected to kneel. I noticed that but a few bowed or knelt, and as it marched round the church under those gigantic pillars, by the side of the statues of many who were real saints and disciples, I could not but muse on the folly of the scene. Not a word was said in that two hours and a half that anybody could understand: not a word addressed to that vast and intelligent congregation on Christ and Him crucified. All was pantomime, all powerless. May the Lord open the way for the speedily spiritual illumination of this people.

ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS.

Wandering in the most ancient and aristocratic quarter of the town, where the neglected Bourbonites hide their diminished heads, but with no lowering really of their crest of pride, I saw the insignificant front of a church packed between like soiled and cheap fronts of the decaying rookeries of poverty. Its belfry was crowned with a wooden pyramid, upon which roosts the familiar symbol of Puritan piety, — the cock of Peter, or of the dawn, or of France. I found out where France got her Gallic name and popular sobriquet, and New England her bird ecclesiastic. Having seen it since as far south as Italy, perched on the spires of Papal churches, it has occurred to me that the two symbols of faith in their days were the cross and the cock. With a strange perversion of taste, our fathers rejected the former and clave to the latter. Perhaps they thought it less expressive, and therefore less seductive.

Seeking a momentary rest, I pushed aside the heavy

leathern veil, — which is the usual portal. "How beautiful!" I instantly exclaimed. "What a glowing gem of art and life is this!" The Madeleine, in its modern magnificence; Nôtre Dame, with its interlaced roof and wide sweeping arches; even the Sainte Chapelle, with its blaze of color, did not diffuse so deep and tender a feeling as this seemingly obscurest of temples. Only St. Vincent de Paule was its equal, and not its superior. Applying to my guide for light, I found, what one always finds, that such gems of purest ray serene, when of human origin, are not strewn carelessly in the dark unfathomed caves of the ocean of humanity. They have a history that warrants their array. I was treading very ancient consecrated earth. Thirteen hundred years ago, Childebert, son of the first Christian king, who built the other St. Germain, laid these foundations in the *pré*, or meadow without the town, as it then was, but in one of its now oldest quarters. His name, and that of Bonaparte, are given to the two streets on whose corner the Church stands. What a space of time those names cover! What greater spaces of events! Dedicated in 557, it was celebrated then for its beauty, and called "The Golden Basilica." Only the unseen foundations and unseen spirit of that structure remain. The Norman levelled it. It was rebuilt in 980, — and we can worship within walls that have heard the name of Christ reverently pronounced for nearly a thousand years. What if much hay and stubble have been heaped upon the cross. There it hangs, and many a trembling soul clings to it, and not to him who holds it in his priestly hands. This faithful adhesion to Jesus Christ and Him crucified is the evident reason for the perpetuity and power of the Papal Church. This is the true blood, which is the life of man; and all her diseases, severe as they are, have not so corrupted her, that it is impossible for the seeking soul to find salvation therein. His penetrative grace, by faith, can strike through

the whole superincumbent mass of Mariolatry, infallibility, indulgence, absolution, and such, and renew the trusting penitent in His divine image of power and love.

Unlike most churches, color is its prevailing characteristic. The stone pillars, arches, nave, — everything is full of fire. The pillars of the nave are all painted in blue and white; those of the choir, in crimson, black, and gold. The fretted roof high above you is transformed into a starry vault, where, on a sky of ultramarine, golden stars are ever shining.

But the height of its achievements, and that which alone makes me weary you with this description, is the paintings that encompass the nave, over the caps of the pillars, and above the spandrils of the arch. I have seen hundreds of pictures in these churches, some by great artists, but none so original, so simple, so beautiful as these. Only those in St. Boniface in Munich approached them, and they were not equal in idea. M. Flandin was the designer. He has lately died. In him disappeared not only an artist but a poet, an idealist as well as an executor, — a talent rare in his profession as in every other. The frescos are in pairs, — a scene from the Old Testament placed beside its counterpart from the New. These correspondences are as original as the paintings, and bespeak the highest order of mind.

Adam and Eve fleeing affrighted at the voice of the Lord is offset by the Birth of Jesus. The very Lord they fled from has become their child. And what admirable pre-Raphaelism is this picture of the Nativity! Mary lies on her couch in a plain peasant dress, the babe beside her, and Joseph sitting at the bedside. Their faces, though unconscious of their relation to God and man, are yet fully conscious, so subtly has the artist caught that true expression of the perfect soul.

Balaam's Burnt-Offering and the Adoration of the Magi are a happy parallel. Balaam has his victim upon

the altar; but is looking up at a star, which he sees arise out of Jacob. The mountains of Moab and the tents of Israel are around and beneath him. But his prophetic eye sees only that star. That star these wise men have followed. It stands over the babe before whom — a victim also — they are bowed. How fine the analogy and the contrast! What Balaam, the heathen prophet, perforce declared, these heathen prophets gladly follow. The history of the world and the Gospel, the compulsory recognition of Christ, and joyful obeisance to Him, are thus felicitously taught.

The next series is another Bengelian connection, subtle and true, — Moses before the Burning Bush, and the Annunciation. The two incarnations are instantly suggested. The greatness of the latter is seen not the least in the prostration and terror of the shepherd as compared with the maidenly calm, the reposeful strength of her who could say, even in that hour of prophetic suffering and sorrow, and, worse than all, of infamy, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it unto me according to thy word"! One can hardly wonder at the worship of the Virgin, when he sees the proneness of the human mind to worship any but God. In our shrinking from Mariolatry, we have ceased to have all the reverence and affection that we ought for her who is the most highly honored of all created beings, — archangel, angel, or man. Let us love and revere "the Mother of our Lord" as Elizabeth did. That cannot be sin.

Melchisedek blessing and offering the bread and wine to Abraham and his train, is set over against the Lord's Supper. Joseph sold into Egypt and Judas kissing Christ, is another significant, though recondite affinity. A long similitude might be deduced from that conception. The kindred crime and its kindred consequences, baleful and blessed, open out before us through this narrow gateway.

The destruction of Pharaoh and the Baptism of

Christ are an unexpected conjunction of affiliated opposites. Water is an instrument of divine vengeance and of divine honor. Man is ruined and saved by the same element. The Deluge would have been a better offset, had this alone been in his mind. But he thought, perhaps, of Moses calling down punishment by water upon his enemies (for he is the central figure), and Christ submitting to it for the salvation of his enemies.

The Confusion of Babel and the Keys given to Peter teach the regathering of sundered and scattered man in the Church and the one language of believers.

Abraham offering up Isaac and the Crucifixion are a palpable analogy, though imbued with freshness and strength under this pencil.

Jonah cast out by the whale, and the Resurrection, are the last and greatest of the series. The correspondence is more familiar, because Christ declared it. Had it been left, like many of these, to human ingenuity, we should have wondered at its subtle and fruitful significance. Both of these scenes are handled with uncommon novelty and power. Jonah, naked, is running up the beach, just having scrambled upon his feet, after being cast out by the hideous monster before us. A huge wave is chasing him fiercely, and half submerges him in its angry foam, as if it would accomplish the destruction in which the baffled whale had failed. His face is full of unspeakable thankfulness and terror. In wonderful contrast is the serene majesty of Him who is not cast fearfully forth by devouring death at the command of God, but rises from his sepulchre as if it were, as it was, but the couch of momentary and peaceful slumber. The sepulchre is not a cave but a sarcophagus, — a common stone coffin. The "stone" is the huge slab that covers it, which is pushed away as carelessly as if it were the silken coverlet of a bed of down. He is thus brought nearer to us in fate and in consolation, than if

seen emerging from a cave. It is at once more terrible and more triumphant to come forth from the familiar and fearful coffin.

Bossuet's heart lies in a chapel beside the choir; his body is in the Sainte Chapelle. Des Cartes rests here. A gilded epitaph on a black slab states that he first, after the revival of letters in Europe, while preserving the authority of Christian faith, vindicated and asserted the rights of human reason. Now he enjoys the sight of the truth which he especially worshipped. "Qui primus a renovatis in Europa bonarum litterarum studiis rationis humanæ jura salva fidei Christianæ auctoritate vindicavit et asservit. Nunc veritatis quam unice coluit conspectu fruitur."

Other tombs and trophies testify to the high position it holds. But nothing ensures it its high place so much as the rare conceptions of Flandin. Be sure, if you see Paris, to enjoy the frescos of St. Germain des Prés.

ST. ROCH AND ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

The Archbishop was but an archdeacon when I heard him. He has since towered into the Papal primacy of England, and will doubtless into one of the cardinalships of the world. His elevation to the mitre of Westminster recalls a summer morning hour spent in that pleasantest of bowers, the cool and shaded arches of a church. Looking over the calendar of "Galignani," at breakfast, to find some stimulant for my already ennuyéd curiosity, I saw that he was announced to preach that morning at the Church of St. Roch. I concluded that the day might properly open with such a novelty. This church has other attractions than the one especially sought. History, art, music, monuments, make it one of the most attractive temples of Paris. It stands in the Rue St. Honoré, the Nassau Street of Paris, equally crowded and narrow,

but cleaner, longer, and better set off with shops, and running behind and parallel with the costlier Rivoli, as that with Broadway.

A row of steps extends along the whole front of the church, rising some fifteen feet to the entrance. The *façade* is in good taste, but not ornate nor majestic. You can pause on these steps a moment, and recall two or three scenes of which they were a witness and a sharer. Louis the Great and Anne of Austria laid its corner-stone; so that it possesses that high quality in its origin which, in spite of ourselves, attracts ourselves. Yet sufficiently democratic scenes have attended its history to satisfy the greatest lover of compensation. The people of the Revolution crowded these steps, as Paul de la Roche, following fact, places them, in his well-known picture, to see Marie Antoinette led to the guillotine. You can easily reproduce the sad and savage scene. The scowling mob, the tall, hard grenadiers, the solemn face of the doomed, and the end not far off. Go down the street a half a mile, turn to your left, and the Place de la Concorde is before you. There royalty bled unto the death in France. It has sprouted often since, and grown to a tiny height, but the axe of democracy comes down upon it ere it attains the solidity of a tree, and the bushy branches are levelled to the root. That root itself will be extirpated ere many years, and the tree of democracy and Christianity be the tree of life to this priest-ridden, tyrant-ridden people.

Here happened a second act in that strange, eventful history. Bonaparte here planted his cannon, which swept both the mob that opposed, and the Directory that commanded him, into destruction. The young artillerist achieved much in that cannonade. He subdued Paris and France at one charge. Well had it been for himself, no less for Paris, France, and the world, had he also then subdued himself. Yet no one man can create his era. His am-

bition did not destroy republicanism; his retirement, had he chosen that course, could not have saved it. The people were not ready for it, because they were not fit for it; and their unfitness arose from the very cause that led us hither, — their religion. It will be found impossible, we believe, to maintain a true democracy where Papacy is the ruling religion. Its forms, ideas, history, and spirit are hostile to the liberty, equality, and fraternity of man. We must yet meet that question in America. Romanism, as a form of Church government, must be destroyed ere the world is saved. This necessity is seen in a third event that also transpired here. The mob of 1848, stealing a cross from the Tuileries, reverently march up these steps and deposit it upon the altar. That was a great improvement outwardly, we trust inwardly, on the procession which their fathers made in honor of a courtesan as the Goddess of Reason. Yet their faith was still but darkness. The gilded image of a cross is as powerless to save as a wretched woman. The second Napoleon seized on this last overfaith, as the first did on the former unfaith, and made it the instrument of his success. Through Papacy he rules. What they want is faith in God, in Christ, and in themselves as His servants, humble and true. Then comes enduring political regeneration, because following that which is spiritual and personal.

But, leaving these loquacious steps, let us enter the church. It is of the usual sort; a lofty arched nave, costly and gaudy choir, chapels running around its walls, with pictures, statuary, and tombs. The chief of the last are the tombs of Corneille and the Abbé de l'Epée, the first teacher of deaf mutes. Behind the choir are two large chapels; the first, a gorgeous reproduction of the Holy of Holies. There is the golden altar and ark, the shew-bread and tables, with the light of the Shekinah painted above. That *painted* Shekinah is an exact type of the

Papal Church. Its glory is all human, artificial, lifeless. The divine glory dwells not with it as in its earliest history; but, like the Jews of the times of Christ, they refuse to see the true light, and hasten to extinguish it in the ferocity of their hate and the pomp of their pretensions. Behind this chapel is another, with a sculptured pile of rock representing Calvary, on which, high up in a recess, is a marble crucifixion. Near by, another pile of rock and group of statuary reproduce the entombment. Very striking are these, and, with a beautiful statue of the Madonna in yet another recess, under a starry canopy, and glittering with candles, combine to give the chapel a most unique and fascinating aspect. The Chapel of the Virgin was full, while that of the Holy Sacrament, as the outer one was called, was nearly empty.

But we linger about the church rather than gather around the preacher. It is not the unwisest course; for the church is innocent as well as interesting. It may teach truth to those who will read it aright. Not so the preacher. Yet let us listen. Perhaps we shall find some wheat even among his tares, which shall strengthen our possibly too sceptical faiths.

A thin congregation of English-looking persons are seated in chairs about the middle of the nave, around a pulpit hung up against a pillar. The organ and singers have been giving forth exquisite music, such as my ears never drunk in before, — so soft, round, full, divine. No wonder this system retains its power, when it commands the service of such accessories.

The music dies away, and the beadle is heard striking his staff on the pavement, as he strides pompously to the foot of the pulpit pillar. He is followed by the preacher, who hastens up the stairs, and, with no preliminary but a word of prayer, begins his discourse. He is a tall, spare man, between fifty-five and sixty. His voice is thin and light, his manner quiet but intense, as though

he held himself in with bit and bridle, and could storm fearfully were it necessary. He was dressed in a purple robe, white embroidered muslin sleeves, and a jaunty black cap, looking more like a smoking-cap than that of a priest. The two doubtless equally express conviviality and consecration. This cap he raised from his head whenever he pronounced the name of Christ, though I noticed, in the fervor of his discourse, or in the immaturity of his conversion, he forgot to lift it several times when he spoke the sacred name. Probably as archbishop he will be more watchful than he was when merely archdeacon.

It was the festival of Corpus Christi, and his subject was the "Presence of Christ in the Church;" the text, "Lo, I am with you all the days till the consummation of all things." His faith was so full that it burst forth almost in the first word, and continued to the end.

"The Church," he said, "comes from the body or earthly presence of Christ. The mystical and sacramental church both spring from his natural body. As the first Eve was formed from the side of the first Adam, so the second Eve was created out of the second Adam. Before the incarnation there was no Church. The elect existed, scattered and disjoined; but there was no body, no church, for no body of Christ could be when as yet the head was not."

I thought of "the Church in the Wilderness" that Stephen so ignorantly declared unto the Jews, and wondered how much shorter would have been his address on that occasion had he told them their fathers had no ecclesiastical being. But this was essential to the preacher's unreason. For he would have then had to trace the Papal supremacy to Caiphas rather than to Peter, and it would have conflicted badly with the theories he professed.

From this natural and material relation of the Church to Christ he deduced all the favorite points of his creed.

The Church is one ; there cannot be two bodies for one head. It is indivisible. Whatever is cut from it perishes. All fragmentary Christianities are but the crumbling *débris* of the eternal mountain of Romanism. It is immortal ; the body cannot die so long as its head, Christ, and its heart, the Holy Ghost, are alive. It can never err, because its head is truth. With an infallible voice, it utters the decisions of the infallible reason that proceed from the infallible Mind which illuminates it. Hence, finally, its decrees are sovereign ; not only in its sphere, but in the earth. No civic power can control it, or have equality beside it. It is the supreme, the solitary voice of God to men.

The second division he dwelt upon with the greater ardor, chiefly because its conclusions were the more absurd. From the natural body of Christ springs the sacramental as well as the ecclesiastical body. As life from the dying seed so came this life from the dying Saviour, — so the Church from Calvary. He withdrew his visible presence from Jerusalem that he might manifest himself throughout the world in his eucharistic presence. That this was his real presence, his own words prove, " Lo I am with you all the days ; " not as a spirit, " for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have ; " a spirit is not substance, but he is present as a substance, and that can *only* be in the real presence in the eucharist. The whole Church is but the Shekinah where his sacramental presence dwells.

He dwelt upon the desolation of those who reject this truth. Constantinople, as it was and is, was finely pictured. England was painted in equally dark colors. Her cathedrals and churches were fondly and longingly described. A true Briton he evidently was, no less than a true Papist.

He again referred to his sacramental profanities, as though he knew some who found them hard to swallow,

stating that the experience of this real substance in the Eucharist, the flesh and bones of Christ in their crispy wafer, was to be found only in faith. Christ gives himself bodily; but he must be received spiritually. He gives himself flesh and blood; we must eat him heart and soul. This makes the receiver superior to the giver, as much as spirit is above matter. It also dodged the difficulty it sought to reduce; for what is my faith to the priestly power? His anointed hands make the wafer God. Can my unanointed lips destroy that divinity? Then I am master of the priest, pope of the Pope. It must be real flesh in my teeth whether I discern it or not, and its divine power possesses me whether I will or not.

His allowing the faith of the individual to be one of the elements in Transubstantiation, is going a good ways towards Protestantism.

But it is not my intention to criticize, but only to report, the discourse. It has many other gulfs which it leaped but did not bridge, especially the ignoring of all reference to the blood of Christ. He only said, "He that eateth my flesh, shall live by me," carefully omitting "and drinketh my blood"; for these tempters and seducers of the second and unerring Eve, the Church, have appropriated the cup to themselves; and the gusto with which they pour it down their throats shows that they have a carnal if not a spiritual apprehension of its virtues.

Such is the faith and zeal of England's new Papal primate; an adroit mixer of truth with error, solely in the interests of error; one who can take the great facts of the Atonement and the Church and make them vehicles of idolatry, superstition, imperialism, persecution, heresy, and every sin. He will be found as subtle and energetic as his predecessor. With less scholasticism, he has more popular gifts. His preaching is easy, elegant, and earnest.

He will push the cause he represents with unceasing vigor, while his once influential position in the Establishment may enable him to make inroads upon its half-papistic sections. If it shall result in its dismemberment, and in casting the whole Protestant force of the kingdom as a unit against the aggressor, it will be for the best to all the churches and all the realm.

It was pleasant to escape from the pestiferous breath of such perversions of the blessed truth as it is in Jesus, into the purer air of the secular and sinful streets without. They are worldly and wicked, but not hypocritical. They do not call sin virtue, though they do pleasure. Both are of the Wicked One; but the last is his most useful ally. Not till such heresies and heresiarchs are overthrown, will the world be renewed unto Christ.

In form, complexion, looks, and manners, the Archbishop strikingly resembles Jefferson Davis. Both are traitors to the truth they once professed; both leaders in great rebellions. May the superior rebellion which he directs speedily follow the lesser one of America, and Papacy with its chief priests lie down in the dust by the side of slavery and its potentates.

The Catholic Church founded by Jesus Christ will exist for ever after Protestantism from the corrupted principles

XVIII.

A DAY IN PARIS.

I AM painfully sensible of the meaning of the well-known French saying about the embarrassment of riches. Paris overwhelms me with its abundance. I cannot see my way out of my embarrassment better than to give you a diary of the sights and explorations of one day. I have no love for diaries, and consider them usually about the dullest kind of writing and of reading. I presume this effort will but confirm me in my opinion. If a man deliberately sits down and talks with himself in this manner, he is apt to be neither witty nor wise. I do not recall, at this moment, a single diary of genius. Those of leaders inaugurating and developing civil or religious movements — Washington's, Adams's, Wesley's, and Asbury's — have an official and historic value, but only a very little literary or intellectual. We do not read such journals to learn the quality of their mind. They would never be read at all had they not achieved greatness otherwise. Those who are not engaged in such enterprises may therefore suspend their weary daily summaries of all the big and little matters in which they have intermeddled. But while this sort of writing is stale, flat, and unprofitable, it is rich and rewardful to jot down the thoughts that spring up to the surface from the unconscious depths of your being, and which, if not instantly caught, will drop back into their dark unfathomed caves; "the obstinate ques-

tionings, fallings from us, vanishings," which show more than all else how vast and how deep is the sea of being over which your little bark of consciousness is sailing alone. Transfix these with your pen on your journal, and they will be valuable both now and in the future, for yourself, perchance for the world. Call them seeds of things, flying fish, *ignes fatui*, whatever you please. John Foster's Life has a thousand of these germs, many of them of the rarest quality. Apart from that, one dislikes to bring the inner and innermost life into this upper air. It is not the medium in which they were born and where they can live. Byron was right in saying

> "I'll live and die unheard
> With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword."

And yet no man, after all, more completely revealed himself in his writings than he. So did Foster; so may others, who profess and perhaps imagine that they blind their friends as to the secrets of their hearts. The roofs of our souls are open, like those of Eastern houses; and our neighbors are all *Asmodei*, and see and know all that is going on within.

But I am writing an essay, not a journal. Very well; you will be more likely to read it. Having travelled alone from nine o'clock in the morning till nine at night, I cannot better spend the hour or two before midnight and sleep arrive, than in going over my day's work with you. If you get tired, listen to the music of that band that comes from the beautiful concert-garden on the opposite side of the Champs Elysées.

ST. DENIS.

The first point we aim at is the Church of Saint Denis. If you desire to be really Parisian, you must say, *Saaingg Denee*, with much more of a nasal twang than your American breeding requires for its own use. We mount an omnibus under the Arch of Napoleon, and move round the

city from the west to the north, over a broad Boulevard, hard, smooth, well sprinkled, and lined with trees. We are in the corporation, and among compact streets, but in a new part of the town that resembles an American city in brightness, briskness, and broadness. Its houses, however, are all of stone. Brick is rarely if ever used. It is a half-crystallized or marbleized white limestone, which cuts so easy that all the carving and polishing are done after the house is built. When you see one of these fine houses going up, you would think it was but rough blocks, like plaster or adobe houses, piled on each other. Wait awhile, and it will be covered with sculpture. Cornices, heads, statues, all beauties, will come out of the ugly mass. These would crumble in building if put on at first, but grow harder with exposure.

A few rods from our starting point we pass the Parc Monceaux, which is an admirable specimen of how much the French can do with a little. It contains only ten or a dozen acres; and yet in that small compass there is a grotto, a hill, a waterfall, a high bridge spanning a drive, a ruin of a long row of pillars, — beside a lake under the trees, — a river, thickets, gardens, drives, with flowers and fountains in abundance. It is a perfect gem, though originally, probably, flat and waterless.

Next comes Montmartre, a hill with its cemetery, in which many English, and not a few Americans, sleep. For Paris is not Paradise in its immortality, however much some may fancy it is in its enjoyability. After a ride of two miles, we reach the street which leads to St. Denis. Hence to the Royal Cathedral is three miles; and as it is a beautiful summer morning, and we are pretending to rough it, we go a-foot.

The road is as straight as an arrow, and is called La Grande Rue, or the Great Street, partly for its width, but chiefly for its uses. We soon leave the city pavements with the close-built houses, and close-packed smells that

all cities as well as ships possess, and, passing the tasteful iron gates of the fortifications, enter the country.

The street is very wide, and lined with four rows of trees, large and luxuriant. A walk under them can but be agreeable, especially when we remember that the clergy of Paris have more than once walked over this road. Once, it is said, in full array of purple and scarlet and fine linen, they went on foot all the way from Nôtre Dame to St. Denis to meet a king. Being both priest and king, as we pray that we and all our countrymen and all the world may be forever, we have a double right to perform this journey on foot. And now, as we go, let me tell you what we are going for. For some of you don't know, and the wisest of you don't know as much as you think you do. For instance, can you tell me, Dear Scholasticus, (you who know all about St. Denis,) who he was, when he lived, how he died, where he was buried, and how he came to be the patron saint of Paris and of France? You scratch your head, and well you may, for all the libraries of America and Europe cannot answer those questions.

Wishing myself to examine this subject, I went to the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève last night, a fine library of two hundred and ten thousand volumes, and yet less than half of the Imperial Library; but that is not open evenings. I made known my wishes through a German, English, and French interpreter; but the librarian had no life of St. Denis, did not know anything about him, and handed me a little volume on the Abbey and the Church. This debated the question as to his death and burial-place, but said nothing about him. Attacking the chief librarian with my broken French, he also said there was no life of him here; but at last summoned one of those remarkable men found in every library, who know just where every book is and what is in it, — and that is all they know. He brought me three books; a ponderous

folio, an ancient quarto, and a modern octavo. The first discussed at tedious length, in stateliest French, the questions of his burial, but said nothing about him. The second, like some other books I have seen, had a list, three or four pages long, of authors consulted in getting up this remarkable biography, and was full of Latin quotations confirming its positions, and yet had no biography to tell nor positions to confirm. The last was a snug modern Roman Catholic magazine, that told you just what you wanted to know in half a column, and yet, like Romanism too in that, pretending to know everything, it told you nothing, because it knew nothing.

From them all I gathered that St. Denis was an Athenian and an Areopagite; that he came to Rome in the year 72; that he was sent to Gaul under St. Ignatius and by Pope Clement; that he was beheaded A. D. 272 and 292; that a heathen woman, touched with sympathy, begged and buried his body; that a Christian woman stole it away while they slept and buried it; that on that spot they built the Abbey, now and for many centuries the sepulchre of the kings of France. You see how happily these Catholics agree. Said I not truly you could not answer all the questions on this subject? The infallible Pope would be puzzled, possibly. All we know is, that Denis was a missionary, who preached the gospel to these poor heathen, and was murdered by the rulers, just as those who worship him now would murder us if they dared, for preaching the very gospel that he proclaimed — salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. It is certain that a church was built here to his memory in the fifth century. A tradition of Paris is that the street that bears his name was marked out by him as he walked, with his head in his hands, seeking a grave. If so, it might have been good policy to have beheaded some of the other surveyors of the streets, for his street is one of the straightest of the ancient city. It is enough to know

that he was a good Christian of the time before superstition and error had largely invaded the Church.

But letting St. Denis sleep, we may remember that we are walking over a road that is the most solemn, in one sense, in France. For thirteen hundred years its dead kings have been carried over it. Through the street of St. Denis they made their royal entrance; for it was the Broadway of Paris. Through it, too, they made their royal exit. Nine tenths, probably, of her kings were carried hither from their palaces. Wherever they died, whether at Paris, Versailles, or elsewhere, they are brought here to rest. So you can get up in your mind, if you choose, all that funereal pomp, as we are drawing near to the church; the long procession of priests in black with white vestments; the soldiers, bands, banners craped, carriages, and people; while Dagobert, Pepin, Louis, or Francis, rides among them, cold and stark in his pompous shroud.

The church is imposing, but not as much so as one would expect. Externally, it consists of one tower, three doors, a large rose-window, and all manner of grotesque carving in stone. Part of this was built by Charlemagne; but his church, as that before, was chiefly rebuilt in the twelfth century by Abbé Segur, and afterwards improved by St. Louis in the thirteenth century. So the latest dates of the latest erections give us six centuries of solid time on which to build up our imaginations.

Two mottoes over the central porch, one by the Abbe Segur and one by Louis Philippe, are strikingly diverse in taste. The Abbé asks that St. Denis may pray that he shall get to heaven for showing this labor of love for Christ and his church. Louis Philippe says that Napoleon sought to restore the fruit of centuries, which a raging tempest in one day destroyed. But he too fell by a like ruin, and Philippe completed the work.

"Rursus pendet opus, nam concidit ipse ruina
At qui perficeret cœpta, Philippus erat."

Napoleon III. can add that Louis Philippe likewise tumbled ere he had finished the work he had undertaken; and somebody may say the same afterwards of him.

Enter. It is imposing, very; pillars, arches, aisles, all. The churches here are generally alike. First a nave, or central aisle, broad and high, the farther half or third, usually but not always, separated by a screen, or organ, or railing, from the first; so, though the roof shows the whole length, the floor does not. Then side-aisles, not often as high-arched as the centre, pillars on both sides of them, and from the outer pillars to the walls little enclosures, railed in front, and walled on the sides. These are called chapels. On these walls usually are paintings or statues. Each has an altar and a confessional. They go around the church. Some of them are very handsome, and adorned in a very costly style; especially those in the rear of the choir, or at the extreme end of the chancel. In the transepts are also chapels. Thus is it with St. Denis. In the side-chapels and choir are its kings, what is left of them. There Napoleon the Great is to be carried, to be tossed into the ditch in due time, probably, as his friends tossed his predecessors. For you know — *you* know that, dear Historicus — that those kings who came out here so pretentiously, and thought themselves so much better than their neighbors, were nearly all taken up in the great Revolution, and cast into a trench on the north side of the church. "Where is Louis Fourteenth?" I asked the conductor, who was showing us the few that escaped. "Ah, pell-mell," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, and tossing out his hands and laughing. What would the grand Louis have said had he dreamed that a Frenchman could have ever spoken thus irreverently of his ashes? But they know that this is all sham, as much as you do, and their voices sound so. The vergers of England worship the dust they point out. Every tone is imbued

with an awful reverence, tempered with sixpences. Here it is imbued with the sixpence alone. And that they take as though they were ashamed to receive it for such nonsense.

Only three tombs escaped the Democrats, the best of which are those of Francis I. and Louis XIII. These are set off with statues and canopies. Dagobert's tomb is new and Gothic. Napoleon I. is to have his on the right of the high altar. Dagobert is on the left, the founder of an empire being of course greater than the founder of only a nation. The windows are profusely and some of them splendidly painted, mostly with scenes in the lives of the kings. Napoleon, in 1810, is pointing out the spot where he would be buried. He was at the top of his glory then, and had entirely forgotten the hole of the pit whence he was digged, and into which he was to be cast again so soon. The whole look is factitious, brilliant, gay, false. I like England's taste much better. She does not fix up the royal tombs, not even to wipe off their dust. I asked a verger if they never brushed them up. "Never," he replied. Most of them are as plain as if in a country churchyard, and some have no stone at all. As the verger said of several kings in the Abbey, "The record of the dean is the only proof that they lie here." Good sense like that has had no little to do with the perpetuity of the English throne. With all its pride and power it is not vain. These Bourbons and Napoleons never lack that trait. "I am Emperor, and you must know it." "*L'état c'est moi*," Louis the Great declares. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth and William never *said* they were the State; but they felt that they were, none the less.

Let us leave the pompous fane, with its little remnant of royal dust, and the obliterated and forgotten spot where the most of it sleeps, and return to Paris. As funeral processions go out slow and return quick, so we will take the cars back. They fly along the green-

banked Seine and soon transfer us from the church of the most ancient, to that of the most popular, saint,

ST. VINCENT DE PAULE.

A lofty seat, and a broad, deep carriage-way give this the air of roominess so seldom attained in a city church. An Ionic portico adorns its entrance. The outside, however, is not especially attractive. Within, it bursts upon you in a splendor, not of architecture but of art: though rows of polished red pillars springing fifty feet into the air are not without an architectural delight. Its crowning charm is in its frescos. The genius of M. Flandin, which fascinated us in the golden basilica of St. Germain des Prés, has here flowered into almost as rich results. The three sides, where with us is the plain front of a gallery, are adorned with a procession of saints and martyrs of all ages and of one faith. They move from the centre, over the entrance, to Christ, in the vault over the altar. He is seated upon his throne, surrounded by approving angels. Over the door is an altar, and two preachers are near it addressing neophytes, and pointing them to the glorious procession of heroic saints that wind on either hand along the pillars up to the Captain of their Salvation, whose example and spirit they have feebly, though to the best of their ability, imitated.

But few paintings for spirituality, imagination, and grace can compare with this calm but jubilant company. All the figures are admirable, and many are unspeakably beautiful. Mary Magdalene, with streaming eyes, dishevelled hair, and naked feet; Queen Helena in her royal robes, and her head bent over the sacred cross which she carries in her hands; St. Cecilia with her harp; Peter with the key, and leading the Apostles; Paul next behind with a sword; Charlemagne, St. Louis, Christopherus, bending under the weight of the Child Jesus;—but what

does this dry cataloguing amount to? You could study them for hours, they are so full of the beauty of devotion. They are not intended to be worshipped; so I am in no danger of idolatry. But as the portrait of Fletcher in his saintliness and Whitfield in his fervor affect you, so do these also. I shall not discuss here the subject I am drifting upon: what is the true ornamentation of a church? I only wish you could have spent that hour with me at St. Vincent de Paule's, and beg you, when you come to Paris, to enjoy this Christian luxury.

We emerge into the light of common day, walk through a narrow street, and pass a large building, once consecrated as the halting-place of the bodies of kings on their way to St. Denis. For they made two processions and two days of it, in order to astonish the people, and because they really fancied they were so big they could not be buried in one day. They came out of their graves in a much shorter time.

A FUNERAL.

Here is a church with black hangings over the door; they are trimmed with white, and have the letter R wrought in white on the upper part. That is a sign that there is a funeral inside; the "R" is probably for "Resurrection." Let us go in and weep with those who weep. It is better to go to the house of mourning, even in Paris, than to the house of feasting, although this is the business as well as pleasure of this city. In the middle of the aisle, before the choir, is the coffin, under a pall of black velvet crossed with bars of white, wrought silk, hanging over a framework a little larger than the coffin; tall candles are burning all around it. In the choir are the singers opposite each other, boys and men, with long black robes and white short muslin ones above them; the priests face the altar, back to the coffin. They chant and

sing the service, sometimes the priest alone, sometimes one band of singers, sometimes the other, sometimes all together, the organ often joining in. Then they come and surround the coffin, and sing and chant as before; then the beadle, a tall, half-military-dressed man, in a cocked hat and with a great *bâton*, marches them off; each of the men and women present then takes a little horse-hair brush and sprinkles the head of the coffin with holy water. It is then carried out by four men in shining black hats, looking like policemen, probably hired undertakers, put into a hearse which looks like a coach, and is so far an improvement on ours, and they start off, with gentlemen on foot and ladies left behind altogether. One poor lady was bowed in agony; she and two others near her seemed the only mourners. I saw another funeral with far less display than this a day or two ago; two candles, no singing, a little mumbling, a sprinkle of water, and the white, pine, unpainted coffin was removed to its five years' home, — for the grave is not the long home of a poor Parisian; in five years his lease expires, and he gives way to his brother.

Death makes us all brothers, and though I could not understand the words, I could their spirit and tone and meaning. I knew they were singing of death and of Him who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through His gospel. Thanks be unto God for that unspeakable gift.

This church of St. Nicholas has been built, some of it over seven hundred years. It has witnessed many, many such griefs as this; it probably will many more.

Some beautiful pictures are on its walls, and a series of carvings in oak of events in the Old Testament and the life of Christ; very grotesque are some of them,—all very animated. Moses in the ark is moving down stream very rapidly, and the women hurrying to stop it. Daniel is being let down into the lion's den in a swing. The den

is full of men that they are devouring; one is vainly trying to fly a fierce lion who is about to spring upon him; another has his head already in the jaws. For foot-square carvings they are very expressive; those of the Passion of Christ are touching and powerful.

THE STREETS.

A few rods and we come upon the spot where a tower stood, in which Louis XVI. and his wife were confined, and whence he went to his death. Touissant L'Ouverture, a greater man, also pined away here, with thoughts, like those of Louis, of revolution; unlike him, of the liberty of his people. It was an old fortress of the Knights Templars, and has been demolished, and a *petite* park is in its place, full of flowers, sporting children, smoking men, and knitting women. No bad substitute; yet the air is full of memories that their forgetfulness cannot obliterate.

Close by is the queerest thing in Paris, — the market for old clothes. Under low roofs are little stalls with passages a foot or two wide; each stall is full of second-hand articles, — dry-goods, clothing, shoes, caps, dresses, furnishing goods, each a separate department. It is full of customers; the goods look respectable, and are probably cheap. This institution is so profitable that the government is going to put up an enormous iron building, artistic and spacious; and a half a million of francs have been given for the rent of it. There are to be twenty-four hundred divisions, of four square yards. Twenty-four hundred shops under one roof! Just think of it when you have leisure.

Let us go out on the Boulevards. How lively they are! We emerge upon them at the Porte or Arch of St. Denis, erected by Louis the Great to commemorate his glories; but near its pedestal are bigger words than

any he put upon it, — "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." Napoleon has almost obliterated them; but they are not quite washed out, and he knows that

"Even in their ashes live their wonted fires."

They will blaze forth again. How expressive those words are! America has not yet learnt them in all their fulness; to one sixth of her people she may be willing to give liberty, but not equality, and especially fraternity. She must do it. They are our brethren: we must treat them as such.

You would not think that this broad and brilliant street had been the scene of many a bloody struggle. Yet it has. Where those words are printed, battles, in all their political revolutions, have been fought. Even as late as the last *coup-d'état*, this gateless gate and the neighboring one of St. Martin were the scenes of Napoleon's bloodiest carnage. The crowds, witnessing, as they supposed, a military display, suddenly became the recipients of showers of bullets that made the streets run blood. Kinglake's past looks sadly upon you from the gay present. Walking half a mile up this broad sidewalk, filled with chattering loungers or sitters at the tables in front of the *cafés*, tasting their creams and wines, and we are at the site of the Bastile, now an open space with a lofty iron column, a gilded statue of Liberty, poised on one foot, having a torch in one hand and a broken chain in the other. This does not look like the dreary prison, with its secret cells and life-long inmates and unutterable miseries. We began with the scattered tombs and dust of kings; we end with this levelled pile. They deserved the retribution. They treated their brothers as dogs: how should they themselves be treated? Vengeance and Justice always move in a straight line; so did the Divine vengeance of that hour. "They will yet tempt the people to idolatry," said their Jeffersons and Jacksons,

and they scattered the ashes so that it might not be moulded again into golden calves to seduce and destroy the people. What they feared has happened. Napoleon is trying to make them worship men, not principles. He will not succeed. Let America expel slavery and caste from her soil, and the people will soon drive monarchy from Europe. Louis Philippe tried to make this monument help to establish his family: he made it a memorial of his rise to power; but they took his throne from the Tuileries, brought it three miles through the rejoicing Boulevards, and burned it here, — on the only spot which he had sought to use for his private ambition. So may they yet Napoleon's.

Shall we walk down the noted St. Antoine, the hive of revolutions? Its Faubourg, or corresponding street beyond the Boulevard, is, as it always has been, narrow, crooked, and crowded. That running hence to the Tuileries has been made straight, as if the people had opened a short way to the throne and meant to keep it open. It is a very handsome street, called Rivoli, with the upper stories, for nearly two miles, built over an arched and pillared sidewalk.

PALAIS ROYAL.

But it is time to think of dining. To have worked so hard in such a city, where eating is supposed to be the chief pursuit, and never to have referred to it, argues great ignorance of the true vocation of a Parisian explorer. Yet it is more Parisian than you suppose. For, with a just sense of the excellency of this institution, the real business of eating is reserved till the severer and grosser work of the day is concluded. A cup of coffee, a roll, and an egg, briefly open the day. A *dejeûner à la fourchette*, or breakfast with a fork, is interjected with almost equal brevity amid the pressing hours of noon. But these burdens being rolled off with the descending

sun, it is now eminently fitting that the art of eating should be joyfully cultivated. And as Handel sat down to his compositions amid the music of exultant song, so we may engage in this service with like exhilaration of soul. Nay, we can have the accompanying music also.

As we come along the busy Rivoli, the immense pile of the Louvre and Tuileries looms up on our left. Opposite its nearest, or Louvre front, a square opens, breaking the uniformity of the street with its bustling fulness of omnibuses. On its farther side a palatial front attracts notice. Not the spiritual but the bodily taste draws us thither. That is the only palace in the world, still occupied as such by an heir of the crown, that is used also for stores and restaurants. Entering a side passage, the main entrance being guarded by soldiers in the royal style, we pass through a long corridor and emerge into a shaded arcade running round an open quadrangle. The inner side of the walk is lined with the shops of jewellers, booksellers, dealers in costly *bonbons*, or *cafés* that are world-wide in reputation. The second story is devoted almost exclusively to eating. Many signs along the walk offer you a dinner for two francs. We ascend, and enter light, airy, spacious rooms, overlooking the garden and fountain below. Getting a chair by the window, you can enjoy the changeful spectacle. The viands send forth a pleasant smell, with which those of the park below agreeably agree. The eye is gratified with the cleanly spectacle within, and the brilliant one without. Promenaders are sauntering before the shops; dandily dressed gentlemen are sipping coffee in the open tents that are permitted to invade the edge of the lawn; a crowd is standing, or sitting on the chairs around the fountain, near which is gathered a military band, that, by order of the government, here discourses music for an hour each night. The music pleases the ear, and the dishes the palate. Every

sense is in process of feeding at the same time. Thus feasting the whole man, we spend the hour over our soup, three courses of meat, the concluding comfits, and a cup of rare coffee, which, with some difficulty, we obtain in exchange for the cheaper and poorer bottle of wine. Two sous are the expected additional fee to the waiters; so that you accomplish the whole entertainment — sights, sounds, odors, and tastes — for the modest sum of forty-two cents. If this should seem too large for your purse and your prospective expenditures in farther journeyings, you can dine *à la carte* for half the sum; or, at the humbler Crêmerie or Bouillon, for from six to ten cents, having enough and what is good enough to eat, with the privilege of conforming to the first law of French gourmands, — leave off a little before you are done, and so let hunger have a chance to grow a new appetite in due season.

Ere we conclude our slowly eaten dinner, the music has ended, the area is empty, and the lights are flashing gayly from the corridors below. We walk past the glittering windows, enjoying the taste with which care and carelessness exquisitely combine in their display. See, for instance, that jeweller's window full of silver spoons tossed in as with a silver shovel, a mass of dazzling ore.

HOMEWARD.

Rue Rivoli is radiant with life and light. We wander bedazzled beneath its blazing arches, looking at the array of pictures, laces, jewels, and all, — the *bijouterie* of Paris. The lightless mass of the imperial buildings, occupying the opposite side, lower, heavy and threatening, upon the careless crowd of pleasure-seekers that flow beneath it, like a phosphorescent current beneath a black o'erjutting precipice. It not unaptly typifies the relation of the government and the people, a cold and frowning tyranny overhanging a gay and thoughtless populace. Yet, as the

stream will ultimately wear away the mountain, so will the people this despotism; and as the most of this magnificent pile is now devoted to their culture in art, science, and literature, so will the rest be to their self-government.

The Place de la Concorde introduces us to a new type of life. The Champs Elysées are in all their glory. Vanity Fair is in full dress. Bands are executing the finest music to inside sitters and outside listeners, who are permitted to stand and hear, but who cannot so much as lean upon a post or tree. The police compel them to abandon that relief. If they cannot literally "stand it," they must leave, or pay their franc and take the desired seat within the railing. Handsome singers, "dressed to kill" (I am afraid that is too true a phrase), under canopies glowing with silken draperies, flowers, and scores of burning jets, sing to sipping ice-creamers and wine-bibbers, sitting under the trees. The refreshments are sold, the concert free. Intermingled with these are circuses, merry-andrews, Punch and Judy, circular swings, with a ring of youth, often gray-headed, revolving in their carriages or upon their horses. The lights of hundreds of carriages moving up and down the avenue complete the changeful panorama. But all this is to be seen, not told. How can black ink and white paper produce the enticing bewilderments of the place and hour?

BON SOIR.

Thus ends our day in Paris, and a hard day's work it has been. Still it will take twenty such to "do" the town. It was ten when I began this journal, and now it is after two in the morning. To the long work of the day has been joined the long work of the night. The music I told you to relieve yourself with at the beginning, ceased an hour ago. Sweepers are moving through

the street, doing their cleansing work when nobody can be soiled by it. The mighty city is dropping off to sleep. Its sorrowful, joyful, wicked, pious hearts are still. Here and there are anxious watchers, agonized mourners, pain-riven victims going through the dark river, with light I hope upon their faces. Here and there are revellers and wretches, restless in sin. But most, whether sinful or saintly, sorrowful or sorrowless, are in the arms of sleep and of God; for He causeth his sleep, as well as his sun, to come upon the evil and the good. Nothing is more awe-inspiring than to walk the streets of a great city when its millions are thus as it were alive in death and dead in life. But He that keepeth them doth neither slumber nor sleep. Let us put ourselves in His parental arms.

XIX.

PICTURES AND PALACES.

PICTURES and Palaces are more closely united in Europe than one at first imagines. Their relations are not a little strange. The pictures were first introduced into the palaces as a royal luxury. The eyes of plebeians, except as servants of the court, never rested upon them. Their own fathers would not have been allowed to gaze upon them after their adoption into the royal family. Till the French Revolution, these galleries were enjoyed only by patricians. Now, by a not unfamiliar law, the pictures are almost the sole preservative of many palaces. The ivy upholds the crumbling wall. In France, Germany, and Italy they occupy often the vacant haunts of royalty; and the people see gratuitously, and are considered to own, both the palace and its costly contents. Paris appropriates three royal palaces chiefly to art; one of them, Versailles, has that use alone. Florence, Rome, Vienna, Venice, share the common lot. When will Windsor and Buckingham be like unto them?

The Louvre is the first and the last fascination of Paris. Temples, streets, *cafés*, and parks, all yield the palm to art. Hither then let us wend our way. I have kept from it far longer seemingly than in fact, and that instinctively; for I have shrunk from inviting you to walk along this colorless page and fancy yourself gazing on the brilliant walls of this palace of genius.

The most fascinating objects are the least easily described. We yield to their power in speechless emotion. To portray them is to equal them. We can as readily paint the pictures in colors as with the pen. But you may say, "Do not the copyists, so busy everywhere before these masterpieces, reproduce the renowned originals?" Far from it. If they could, they would paint equally renowned originals of their own. No man will copy when he can create. They give the elements of the picture, its forms and colors, but its life and glory, its subtle something, which is its genius, no copyist can catch unless equal to the creator. As easily can the translator give the perfect original as the painter his. If Pope or Cowper, Tennyson or Longfellow translate Homer, they give us a better picture than mere scholars and rhymers do, though far below the master, and far below even their own original productions. Who puts Cowper's "Homer" by the side of his "Task"? His play was his work; his work, his play.

If, therefore, artists cannot give you the pictures of Paris, much less can I. But as the poorest copies are suggestive of their marvellous originals, so my bald, black, skeleton lines may dimly represent the grand creations.

They are collected in two galleries, — that of the Louvre and that of the Luxembourg. Let us look first at the former. I have told you how its buildings lie between the Seine and the Rue Rivoli. Several passages for carriages pass through the quadrangle from the street to the river. The most celebrated of these is the Place du Carrousel, not far in the rear of the Tuileries. Entering there, the whole inner area lies before you; a light iron fence prevents a near approach to the imperial rooms. The Emperor wishes the people kept at a modest distance. He may yet find the fence as little of a barrier as were the wooden houses that stood here in the

days of the Revolution, and from which the *sans-culottes* easily leaped into the gardens below and the palace beyond. Turning your eyes from that which is inaccessible without a permit, you see the more elegant buildings that join the extreme ends, the old Louvre and the Tuileries. These side palaces were begun by the first, but mostly erected by the present Napoleon. They are proud monuments of his reign. Around their sides stand a multitude of statues of men of France renowned in letters, law, and art. This immense structure, extending if in a straight line for more than a mile, is appropriated chiefly for a free museum of art.

Every department is profusely represented. Libraries, models, reminiscences of Napoleon, Egyptian and Assyrian marbles, Greek and modern sculptures and innumerable paintings. In the last department only does it exceed the British Museum. There we may wander bewildered for days and days, and then but feebly appreciate its wonders. I will try to play the guide, and, like that worthless and costly class, will hurry you through in a page or two what a volume could not exhaust. You too may have the privilege — and I shall commend you if you assume it — of refusing to follow this jabbering *valet de place*. Turn from this chapter to its less ambitious fellows, whose humility preserves them from as complete a failure.

Whoever will walk these rounds with me, let them enter the side of the quadrangle opposite the Tuileries. I first came on Monday. "Fermée," said the guard. I thought it was the passport he wished. So I drew it forth. "Fermée, Monsieur. C'est fermée, aujourd'hui." I supposed then he wished for a special permit, and told him I had none. "Fermée," was his sole reply. "Je ne comprend pas," said I, taking refuge in the usual bomb-proof of unintelligence. He pointed to the door

It was closed. I certainly understood that, and remembered, if I had ever forgotten, that "fermée" meant "shut." Sunday is the great day for the exhibition, and Monday is the day of cleansing. It is sad to learn that not a few Puritan descendants profane the day of the Lord by visiting these halls.

Coming Tuesday then we easily find admission. Toiling up many broad stairs, we enter long palatial halls, sumptuous with marbles, frescos, and every conceit of wealth and luxury. We slip along the almost glassy floors through several increasingly splendid rooms, the last of which, called the Hall of Apollo, is the most ornate I have seen anywhere, so resplendent is it in stucco, enamel, fresco, and floor.

Out of this we enter a large square room, lined thick with pictures. This is the antechamber of the masterpieces. Not a few of them are worthy of a place among the elect in the adjacent hall. Look at this "Deluge" by Girodet Triosa. You never heard of him before, but you will never forget this, his child. See that old man on the shoulders of his son, who, with one hand, is clutching the breaking branch of a withered tree that springs out of a cliff overhanging the boiling surge, while with the other he tries to keep his wife from tumbling down the precipice, up which she is seeking to climb, while her child is pulling at her long hair to raise himself out of the water. The expression of horror and despair is awful beyond description. From the old man hugging with shaking knees the neck of his son, to the boy, one foot on the rock, striving to swing himself out of the swiftly rising waves by his mother's hair, there is one horrible look of selfishness and fear. The breaking limb shows how powerless is the effort, how brief the agony. You expect, even while you are gazing, to see the whole group disappear like a dreadful dream in the engulfing waters.

"Clytemnestra murdering Agamemnon" is remarkable for its use of bloody hues. The air seems red with blood. Behind a red curtain which separates her and her victim, a candle is casting its lurid light. Its rays fall red upon the sleeper's face. She hesitates to advance, while her paramour is pushing her forward. The disposition of light and the conflict in her soul, are powerfully managed.

Very different from his "Deluge" is Triosa's picture of the burial of a damsel by a monk and her lover. The religious strength of the priest, the agony of the lover, the calm sweetness of the dead, are worthy of great admiration and love. Here, also, hang two of David's greatest efforts, — "Rape of the Sabine Women" and "Pass of Thermopylæ." They are exceedingly animated, beautiful, unnatural, and Parisian. The naked Romans seize nearly naked dames, whose like nude sires and brothers are fighting fiercely for their rescue. Some of the heads and forms and postures are very fine, especially that in the foreground, where a beautiful woman is seeking to pacify her fighting brother and lover.

More beautiful, but not more true, is the picture of Leonidas preparing for battle. The handsomest of youths run, climb, anoint their bodies, or are otherwise seemingly engaged in the luxurious dalliance of the bath and the gymnasium. From Leonidas down, every one is a perfect Adonis. No shred of clothing seems necessary for these men who are soon to say that the cloud of their enemies' arrows sufficiently protects their eyes from the too dazzling sun. No weather-stained face or corrugated skin among these Spartan soldiers, who had been always in the fore-front of danger and death. The ravine, the positions, the persons, are alike almost wanton in voluptuousness. Grim-visaged war has smoothed its wrinkled front even in the very crisis of the battle. How much

better had it been for the really great artist's fame had he painted these rough Romans, Sabines, and Spartans, as he did his patron climbing the Alps, the sublimest, because the simplest and truest picture of Napoleon.

Turn away from these false splendors and fasten your eyes on this "Psyche and Cupid." How childish, artless, exquisite their love. Her hands are folded across her breast. Her eyes are looking at you and beyond you, with a rare expression of meekness and sweetness, while he is placing upon her forehead passionless lips of love. Seldom has childish simplicity and youthful grace been so happily combined with the conscious maturity of beatific souls.

But we are lingering in the vestibule. Let us pass into the grand hall. It is round, lofty, with its ceiling highly wrought in stucco and fresco. But its sides, not roof, draw our eyes. Raphael, Paul Veronese, Reynolds, Guido, and Murillo, cover these walls. Of these, three are chief: "The Holy Family," by Raphael; "Marriage in Cana," by Paolo Veronese; and "The Conception," by Murillo. Of these in reality there is but one, — the last. Paul of Verona is clear and vigorous, but not divine; full of figures, but not full of greatness. Raphael has that perfect perfection which we shall see perfected in Florence and Rome. It is surpassing in sweetness, womanliness, finish. What inexpressible loveliness beams from that sacred face! What venerable awe from that of Elizabeth! What unconscious majesty from the Child! And yet we turn away to fasten greedy eyes upon the Murillo beside it. The upturned eyes and half-opened lips of the maiden; her rapt face, almost transfigured in its divine communion; the clouds of angels hovering around; the horned moon under her floating feet; the majestic sweep of her simple array, — a blue mantle falling over a white robe, — these give it a unity

and divinity that no other picture I had then seen, and but one or two that I saw afterward, equalled. One of those was a picture of the Virgin, Titian's, at Venice. Her maiden modesty, her matronly dignity, seemingly conscious of the everlasting honor that was coming upon her, her holy ecstasy that swallowed up these womanly sentiments in the passion of spiritual love, all found fit expression in this wondrous picture. The longer one looks the more he feels and sees. It reveals depths in him, no less than in her, and deep answers unto deep in the silent communion. Exquisitely maternal Murillos do we find elsewhere in Europe; none as sublime as this. It is worth a a trip to Paris to see. Intoxicated with this draught of genius, we reel forward through ten long galleries, crowded in every inch with the works of old masters. Yet we see none. Here blazes a stream of Ruben's, flowing for hundreds of feet, — the gaudy apotheosis of the Louis and his Medici. Then comes, in the familiar juxtaposition of European cities, next to this royal display, the homely plainness of Flemish beer-houses, fish-markets, beef-stalls, — Rubens and his country cousins, in violent but natural conflict. Among the hundreds the eye lingers on but few. Guido's "Ecce Homo" is the consummation of agony and resolution; his "St. Sebastian," the equal consummation of Apollo beauty and Apollos faith. Daniel De Voltera's "David decapitating Goliath" is a remarkable work, in which the youthful warrior with calm, exultant face, has his knee upon the side of Goliath and his hand hold of his hair, while his sword is raised in the act of descending upon the prostrate giant. The beauty, ease, and lightning force of the conqueror are strongly contrasted with the brute and vanishing strength of the conquered. Two Murillos shine in these galleries also. Not so much, however, for the ideas they embody as for the naturalness and richness of their scenes. They are the "Birth of the Virgin" and the "Ecstasy of the

Monk." Each is large, and abounding in figures and vivacity. The babe Mary lies in the lap of the most motherly of nurses, as well as the most beautiful. Her mother, Anna, lies upon the couch, while the various movements of the kitchen and chamber, both of which it is, are going forward.

The "Ecstasy of the Monk" is more amusing. The saint was expecting a visit from the abbot and other dignitaries, and should be providing the entertainment. But prayer had got the better of human duty, and he is floating in the air in an ecstasy, — his hands clasped, and eyes closed, while his face and his brown robe are shining in the transfiguring lustre of his soul. To provide for his neglect, angels have been sent to prepare the feast. They are busy at their task. Their many-colored wings and enchanting countenances chime oddly with the lowly cell and their more lowly service. One is carrying a pitcher, another pounding in a mortar, another setting a table, another tending a pot over a fire, and two are picking over vegetables. The bustle of a kitchen is being enacted by the most gorgeous cherubim and seraphim. The grave old abbot and his guests at the opening door, give the familiarity of common day to the otherwise too fairy-like picture. As a mirthful evolution of a mediæval conceit, it is unsurpassed. More genius is cast away in this mixture of merriment and sanctity than would set up half the gallery.

But "fermée" sounds through the halls, and the stalwart policeman is seen driving the spectators and copyists like a flock of sheep before his baton-like staff. Weary with looking and standing, we hear the word as gladly to-day as we did contrariwise yesterday, and leave the silent gallery of stars that never set, for the life and roar without. The Louvre is seen, not studied. For that, artists and your own eyes must be your guide.

THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

As we are attent upon pictures, let us visit the other public collection, which, though smaller, is hardly less choice than that of the Louvre. It is across the Seine, beyond the Sorbonne, near the Pantheon, whose dome you remember beholding from the Arc de Triomphe, crowning the hill at the south-western extremity of the city. We pass, in going thither, many noticeable spots: the Hôtel de Ville, its open square the scene of many a bloody conflict, itself the scene of many a brilliant banquet; the Hôtel Dieu, — beautiful name for a hospital; many museums of science, — not the least in horror being that of Dupuytreu. What dreadful evidence it gives of the sin of Adam, which "brought death into the world and all our woe." These shelves of deformed children from a month upwards; twisted skeletons, swollen tumors; caries of bone that look like hideous masses of coral; monstrous heads, hearts, livers; men whose heads have grown beneath their shoulders; everything awful, nothing lovely. Such is sin in the body; how much more hideous its revelations in the soul. What would a museum be that collected those monstrosities? Why did not Hawthorne fill such a gallery? His imagination was equal to the task, and his nature, in a sense, would have enjoyed it. Its more fearful malformations would make every eye that sees them shudder to eternity.

Next comes the College of Sorbonne, — a square quadrangle, with cold stone walls and pavements, without a shrub or a blade of grass, but green and rich in memories of its Calvin, Richelieu, and others, — a mighty host; hard bound often by error, and infuriated with the spirit of persecution, yet also often faithful as scholars, and not utterly useless as saints.

Intolerance naturally leads to revolts, first spiritual,

then political, and so by a step we are led to the tomb of Pascal, and the empty sarcophagi of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau. Pascal lies, as we have said before, in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, — ugly without, but all beautiful within. A turgid inscription that must vex his Flaxman brain below, even in its ashes, is concluded by a petition to the reader to pray for the repose of his soul, — a request that must make his soul even more indignant than his taste. A recusant relative paid this unworthy tribute to his memory. Rollin and Racine sleep beside him.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Marat, — how that climax mounts to its bloody summit! These all were entombed in the stately Pantheon, with which Pascal's church is connected, as the abbey chapel with its cathedral. The cenotaphs of the first two are shown. None of them lie here. All were removed secretly, except Marat, who was taken out by the authorities and cast into the common sewer. Papacy yet binds the people, and bloodier Marats may precede its extermination.

But the gallery of the Luxembourg will be closed if we thus loiter. It is but a few steps thither. Descend the hill where this St. Peter's of Paris rises, and enter an ill-shaped mass of stone standing in a mechanical park. More works of the modern masters shine here than in the Louvre. Rosa Bonheur, De La Roche, Ary Scheffer adorn this gallery. Rosa Bonheur has two pictures, — "Ploughing" and "Loading Hay." They are superb in animal life, but less grand in idea and landscape. The "Fall of Rome" is a rich but truthful story of wealth, luxury, wantonness, and woe. Two scowling Catos look upon the voluptuous scene and see the fall of their city in this forerunning, and more direful fall of its virtue and honor. "The Night before Execution" is an agonizing illustration of the days of the guillotine. The sullen despair, the maniac horror, the idiotic content, the uncon-

scious child, the sufferer surprised by sleep, thrill the heart with their pathos and power. De La Roche has two expressive pictures, — the "Children in the Tower" and the "Death of Queen Elizabeth." The first is very touching, the last stiff and hard. Ary Scheffer concludes the gallery and the paintings of Paris with his matchless "Temptation." No such Christ, no such Satan glow on another canvas in the world. The faded wall of the refectory of Milan gives broken shadows of an equal, not superior Lord. This is the living ideal. Photographs make its aspect familiar; they cannot its majestic life. The devil, in the stress of the hour, with a consciousness of weakness and of impending defeat, has his face full of mingled agony, shame, and terror. Christ in his robe of white, tinted with the ruddy dawn of the new heavens he was bringing upon the new earth, looks calmly upon him in the self-assurance, not alone of victory, but of not even a conflict. There is a sense of sovereignty in that quiet eye and manner before which the insulting devil quails in pain.

Having touched the height of truth and of art we may well drop the veil. Not the unreal beauty of Murillo's "Conception," but the sublime triumph of the Son of God reigns sovereign in the memory. The German not the Spaniard, the Protestant not the Papist, has attained the highest human expression of the inexpressible.

THE GOBELIN TAPESTRIES

deserve a place in a chapter on pictures, for they are works of genius done in wool. As we are not far from their studio let us turn in hither. Descend the hill, away from the Jardin des Plantes, which is near at hand, and plunge into the filthiest, poorest, and most dangerous part of Paris. Beggars, vagabonds, wretches of every grade of misery throng the dirty lanes, along whose sides

gutters of black filth slowly flow. The little Church of St. Médard — the pauper's cathedral — thrusts its sickly front among like pale and dirty haunts of vice and want. Around and within it, the Calvinistic battle was fought with bloody issue. More exciting convulsions of a later age, like an epidemic, raged within its walls. Near it is the factory. It was established here because of some fancied coloring virtue in the waters. It has since imparted its color to them, — the black streams of the streets having a connection with their overflow.

Two kinds of weaving are proceeding here, — that from the front, in which the weaver sees his work, and that from behind, where he beholds only the bit of copy hung before his eyes. The last is the smoother, and is the mode adopted in the copying of portraits and pictures into wool. Here are remarkable portraits of the Emperor and Empress, that were four years in weaving; copies of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and other pictures of fame. The eye can hardly detect their material, so perfect is the imitation. The workman patiently thrusts his threads back and forward, never knowing the whole design of the tapestry, being required to know only his tiny portion. When the score of men, after years of toil, have patiently wrought their task, the whole is unrolled, a magnificent composition in color, material, design, and execution.

How strikingly, thought I to myself, does this illustrate the providence of God. Each in his lot and place sits patiently day by day and weaves the web of providence. He knows not its entire design, hardly his own relation to it. But he weaves his soul into his appointed place, according to the pattern shown him in the Mount of believing vision; obeying humbly but implicitly the orders of the Chief Master, communicated through His Word and Spirit, and lo! when the web of humanity is unrolled, whose splendor shall dazzle the universe, in it,

shining above the brightness of the sun, will beam his once seemingly trivial contribution.

How beautiless too the side upon which he is toiling; a coarse gray fabric, with colored threads hanging loosely between the interstices. Nothing more plain and paltry. Turn to the unseen side, and landscapes, palaces, kings and queens, every attraction in man, or art, or nature, are glowing there. So our poor earthly life, a coarse fabric of uniform darkness and cheapness, as most of it is, shot through with occasional filaments of disconnected color, — the least harmonious and lovely of things, — seen from the finished and heavenly side, is beautiful as the face of God, whose image and likeness it is, and which the counsels of His grace have caused to be woven. The Gobelin tapestries preach practical sermons on their costly text. If we hear and heed we shall find them full of admonition, encouragement, hope. Though they dwell only in king's palaces, they will teach us how to possess tapestries of our own weaving infinitely and eternally superior.

The paintings in oil have been rightly concluded with those in wool. The Louvre and the Gobelins are twins. Each shows that no material is too poor for the service of genius; that colors of every hue and richness dwell in the dyer's vat as well as on the artist's pallet; that

> "There is no great and no small
> To the soul that maketh all;"

and, last and best, that all duties performed in faith and humbleness lead to eternal fame. These sons of earth, each patiently working among his pigments, his muddy clay, his threads of wool, by their triumph teach every son of earth that like service in his sphere will assure him like rewards. Here, as everywhere, the eternal law shines forth, glittering on the magnificent front of the palace no more brightly than over the lowly portal of the workshop :—

"The path of duty is the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses."

THE PALACES.

But let us turn to the palaces that still house a ghostly royalty, supported by most vital arms.

Among the foolish curiosities that possess a democratic Yankee is the desire to see how kings live. Some laugh at us because we peep into these luxurious spots with permission craved of their most gracious majesties. But the curiosity is not as unphilosophical as it might seem. In our backwoods' barbarity we have heard that there are persons in the centres of civilization who are considered marvellously above their fellows; who are as nearly worshipped as it is possible for man to be in a Christian land. One is properly desirous to see this highest development of humanity, — a development that is consistent with Darwin's theory in that it is only accomplished by the degradation, if not extirpation, of myriads of the same race. The extraordinary big bug must live, though at the sacrifice of its innumerable microscopic kindred. As a student of this new philosophy, one properly seeks only for these specimens of his race when he comes into the country where they flourish, and if he cannot see the lions, the next best thing is to see their dens. I have not yet been honored with a cat's privilege. It is said that she can look upon a king. That refers probably to a monarchical cat. They are doubtless, and properly, held in higher honor than a democratic man. I cannot say that I have tried very hard to get a glimpse of their majesties, but I have been to some foolish trouble and expense to see their hiding-places. These are seats of historic interest, not alone because certain men with

especial titles have dwelt there, but because these men were the depositaries, rightly or wrongly, of national power. Napoleon, with a million of armed men at his call, represents the million, and the people who, willingly or otherwise, recognize them as their representatives.

But reasons for feelings are not what you wish. The feelings all recognize. Let us gratify them, and say nothing as to their relation to those seemingly opposite ones, which abide permanently in us. I have seen five of the places which Napoleon calls his own, and where at various seasons of the year, "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." They are enough to give one quite an idea of the grandeur that hedges in a king.

THE TUILERIES.

One palace is very like another, and all palaces very like other houses. As Napoleon's tomb is only a splendid polished coffin of stone, but little larger than the wooden box that contains his ashes, so a royal palace is only a larger number of larger apartments than ordinary mortals occupy. Ascend the marble staircase, wide, lofty, stately. Don't shudder at your nearness to royalty. You are not the first of the *canaille* that has rushed up them, American fashion. There was a time when such blood as yours would have stained the marble your boots stand on, through all thicknesses of flesh and flax and leather. When the Bourbons strutted up and down these steps, twenty millions as good as they would have defiled them by their touch. But one day these twenty millions walked up them, and ever since they have been common and unclean. Every ruler that has since trodden them, has at one time in his history had his feet sore with wanderings in exile. Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and the present autocrat: they have all been on your level. You can freely mount to theirs. You walk through some eight or ten lofty and

spacious rooms, adorned with hangings, chandeliers, paintings, and statuary; stopping to look at these chairs away in a gallery twice as high as the pulpit, opposite the altar, where the Emperor and wife listen to the service, or he talks with himself on less humiliating and saving themes. On the side of the throne-room, under a canopy of crimson velvet, covered with gold bees, are two common square arm-chairs, covered with velvet, and the letter "N" wrought into the back. Here he receives the worship of his officials. Like thrones are found at other palaces. So that they are at hand, if occasion calls for them, at any of their homes. This, the first Emperor is said to have sat in, though why it was so carefully preserved by the Bourbons in their fifteen years' sway, and the Orleans in theirs, we are not informed.

VERSAILLES.

But we must get out of Paris, if we would see royalty in all its glory. Versailles and Fontainebleau are, and have long been, its chosen seats. The word "long" does not mean long in a Chinese or an English sense. Windsor has been a royal seat for eight hundred years at least. No palace, occupied as such in France, is more than three hundred years old. The older ones, some of which go back to the days of Julian, are appropriated to other uses. It is no slight example of the changeableness of the people. Fontainebleau has some rooms five hundred years old, but its main history is only three.

Versailles is nearest, and we will go there first. Pronounce it "Versaiyee." The letter l is dropped whenever it can be, by a Parisian, and its vacancy made up by a long drawl on the antecedent vowel with a slight nasal twang infecting, and, to us, of course, improving its quality. Get on top of the railroad car. Here are covered seats that give you a fine view of the country, with a large amount of fresh and very active air mixed

up with it. We ride twelve miles, passing St. Cloud, — pronounced *à la* Chinese, "Saangg Cloo." It is hidden from our sight in a large park. A half an hour and we are at Versailles. It is built on three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side being open to the street. A large, decayed town hugs its walls and gardens. It looks immense but not lofty, and hence not grand. The row of buildings on either side were occupied in the days of Louis by the officers of State. Statues of some of these statesmen line the court. Opposite the gate, and in front of you, is the main building, — the seat of more pride and sin than was centred in any other spot for the hundred years that passed from the time when Louis the Great moved there, to that when his son left it for the judgment-seat of God, and his son's son left it for the judgment-seat of an avenging people, the representatives of the same God. On its centre is the clock which was stopped when the King died, and so in fact never went at all. It is going now as quietly as any other old clock. Kings have ceased to die in France, because they have ceased to live. Below it, is a little balcony that issues from the chamber of Louis XIV., and on which a courtier ran the night of his death, breaking a wand and crying "*Le Roi est mort*," and taking up another, waved it, exclaiming, "*Vive le Roi*." The court nearest this group of buildings was originally separated from the rest, and only royal carriages were allowed to enter it. Plebeian feet tread its pavements with thoughtless impudence to-day. One has an idea from the prominence which this place fills in modern history that it has existed for a thousand years, and yet only two kings have lived in it. Occupied first in 1680, it was dismantled and left in a ruinous state in 1790, and no monarch since has made it a permanent abode. It is now a gallery of French glory, — a bewildering map of paintings. Miles of canvas cover its walls. This is

truth, not extravagance. The pictorial history of France is set forth with astonishing fulness of paint. Portraits of her famous men, and streets of statues, throng every part of the building. The later history of France is very fully detailed. Even the battles of Alma, Sevastopol, Solferino, and Margenta, are spread out here. Mexico is to go up also, if the right materials for self-glorification can be won from that invasion.

One can but notice how bloody is the whole affair. The air almost smells of it. Nearly every picture is a battle. Vernet, their most popular painter, dips his brush in blood. Some of his pictures are fine; we should say grand, were it not for their moral nature, or their lack of moral nature. His horses are full of fire. He maintains well the equipoise of fever and repose, in his cool officers and fighting soldiers, dying men, trampled women, and sleeping children. But the spirit is awful, and the intent more so. For it is not to show the triumph of justice and liberty through such fearful conflicts, but simply and solely French glory. Here are the French set forth by Vernet attacking the Italians in their entrenchments before Rome, when they went out professedly to aid these Italians against the Papal tyranny.

A nation fed on blood, because it is blood, can never be wholly great. I doubt if this be a characteristic of this people. From what I can see and learn, — obscure as must be my information, through the dumbness that ignorance of the language imposes, — I am sure that the people of France, like all other people, do not love war. These pictures are put here by their false rulers, to create a love for war, so that the life of a soldier may be popular, and soldiers may themselves be reverenced, and the throne thus stand the more secure. These Napoleons, more than all other sovereigns, cultivate this fever. For by it, and it alone, they have risen and flourished. A proof of the real feelings of the people occurred while

we were sauntering through the palace. One of the party stopped to rest and chat with one of the officers. The officer immediately began to talk about our war, how cruel it was, and bloody. "How could people kill each other so"? The American retorted, "Why in the world do you complain of war and bloodshed? See these walls, they are all war, all blood." The quick-witted Frenchman saw the point instantly, and courteously subsided.

After spending weary hours in simply walking past the false and gory panorama of the history of France, we betake ourselves to the gardens. Like expense, elegance, and falsehood abound here, — though Nature is not so utterly cheated as she is inside the walls. The gardens have a prim and formal cut, their immensity making their unnaturalness endurable.

If the inside of the palace is indescribable, much more are its grounds. Conceive of a *paterre*, a quarter of a mile wide, with a lake pond in its centre, set round with statues, with steps descending to another and wider area, a road lined with statues winding on its circumference, and fountains and statues in its centre, — beyond this, a green walk three hundred feet or more in width, and a mile long, straight and smooth and gently sloping from you. Its sides are lined with the carefully trimmed edge of a thick forest that stands behind; and gigantic statues glisten beneath them. At its end another fountain, and beyond that a straight canal, a hundred of feet wide, a mile and a third in length, crossed at right angles by another of almost equal size, with vast pastures and woods lost in the horizon beyond; this is the view which you have from the front of the palace. On either hand are like statues, fountains, straight paths, trees cut into pyramids, obelisks, cones, and even summer-houses. The whole scene is superb, if unnatural. The English manage these things much better. Hence her monarchy has stood much longer. Yet the very perfection of the

falsehood almost compels your admiration. Perhaps I am wrong. It is not all false. The artificial arrangements are modified by the luxuriance of Nature, and one can sit on the garden steps and admire the scenes so carefully and splendidly arrayed before him.

Within the grounds is the palace called

LE GRAND TRIANON.

It was built for Madame de Maintenon, and was a favorite residence of the Bourbons, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon the First. It is only one story high and one room wide, but many rooms long. Here is a bath, where the grand Louis used to wash his sacred little body in wine. His inward lavations in the same liquor were more frequent and less beneficial. There is the bedroom fitted up for Victoria by Louis Philippe, but never occupied. The private apartments of Napoleon and Josephine are small and neat, and look as if, had he been a Washington, or she a Martha Washington, they could have lived all their days there, happy and prosperous. But ambition invaded their hearts, and he drove her forth from this paradise, and then was compelled to follow her into a drearier exile. So did Louis Philippe, from like false ambition, meet a like deserved fall. In due time, if death does not step in, a like fate will overtake their equally ambitious and equally false-hearted successor.

In the stables adjoining are the state coaches, covered with gold, — huge, tasteless, cumbrous concerns, with crowns and other insignia stuck profusely over them. Napoleon's coach when First Consul, is the most modest of them all. The most pompous was made for Charles X., who forgot to order it out when he scampered from the kingdom. The present Emperor used it at his coronation. I wonder if he will at his decoronation. Seven of these carriages are housed here. The people do not rever-

ence these Juggernaut cars as they used to, and so they are seldom seen in the streets of Paris. The astute Emperor drives his buggy and bays alone.

Out into the fresh air and glowing gardens let us walk, through these too straight but very beautiful forest streets, so wide, so high, so grand. A mile or two leads us to the gates. The top of an American horse-car, the only one running from Paris, makes us feel at home, and still not at home. Down the grand avenue, lined with high, trimmed trees, for two or three miles, we ride, with the death-chamber of Louis and the deregalized clock fronting us, when a turn in the road shuts the palace of Versailles forever from the eyes. We parted willingly, at least as far as I was concerned, and probably it did not object to have a pair of irreverent eyes taken from it, that saw its spots more than its glories. It is a monument of the height of human folly and sin. Its chambers were full of pride, of wantonness, of immeasurable corruption. It stands a memorial of the truth of Scripture, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

FONTAINEBLEAU

is forty miles south of Paris, in a great forest, sixty miles in circuit. Five hours' ride through it on a hot day, gave us quite as much of a taste of it as we craved. Rocking rocks, dripping rocks, and other slight variations of the natural scenery of a piece of woods, are used by the hackmen to squeeze francs out of inexperienced travellers. But a part of one's education from his boyhood, whether of books or sights, is to know that much is not worth knowing, and this important branch is not the least expensive. A few great trees of oak and beech and some forest views keep the balance of good and evil well poised.

The palace is an irregular pile, without any order that I could detect in several hours' careful study. It is full of historic interest. Charles the Fifth, and other ancient dignitaries, entered its walls before this little company of three Americans, a doctor and two ministers, honored it with their presence. Its chief court is where Napoleon bade adieu to his soldiers after Waterloo. The table on which he signed his abdication is shown you, in the room where it then stood. It is a little, round, red stand, as unpretentious as he was at the beginning and end of his days. We are led through the usual bewilderment of rooms, painted ceilings, walls, statues, and pictures, relieved in this case by a sight of the living rooms, as they used to say in New England, just left by the Emperor and Empress, carpets down and furniture exposed. Some are cozy, some even dingy, and looking as if much used, especially the toilet-chamber of the Empress, which is very small and not very stylish. Their sleeping chambers are lofty and large, — his bed covered with a dark green, hers with an old-fashioned and almost soiled yellow wrought satin, coverlid. In his room was a fine chandelier of rock crystal. So you know how these folks sleep. No worse, no better now, than when she was but an Irish Consul's daughter and he a Dutch Admiral's son. It did seem a little degrading, I confess, for such ultra Democrats as we to be gazing half-respectfully at a despot's bathing-room, study, sitting-room, and bed. But curiosity gets the better of principle in Eve's children sometimes, as it did in her.

Outside of the palace is the most beautiful spot I have seen in France. The grounds are partly angularized and partly Anglicanized. One portion is an immense Italian affair, square pond, square trees, and almost square flowers. A canal, about a mile in length, surrounded with trees untrimmed, though in a straight line, is on the left of this Italian rectangularity. On its right is a delightful English park, and large irregular pond, full of

irregular carp, who crowd on each other in a very irregular manner, jump out of water, and almost scream like pigs in their greediness to get a bit of bread which amused spectators throw them.

Though they have no teeth to eat the corn-cake, they are not willing, like the like bald pets of our extinct oppression, to let the corn-cake be. Loaves of old bread are tossed into the water, which they spring at and turn over and over in their abortive efforts to devour. The tough loaf crumbles under the action of the water, and so at last each aged carp gets a nibble, while his son or aspiring grandson secures the last and largest portion. For a more than apish caricature on man, commend me to the gray-headed carp of Fontainebleau.

We could linger here for hours, and muse and moralize on the life that has sailed haughtily down these avenues and through these halls, fluttered and fled. One need not go to Rome nor Egypt to see the lessons Divine righteousness teaches to men. No rulers were as openly voluptuous as the French. The finest of these buildings was built by a king for his mistress. So was it at Versailles.

The Pantheon was built by Louis XV., under the influence of the Duchess de Pompadour. The naked form of Diana of Poitiers, Henry II. put in the window of his chapel at Vincennes. The paramour of Henry IV. had like publicity of honor, which is shame. No wonder that God gave such blood to be licked by the dogs of Paris, as he did that of the house of Ahab in an ancient Paris. One has no tears to shed over the fate of the Bourbons. A sterner blood, but as impure, as proud, and more despotic, has supplanted it. It too shall follow that which it has supplanted to a tearless grave. Had this people real religion, real liberty from such rulers would soon follow.

But I am tired of kings and palaces, if you are not. To-morrow for the Rhine.

XX.

EXTRAIT DE PARIS.

IN the Bois de Boulogne is a crumbling little pillar which tells us that, about five hundred years ago, a troubadour by the name of Catalan was passing through this forest to the royal court, and, boasting to some of the woodsmen that he was bearing to the king a treasure of great value, they killed and spoiled him, when, lo! his treasure consisted of a few vials of precious perfumes. La Pré Catalan, the meadow of Catalan, with its gardens, *cafés*, rustic theatre, and musical promenades, keeps the character of the gay troubadour alive much better than the gray old stone. Into that or kindred forms most of the extraordinary wealth of Paris would still be condensed. It is largely a city of richest social, sensuous, earthly perfumes. One of the murderers of the singer was detected by using the exquisite volatile. I fear no such fragrance in this will prove that it is imbued with the spirit of the place. It may show thereby its innocence; for it is probably as difficult to obtain this unction sinlessly as it was that.

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." This witty conceit is attributed to the keen-eyed Emerson. If his, it is well to see what a Pantheist's idea is of good Americans, or the home they anticipate. It cannot be worse than that of good or bad Pantheists, who, if he be their true exponent, anticipate the utter loss of inde-

pendent conscious being. This is the Gaudama and Brahamistic perfection to which the most advanced of all the heresiarchs of rationalism has attained. Truly, we can say there is nothing new under the sun, when the ultimate point of modern antichristian faith touches the creeds of heathen India, solidified thousands of years ago into forms of false philosophy and falser faith. Emerson sets forth this idea of the future state of man, body and soul, in good Hindoo English, in many lines of perfect beauty. This couplet conveys his idea as well as any, written, too, — think of it! — in one of the most tender and exquisite threnodies in any language, a lamentation over the death of his son, —

> "House and *tenant* go to the ground,
> Lost in God, in Godhead found."

I am free to say a Parisian heaven is superior to a Pantheon heaven, and I still prefer to take my chance among the good Americans, if I can only get among them, than with these resolvers of man, and of God himself, into intangible, invisible, unconscious somethings or nothings, practically the latter. Give me the Catalan vial, full of an essence apprehensible by but one, and that the lowest of the senses, to that which is utterly unapprehensible by any sense, spiritual or material, and so, both as vial and as odor, is as though it were not and had never been. But, wrong as Emerson is in these highest conclusions, he is still one of the clearest-eyed of living or dead men in lower matters; and this chance remark is not without point.

Many good Americans look upon heaven purely as a place of enjoyment. Such preëminently is Paris. Erroneously interpreting Scripture, they say rest from toil means play; singing God's praises is a ceaseless promenade concert; wandering by the banks of the river of life is a picnic; seated on a throne with crown and sceptre is becoming a Sardanapalus; walking the streets

of the golden city is luxurious feasting of eye and ear and tongue on the splendors and viands of the metropolis of the universe. They even eliminate heaven of special affections, making it in that respect too, indiscriminate, powerless, Platonic, and Parisian. Of such gross interpreters of the Divine promises, the reflection of Emerson is true. Paris is the heaven they dream about and preach about. Superficial Paris, that which strikes the eye, is clean, tasteful, luxurious, virtuous, though sensuous; purely and entirely of the earth, earthy. That is far from the spirituality which ever pervades the Word of God. Its descriptions show that the state is always in subordination to the soul of man and the Spirit of God. This makes a wide distinction between Paris and the New Jerusalem, which we do well not to confound.

But I did not mean to preach a sermon, though how a minister can avoid it, and whether or no he ought to avoid it, are questions difficult to answer.

Let me give you a drop or two of the essence into which an experience of a month resolves itself.

HOMES.

I cannot begin such a chat better than by inviting you to come and sit with me in this garret parlor. Sky parlor is a jest in America, but a reality in Paris. Here we are, in the fifth story of a marble house, above the eaves, and entirely within the roof, and still in as finely furnished apartments as you will find in many stone fronts in Western cities. Piano, stuffed chairs, sofa, heavy lace curtains, marble-top tables, marble clocks, — all the paraphernalia of a handsome parlor in a garret. Near by are our attic dining-room, kitchen, parlor-chamber, and other bedrooms. Flower-pots, full of beauty and fragrance, stand on the balcony, to which door-windows easily admit you. One does not live so high up in the

world for nothing; though I am thus favored through the courtesy of Dr. Gage, one of those American dentists that have given us so high a reputation in that profession in Europe. He had engaged the rooms for another party, and they not arriving, I was invited, with a mutual friend, to make them my head-quarters for what few days I was to remain here. The rent of such accommodations is not less than $400 a year: very good for a garret.

Thereby hangs life in Paris. It is, as you have often heard, floor life. Here is a handsome white stone building, solid stone, backwall and all; there is no veneering even there. It has a wide front, with an entrance as big as a church door in its centre. This door opens into a court sometimes, sometimes only into a spacious entry. Near it live a man and wife, whose business it is to take care of the building, let it, clean it, tend door, receive letters, etc. The floors are let to families or individuals, according to circumstances. Each floor has, or may have, a *bonne*, or female servant, who will take care of your rooms, get what meals you wish, charging you the exact expense of getting them, even to the charcoal. There are, of course, slight alterations from this. You can have your room and board in a family, paying only for the meals you take; or, if one has his family, he lives in his own way, as at home, — only it is horizontal life, not, as in our cities, perpendicular.

It is a question which is the better. There is less going up-stairs, even to these attic elegancies. When on your floor, your climbing is all over. There is as much seclusion as in a brick block. You may, on going down, see your neighbor on the stairs, but it is as if you saw him on adjoining doorsteps. There is thus all the ignorance and independence of your neighbors, which city people so intensely crave.

THE STORES.

But we have sat here long enough. Suppose we walk out and see the stores. Everybody enjoys the attractions of city stores. But nobody sees such taste and brilliancy in that department out of Paris. Here the French genius shines forth. English, American, German, are all rude and barbarous in the art of putting things beside these modern Greeks. Once in a while a Broadway grocer or mercer arrays costly goods in a costly way; but the poorest stores here, in the most obscure streets, are set off with peculiar beauty. Look at that cheap grocer's window. Nothing there but soap, raisins, sugar, coffee, — ordinary wares; but their arrangement makes them appear like a costly picture. You enjoy looking at them even more than you would eating them. How nicely the meats in the provision market are set forth! Most such places in America are dirty enough to make every spectator a vegetarian. Here, so clean, artistic, and enticing is their array, that they would seduce Mr. Martin from his vegetarianism if he would row his wherry across the Atlantic on a quart of milk and a peck of apples, though milk being an animal production, I presume he never used it, even in infancy. But the vegetable stalls would save him, for no flower-garden surpasses these four-feet squares of inclined tables in attractiveness. So is it in everything. The wood and coal dealers have little stores on the streets, and their bits of coal and wood are arranged as artistically as though they were their aristocratic and polished kindred, the diamond and mahogany.

The dry-goods houses are particularly fine. Not only the grand, but the *petite* establishments glow with graceful combinations. You are surprised to see the value affixed to such an array. I have seen windows full of

shilling goods that looked fine enough for a wedding. Where the silks are arrayed the elegance is more complete, though hardly more alluring. Shopping in Paris is a luxury to the eye, whatever it may be to the pocket, and the least trifle seems to be not only useful but comely. The fine arts are set forth in a franc cap, and shine in a tallow candle. There is a great lesson in this; for there is a divine law of beauty as well as of utility, and our French brethren can teach its demands and delights in these commonest affairs of life.

It shows itself also in their speech and ways. How unconsciously graceful! "Polite" is not a forced word with them, as it often is with us and our English brethren. It is spontaneous. "Merci," "Thank you," is on their lips all the time. When you ask for anything, when you pay, it sets off both ends of the bargain. So "Monsieur" and "Madame" always garnish their address, whether to inferiors or superiors.

À LA CARTE.

But you are hungry, and one comes to Paris to eat. This same quality shows itself here also. Grace in combinations of food is only the same law working in another of the senses, — the palate. The awkwardness of other nations is seen nowhere more than in this. An American restaurant, however stylish, is unfascinating. The daily exchange of dinners at home for dinners there by our merchants is the greatest of social sacrifices, or would be but that Irish girls get up the house-dinners, who are as incapable of cooking as of Protestantism. English restaurants are as poor as American. But one looks forward to the dinner-hour here at these saloons, not with a mere hungry impulse, but with an expectation of enjoyment, as if going to listen to agreeable music; and yet the bill of fare may be limited to the proper priestly restraint.

In Paris you can live finely and cheaply at the same time. Breakfast is served from eleven to two at Palais Royal, so we will call it dinner, and enter one of these *cafés* again. Our last visit was at evening; this shall be in the more trying light of mid-day. How bright, high, airy, cheerful, and, above all, clean, — how clean! — clean napkin, spotless white plates, white-aproned *garçons*, — the first quality of a dinner is here. A little plate of butter and radishes is set before you, a bottle of wine, which you can change for a cup of tea, chocolate, or coffee (these latter are exquisite, which I cannot say of the wine); two dishes, such as beefsteak and potatoes and ham and eggs; all the bread you can eat, — a yard, if you will (that 's the form it takes here); with a dessert of strawberries, cherries, or what you please; and all this for twenty-five cents, in a royal palace, if your democracy can endure that, even now the residence of Prince Jerome. That will do for cheapness. But if you will have a nice supper, at a lower rate, come to this "Crêmerie Madeleine," close to the magnificent church at the corner of Rue Royale and Faubourg St. Honoré, one of the most aristocratic corners in the city, call for a bowl of *riz à la crême*, a most delicious dish of rice and milk, — prepared how I know not, like a pudding but not one, — price, four sous; tea or coffee or chocolate are served with it, each excellent, and a large bowl of each, for the same price, and bread and butter a sou each. As much as you can eat of the best you get for ten cents. More than once, with clergymen, physicians, and others, I have "gone the whole nine cents" in that satisfactory place and way.

If, however, you disdain these humble quarters, where fine-dressed gentlemen and blue-bloused gentlemen daily throng, let us go to the grand *cafés*. With some American friends, I dined at the first of these establishments, the Trois Fréres Provinçaux, — velvet chairs, velvet-covered

bill of fare, everything "superb." We ordered roast beef, and it was an hour and a quarter before it was set upon the table. But it was a new revelation of the familiar idea of roast beef, and new creations require time. One of the party asked for a piece of lamb. They served up nothing short of a quarter. A dinner there easily costs ten, and even twenty dollars. But it is worth the money in the same sense that furs, gloves, jewelry, and many ornaments of parlor and dress are worth their price. A song of Jenny Lind is worth all it costs, and so may a dinner at the Trois Fréres Provinçaux.

One peculiarity of Paris eating-houses deserves mention. They are of several sorts: the *Bouillon*, or Beefery, where meats chiefly are served up; *Crêmerie*, where milk, rice, coffee, and such edibles and bibibles are sold; and the *Café* and Restaurant, which also differ in their scope, something as our saloons and eating-houses differ, though often, as with these, being substantially identical. They range too in character; though I did not see the *bouillon* Ik Marvel describes in the Marche des Innocents, where they pay a sou for the chance of thrusting a fork into a huge pot, and get, perhaps, a piece of meat, but probably all the soup that can stick to the fork. That market is gone, and its domestic institution has doubtless gone with it. The Palais Royal, in its many *cafés*, gives the cheapest and dearest, as one pleases, of the best in Paris.

But you will think there is nothing in Paris but eating, and will be quoting the fable of Lessing of the Fox and the Stork. When inquisitive Reynard asked the traveller Stork to tell what he had seen, he began to describe in what spots he found the finest grubs and worms, and how rich they tasted; "so," adds Lessing, "when they go to Paris they talk only of what they eat there." But as that is part of what we come to Paris for, it is well to talk of it. Germany might learn much from it.

America can have as good cooking as Paris. She has a people as naturally gifted with these endowments as the Parisians; but she has kept them in slavery, and let her foreign sisters spoil her dishes, taste, and health. Better elevate the negro and our cooking at the same time. Put them into our kitchens, if we will not yet into our parlors, and improve that faculty which our disputatious fathers found had a high religious character. Correct physical taste may lead to correct artistic, intellectual, religious taste. The body and soul are closely united. Who knows how much they may through these organs act upon each other, and the complete unity of the race be reached first through this communion of the most imperative of the appetites?

AU CONTRAIRE.

But while Parisians have these qualities of beauty, they lack some others equally desirable. In gardens and all the attractive sinuosities of Nature, the French are far behind both the English and Germans. Their refinement joins itself to many things totally abhorrent to the least refined of these countries. They are at once the most mathematical and the most unmathematical of people. The English garden is a beautiful copy of Nature; the French is a draught of an engineer. Once in a while they break over this, as in Parc Monceaux and the lesser park in Fontainebleau; but they prefer a more artificial style. It is thus in their political ideas. The freest people of Europe, they are in the worst slavery. With no aristocracy, they are in daily fear of the minions of a ruler chosen by their own suffrages. The French are the product of the extremes; the English of the means. The former need more root, the latter more air. Alike as all men are fundamentally, they will become, by the rapid increase of American political ideas,

one in sympathy, one in act. For America is yet to be the solvent of European disunion.

Preëminently does Paris need religion, — an influential, independent, experimental religion. The French Protestant Church is growing. But it falls into the error of receiving support from the State. Thereby the State controls it. It forbids it to say anything against the Catholic heresy. It forbids its members meeting in private houses for prayers. It puts policemen in its congregation to see that no treason is preached or prayed. Such officers have sat, and probably still sit, among the worshippers of the American Chapel. A Church thus tied down can never become influential. A minister who allows any fetters to be imposed on him by human law or social custom ceases to have one Master, and has taken to himself lords many and gods many. The pulpit must be free, — the Church free. Until it is so here, this people cannot be permanently, truly free. A Knox, a Luther is greatly needed in France; is needed, too, in England; has been needed in America, and may be yet, must be always.

Two oddities, among others, affect you, — the numerous and sometimes most artistic fountains, that, like Paris itself, are all for show. Not a drop do their abounding waters afford the thirsty traveller. They may serve the people but not the visitors. The habit of dedicating their stores to some protecting saint is very common. One of these saints was especially peculiar and Parisian; — "Au Bon Diable." The good devil, has more shrines than the Virgin, an equal, but a comelier idolatry. But my vial is full, and its odor not especially rare. May it not make this palace of pleasure, art, and science an offence to your senses and your memory. And now, weary of Vanity Fair, we gladly leave it for the open champaigne, the river, and the mountains.

BOOK THIRD.

GERMANY.

BOOK III.

GERMANY.

XXI.

TO THE RHINE.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE.

NOT that I am a bird; nor that one flying in a railroad car should fancy for a moment that he has the opportunities of observation that a bird has in his open, dustless carriage, in which he can stop as long as he pleases, and wherever he pleases. Still we skim the earth like birds, and so measurably approach that perfection of locomotion. Fast travelling has one good feature to a tourist. It enables him to map the surface of the country as a whole, better than he could in any other way.

A ride across Europe proves how admirably it is adapted for one people, and how foolish are the pretended geographical limitations of nations. These nations have not been made by geography. It is Power alone that has set their boundaries. The only two natural boundaries are the Rhine and the Alps, and both sides of the first belong to one nation, while three nations and three languages divide the latter.

From Paris to Brussels is two hundred miles of very

flat country, — much more so than any part of Atlantic America, except the coast of New Jersey. The soil looks light, but is very faithfully and successfully cultivated. Immense level fields, without fences, are set off with straight rows of straight poplars, that are anything but graceful. Sometimes other trees, and pretty thickets, break up the monotony; while the broad acres, with their wheat and reapers, are pleasant to one on whom the glittering vivacity of Paris has begun to pall.

You feel at home in this vast open world, all lying out of doors, and

> "Known to every star
> And every wind that blows."

The mathematical precision which spoils a French garden cannot spoil a French field. Nature is too much for man there, however helpless she may be in the little spots to which he entices her, and dresses her up *à la mode*, to the injury of her real beauty.

Another thing you notice on this ride of two hundred miles through the north-east of France, is the fewness and the quietness of its towns. Going from Boston to Albany, a like distance, or from Albany to Buffalo, one is swept through a succession of very active and populous communities. But there are but few towns in this populous region which show any signs of life. Amiens is comparatively busy, though far less so than a town of forty thousand inhabitants would be in America. Valenciennes, in the north-east corner, and in the edge of the lace district, looked lively, and, on a knoll under abundance of surrounding trees, had a pleasant seat. Yet these, with Arras and Douai, comprise almost all the centres of life, and none of them exhibit a moiety of the enterprise of Springfield or Syracuse, or such inland cities.

You are also impressed with the poverty of the people. Not only the lowest classes, but all classes. Out of

Paris one sees but little wealth. The better houses of these rural towns are of very moderate pretensions. It is not so in England. The wealth of the middle and upper classes is seen everywhere there. It is more vividly set forth in country villas than in London streets. Here a seedy air, as of poor gentility, pervades the rural cities, and rapidly descends in most of the villages into the humblest poverty, unrelieved by a solitary mansion, or even by a costly and handsome church. But the French huts look neat in their poverty. A pleasant air surrounds them which betokens a spirit within, that, had it culture and means, would have an outward adorning that was commensurate with its deserts. They are the only people of Europe that make their poverty graceful.

I cannot help thinking, as I ride along, how wearily the great Cæsar picked his way over this country. Many spots are passed which are mentioned in his history. Towns which he stormed two thousand years ago, still exist. Swamps and morasses, through which he led his legions, are yet undrained. The face of Nature is of course improved. Farms replace the forests. But enough remains to give one a very vivid conception of the ambition and the perseverance of the strong-willed Roman.

We should go from France to Belgium without being aware of it, were it not for the Custom-house officers. The appearance of the country or the people does not seem affected by the transition. We are in a nation that has put a warring lion, looking France-wards on their Waterloo field, in defiance of that power. Their rulers do all this. The people of Europe do not hate one another any more than the slaves of South Carolina did those of Virginia. We notice that the land looks richer, and the population denser. Crowds of humblest cottages collect themselves together over the level plains. Tall chimneys and the multitudes at the depots show the pres-

ence of a manufacturing population. For the people of factory towns are always much more on the move than those of farming districts. The cars fill up with a very gossiping set, and we enter the Low Countries, the cock-pit of Europe, and wind up the day and the ride at

BRUSSELS.

A little city is soon explored, especially if it be so unfortunate as to come after a big one. Brussels is prettily situated on very irregular surface. Hills close it in on every side, though where they came from I was puzzled to know, as my last glimpse of the land the night before had disclosed only the same dead level which had accompanied me all the way from Paris. I found that Belgium in its eastern portions was very rolling, and even hilly, and Brussels gave token of the change. It is in two parts, as most of the flourishing cities of Europe are. The old town is crowded, narrow, disagreeable, yet full of history. The new town is open and courtly, and as bare of interest to an antiquarian as a new city in the West. Pass through the old market-place. It lies on the side of the hill. On one side is the Gothic Hôtel de Ville, with a very light and lofty spire of stone, full of delicate tracery. For five hundred years it has stood there: more than one important event in European history has transpired before it or within it. Before it, three hundred years ago, Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded by the cruel Alva, while from within he looked down upon their execution. The buildings that surround the market-place share in its history; and the bustling old market-women, who, in the early hour that I visited it, were busy disposing of their baskets of fruit to equally lively customers, seemed to me only a part of the history of the town,— a pleasant scene which I had read of as occurring hundreds of years ago, and not as going on under my eyes.

Leaving the market and keeping up the hill, we soon reach a broad, straight thoroughfare. A little walk leads us to the Column de Congrés, a lofty pillar, erected in memory of the Revolution of 1830. From its base the old city lies below you, and out beyond it hills gather around, glittering in the morning sun. Pursue the Rue Royale westward, and we enter the park, arrayed in a very tasty manner, and full of statues, lawns, walks, and drives, though covering but a very few acres. Opposite is a long, plain, narrow building, looking like a warehouse, were it not for its window draperies. I thought it was for law and bank offices. But I found it was the royal palace. Royalty is poor here as well as other things, and its pomp is only grand in contrast with the poverty of its subjects. At right angles to it is a like plain building, the residence of the Prince of Orange, and some humbler edifices for the officers of State.

But the chief attraction of this, as of almost all cities abroad, is its Cathedral, the Church of St. Gudule. Its marked distinction from its rivals elsewhere consisted in its painted windows. They are surpassingly beautiful. Only those of St. Mary's in Munich equal them in Europe, and they are not equal; for these are not mechanical products wrought out of flint and fire; they are masterpieces of art. Genius revels here on glass, as it does usually on canvas and in fresco. The sacred forms shine in the morning light, as seraphim in that of heaven.

These curiosities of art and history soon satisfy us, and we leave "little Paris," as Brussels is called, well satisfied with our morning call. It does not take long to exhaust some men and places. And one feels that he knows as much of this city as though he had lived here a month. Very different is it with other towns. Some not so large, are so full and so reticent, that you are conscious that only time, study, and familiarity, will reveal them unto you.

By nine o'clock city and breakfast are done, and I am rushing southwards to

WATERLOO.

As every railroad must have an occasional buffet or restaurant, less important than the depots at the ends of the route, yet not unimportant, so must every traveller have his minor places of rest and refreshment between the chief seats of his visitation. What point is more central between Paris and Cologne than Waterloo? The whole route is through battle-fields, — ancient, mediæval, modern. Roman, Goth, Norman, Spanish, British, French, German flow in a stream of kindred gore through all the ages and all the land. Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp raise their musical turrets almost within your sight and hearing, chanting plaintive requiems to the blood of a common humanity that has made them islets in a sea of death.

Near the extremes of this route, the memories of Cæsar and Charlemagne arise before our inner eye like gigantic statues. In its centre wanders the wailing ghost of Napoleon. The beginning, the middle, the end of European military aristocracy lie on this not lengthy line. Lesser men-at-arms — Marlborough, Alva, William of Orange, Wellington — have written their names on the same war-path in hardly less enduring letters. Yet all of its fields are less, and less worthily, historic than Waterloo. Six miles and twenty minutes from Brussels, and I am landed at the station, six miles from the field. A rusty old diligence carries me through long stretches of silent woods, dewy still with Nature's tear-drops, — a forest of monumental trees, miles wide, (the forest, not the trees,) known to its dwellers as Soignes, to fame as Ardennes, — by the side of like stretches of silent fields, up a broad road, straight, hard, and shining as a gun-

barrel, and lined with double rows of tall trees all the way. A purely country road thus magnificently cared for, places Belgium even above England in its highways. The rental of these seemingly vacant fields, I found, on inquiring of my driver, was sufficiently high to warrant the costly roadway. About noon the few dirty, straggling hovels of Waterloo are reached. Two miles beyond lies Mont St. Jean. A huge old windmill on the left of the road, about a half a mile this side of the hill of St. Jean, is the first actual memorial of the great day. Under it Wellington held some of his earlier consultations; around it were his reinforcements drawn up; upon it had fallen not a few of Napoleon's shot and shell, of which its aged body and arms yet bore testimony. The road still rises moderately, almost level with the pastures on its eastern side, but with a high, scarped bank on its western. All at once the cleft sides fall away, and I am standing on the ridge of my almost imperceptible ascent, with a broad shallow valley falling away before me for a few hundred yards, and then as slowly rising to a superior crest a mile or two beyond. This is the field of Waterloo.

Before my eyes slept the open valley, two or three miles long, quiet as an August noon. No traveller came up its roads. No farmer was busy in its fields. No cattle were eating the flesh of man that had literally become grass. Only the chattering guides were tormenting the ear, like musquitoes, with their odious hum. Enduring these with indifference, if not with patience, I take in the scene. I can hardly hope to map it to your unconversant eyes, yet, inspired by the spirit of the great combatants on that day, I will try.

Suppose yourself standing on the road that runs nearly north and south, looking south or France-wards. It descends, as we have said, gradually for a third of a mile, and then ascends as gradually for a mile or more, so that

the opposite ridge is something higher than this. Along our edge runs a narrow road at right angles to this. The portion on your right or western side does not follow the face of the slope, but is set a little back from it, and is therefore cut into the hill, at present to the depth of three or four feet, then over twelve feet, with steep sides. This is the renowned Mont St. Jean. Around this then hollow way the great battle was decided. Looking into the valley from the cross-roads where we have taken our station, you see, a few score of rods below you, a smallish house thick sheltered with trees. That is the farm-house called La Haye Sainte, the original centre of the conflict. Three quarters of a mile straight up the valley, to the right or west, is a gray stone house, with a stone and brick wall surrounding it, larger and more chateau like than the neighboring farm-house. That is Hougomont, — the bloodiest spot of the field save the one just above you. These two places are in the valley. To the west of Hougomont and to the east of La Haye Sainte were outlying regiments of the two armies, — the latter being their extreme eastern wings, the former reinforcements. The real point of defence and assault was a little to the right, or west of the road where you are standing, back of this cross-road, then deep and hidden. From this hill the descent was sharp and steep. A million of barrow-loads of earth and bones have been removed to pile up that gigantic mound which arises just on the edge of this slope a few rods to your right, — a pyramid of earth, half a mile in circumference and two hundred feet high. From its lofty top a colossal lion stands gazing into France. The Belgians with foolish conceitedness moulded it after their model lion, as though their nation achieved this victory, — a nation of as little consequence in the grand result as an American county in our grander battle. Turn your eyes from the grassy monument and its bellicose crown, and fix them on the field. Across the

long hollow, on those easy falling hills, on the morning of the eighteenth of June, 1815, lay the French army, wet not only with the dews of the morning, but with the showers of the vanishing night. These fields below were heavy with grass and ripening wheat and barley. The rain also had filled the pools, and the fat soil was made loose and treacherous by the unwonted shower. The gray chateau above, the shrouded farm-house in the centre, and Papillotte, an almost houseless hamlet, a mile or so east of La Haye Sainte, on a slightly higher ground, were severally occupied by British and Flemish troops. The real centre of Wellington's army was along this ridge, beginning where we are standing, and proceeding but a few rods up, and behind this then deep roadway.

At mid-day the hot sun had dried up the fields sufficiently for Napoleon's artillery to move. Ere the sun had set, the morning pools were refilled with a heavier shower of human blood, falling, like the midnight storm, with lightnings and thunders, and a horrible tempest of death.

His aim was to push back the whole opposing force up this hill, pierce its centre here, and drive it east, west, and north into the forest, the swamps, the city, the sea. He therefore hurls three forces at the three positions in the valley: Ney at Papillotte; Jerome, his brother, at Hougomont; and himself, directing the assault on the centre, upon La Haye Sainte. Could he but crush the centre and command this road, the day, the future, Europe, are won. Ney succeeds easily. He himself succeeds, though with awful massacre. Eighteen hundred fall in an hour in that little yard. Jerome fails, and that failure ruins all. He delays the general charge to secure that outpost. Ten thousand men are hurled against it. The garden wall is bloodily captured. Fifteen hundred drop dead in less than an hour, in the orchard within. But the Coldstream Guards still hold their chateau fortress, whose pierced wall pours ceaseless fire

on the assailants. For four hours he flung himself upon this rock, but all in vain. Too late at last he abandoned the struggle and commenced his grand assault. All the valley, close up to the base of this ridge, was in his possession, save that humble Flemish chateau. His cavalry moved carelessly over the field, riding round what British squares yet halted below the hill as though they were allies rather than foes. Neither party could spend their force or their ammunition except in actual assault and defence. At this hour Wellington set the trap whereby he caught his mighty game, and won for himself an everlasting name.[1] He withdraws all his forces, save those at Hougomont, from the visible field. Behind this gully-like road, on your right, his troops are mustered in solid squares. Napoleon sees the seeming retreat. A grim smile lights up his passionless countenance. "The little Englishman requires a lesson," he had said the night before. The little Frenchman now intends to teach it. It is the first step backward of the Iron Duke. It leads straight to destruction.

He orders the main assault. Thousands of cuirassiers in two columns gallop across the valley, and begin to ascend the steep incline. They strike the top, and lo! a horrid grave lies yawning at their feet. Their steeds press back from the fatal pit, but the force behind impels them forward. They leap into the air and fall, rider and horse, into the devouring gulf. One third of the gleaming host fill up the chasm, and make a causeway of living men and horses. The rear still gallop forward. Then opens on the half-discomfited cavalry the fire of thirteen squares and a hundred guns. All these did not put them to rout. Over their engulfed brethren, over the bayonets of the first line of the enemy and the balls of the second, they sprang into the heart of the foe, "sabring the gun-

[1] In this statement all writers do not agree. But such is the story of the guides, and it is confirmed by Victor Hugo, and substantially by Booth, — good authorities on each side.

ners there," with a fury that seemed, nay, was, superhuman.

Still, as at Hougomont, so here, did the British receive in calm steadiness the awful shock. The gaps in the lines were instantly and coolly filled. On every side blazed the fires of death; on every side their unmoved souls confronted them. Wellington orders, and the English cavalry leap upon the French, and the carnage becomes yet more horrible. Artillery, infantry, cavalry, are piled high upon each other; cannon roaring, sabres flashing, muskets rattling, bayonets thrust into the bowels of overflying horses; such a storm of hell never raged before on this planet. It was unsurpassed in the elements of courage, tenacity, daring, and contempt of death, by any that could be fought in the universe. Greater spirits may have fought greater battles. None more completely filled up the measure of their capacity, and surpassed all ordinary computations of that capacity, by their wonderful profligacy of life, than did those contending hosts on this most quiet and sunny upland.

For two hours the combat went forward. Seven squares were annihilated and sixty guns spiked. Then came a pause. Each side was exhausted, but defiant. Napoleon had no reserves to send to Ney. Wellington none to replace his wasted contestants. The battle would have probably been a drawn game had not Blücher appeared in the distance. For though Wellington did not yield an inch, he was slowly yet surely bleeding to death. He could not have driven Napoleon from the field. But look away across the valley to your left, keeping still your first position, — beyond the hamlet of Papiliotte, whose "hamlet" part is left out, — over Napoleon's right shoulder as he is gazing from the opposite ridge on this erupting volcano of thunder, lightning, smoke, and blood. See that silent mass, whether cloud, trees, or men, who knows? Napoleon's quick eye saw it long ago; ex-

amined, questioned, reconnoitred, and found it was the vanguard of Blücher, waiting for the main body. They were there at mid-day, when the battle was beginning. It was five o'clock ere they could enter the fray. They charge upon the rear of the exhausted army, and Napoleon's career is closed.

How peaceful is this scene! Where now are the gleaming squadrons, the roaring cannon, the steady-kneed infantry, the plunging cavalry, the fierce encountering foes, as close and deadly as Homer's heroes? Like the plains of Troy are those of Waterloo. Is it possible that at this hour of such a summer's day, nigh fifty years ago, this earth trembled with the shock of a hundred thousand men? Is it possible that the same sun saw sixty thousand lying dead upon these grassy slopes and valleys? Is it possible that this deep calm was broken by that awful rush and rattle and roar, while two small, calm-faced men sat on calm horses and directed the movements of the drama? One was within a rod of where we stand, during almost the whole battle; the other was just across the valley, and once, came to the farm-house, almost within biscuit toss of his rival's post. It is as difficult to reanimate the scene with these realities as to replace the blue and gold of a June heaven with the thundercloud that but lately filled it with darkness and destruction.

Yet other questions arise, more difficult to answer. To what purpose is this bloody waste? Have these fields yielded a harvest of principles such as would never otherwise have flourished upon the earth? Was this car of Victory, the car of Progress? Such questions receive affirmative replies when asked over the fields of Cæsar and Charlemagne. They are yet more evidently true at Lexington and Saratoga and Yorktown; most certain at Gettysburg and Chattanooga, at Atlanta and Richmond. How is it at Waterloo? The scales hang even. The

imperialism of birth subdues the imperialism of democracy. Universal suffrage had made one man its representative and master, and those into whose rank he essayed to lift himself cast him down headlong. Napoleon dies, not Democracy. England wins, but her institutions lose. The people still live; and, in spite of new Napoleons and old monarchies, will yet be masters of their own destinies. Wellington cannot be great in history, because he overthrew the betrayer of liberty, but not in the interests of liberty. Despite this victory, he will rank below Marlborough, Frederic, or Gustavus Adolphus; far below Washington, Garibaldi, Sherman, and Grant. He settled nothing in the interests of man. He overthrew a usurper; he did not establish the rightful sovereign. He was the man-servant of kings, and can never be honored as a king of men.

It was a pleasant walk that summer afternoon to the depot. A little beyond the village of Waterloo, a string of less than a dozen huts lay along the descending roadside. Between each door and the road stood a barn, and a pit for the reception of its offal, whose pungent fragrance was a powerful substitute for an American flower-garden. The dwellings received the incense that floated ceaselessly inward. The great forest gave a welcome shade from the hot sun, and was pleasant company to the solitary that sat, slept, and sauntered beneath its branches.

THE STATION.

The station in the clearing of the forest of Soignes is the most pioneerish and American of any I have seen abroad. One could easily fancy that he was among primitive forests, and that log-cabins and the insignia of American civilization were peeping out of the deep-tangled wildwood that stood, solemn and silent, on every

side. Even when this fancy was swept away by the rude sense of reality, and I was aware that it was no American forest, with its interminable and unexplored depths, that gloomed upon me, as I sat musing on the pleasant "stoop" of the station-house, but one of narrow range, whose every rood had been for ages as thoroughly explored as a private park, — it was then a historical forest, famed for hundreds of years; and I could none the more, nay, far the less, shake off its weird fascinations. They grew the more rapidly. I looked no longer for log-cabins and white-headed Yankee younglings and trampling buffaloes and painted Indians and the swinging axe of the long, lank woodsman of the West. The woods were peopled with German fairies and elves; with wild boars and their huntsmen; with fugitives from justice and society; with green-coated trumpeters leading their predatory bands, gay and brave and bloody. I saw Will, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, the Robin Hood of Flanders, with his attendant marauders and their spoils, come riding out into the clearing, and, reining up his caparisoned steed, assume the port of a royal warrior. So contrary are forest-clearings in Europe and America.

The train broke up my historic and geographic dreams, and in about two hours put me down at

NAMUR.

Only one thing made me pause here. It is called, by Murray, the Belgian Sheffield; but as I did not condescend to pause at the English Sheffield, I should not be very likely to stop to inspect its little sister of the Low Countries. Not its hard realities of trade detained me; not its historic fame or romantic situation, in both of which it is eminent; but because here "Uncle Toby" and his profane fellow-soldiers went through their mili-

tary service. At Namur he studied the fortifications which he so much delighted to sketch and improve on paper. A fictitious character in an original work made me halt. I strolled down narrow and crooked lanes, across a funny old bridge, which ought to be spoken well of, it has carried so many safe over; plunged into yet narrower and crookeder alleys, up to the base of the fortifications that hung precipitous and threatening above the town. Those I could not enter. They ran along the sides and summit of a steep-sided cliff.

The Meuse flows under the high bluff, and helps to increase the strength of the works. I wondered where the wise old simpleton had pitched his camp, and would have given more to have known the location of the British forces then, than to have explored the frowning fortress above or the noisy factories below. And yet the beastly parson's fancy created the whole. He knew no more of Namur than of Naaman. He had a character to create, and created him. He must locate him in the army, and the army was stationed here. Its only value to a tourist, is in its utter valuelessness to its government and its citizens. As if one should search Salem over, as I doubt not some have, to find the "House of Seven Gables," or London for "the Bridge of Sighs," or Yankee land for "Jaalam," the residence of her chief satirical poet, "Hosea Biglow;" so much more substance is there in Prospero's bubbles than in the too solid flesh of actual existences. I found my bubble broke when it touched upon a steel point of reality. Sitting at the depot, after a brief exploration of Uncle Toby's town, and waiting for the train, a spruce young gentleman, being evidently a runner for some of these factories, sat himself at my side, and commenced his enticements. I had heard and foolishly believed that the Yankee was the inquisitor-general of the world, — Torquemada himself yielding him the palm both in the inquisitorial and the torturing line. But I

found the love of money, the most universal of passions, made the dull-witted Flemish as sharp and incisive as our most leech-like questioners.

He asked in Flemish-French if I was from Holland. I answered negatively in the Yankee dialect, a hardly inferior variety of the Parisian article.

"What is your business here?"

"Pleasure."

"Impossible! pleasure?"

"Oui, Monsieur!"

The idea of seeking pleasure in Namur was the pleasantest absurdity he had ever heard, and seeking it too sitting on a railroad platform without pipe or bowl. So he opens his batteries again.

"What is your vocation?"

"A traveller."

Puzzled again. "A traveller?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Travelling for what?"

"To see."

"Have you seen the factories of Namur?"

"Ne pas, Monsieur."

"What are you here for?"

There I paused. Had I told him my real errand, — to see the place where "My Uncle Toby" had served his time a-soldiering, — how intense would have been the mystery. I had no words, I may as well confess, for so long a sentence, and if I had, he could not have comprehended them. I turned him off with a shrug and a smile. He spoke of his wares and urged me to purchase, still insisting that I was a Dutch merchant. I shook my head. He repeated his inquiries as to my profession and purpose here; I answered, as before, "A traveller and to see," whereat he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head in utter infidelity. I approved of his unbelief; for what else than trade could bring a person to this dis-

agreeable den, jammed under the walls of a fortressed cliff?

The cars come and I go. Uncle Toby and Sterne become as they were before, unsubstantial nothings. An hour's ride through a rough but beautiful, cultivated, and crowded landscape, along the Meuse and its battlemented sides, full of beauty, full of blood, and we are brought, after dark, to the charming town of

LIEGE.

Not so charming, however, was my first acquaintance with it. I inquired of a railroad porter where I could find good lodgings. The fellow said he could give me such entertainment. I followed him to his quarters. He ushered me into a poorish room, evidently a drinking haunt for Walloon beer-bibbers. I was tired, it was late and dark, and I knew nothing of the town, and so was in a sense helpless. One is always tempted to such feeling in a strange place among unknown tongues, especially in the night, so if I had a good bed I was content. The frau got me up a half-decent supper, and I was summoned to bed. Up the dirty stairs I went, through a room where four beds were packed full of sleepers, into one opening out of it, where two beds stood, one full and one empty, save of dirt and the products of such fruitful soil, which bring forth here an hundred-fold. The frowzy fraulein pointed to my sty. I shrunk back, as the heroes of mediæval romances are supposed to do when some mysterious door opens in the side of the room, and terrible spirits, armed *cap-a-pie*, appear before them. I had reached my enchanted castle, and the horrors I had read of in boyhood's days in "The Three Spaniards," "Mysteries of Udolphi," and other such truthful tales, were becoming realities. Might not this dirty wench change suddenly into a witch, this half a score of sleepers

leap up from their pretended slumbers, and I become the unwilling hero of a romance that would make the fortune of the "New York Ledger?" I would make one effort to break the spell. I snatch the lamp from the drowsy damsel, rush through the enchanted chamber of sleeping boors, down the creaking stairs, and knock loudly at the barred door of mine host's kitchen. It proved to be his chamber. He unlocks it, and I blushingly enter the room where his lady lies reposing on her couch, not yet in slumber, and he himself is in a shirt of male, though not quite the armor of the ancient warrior. I demand egress. He unbars his castle gate, and I gladly emerge into the cleanly air of night. Looking up and down the strange, silent, and empty street, I saw lights shining not far away. On reaching them, I saw that they were bright eyes of hospitable welcome. The words may appear rhapsodical as Don Quixote, but to my bewildered and half-affrighted fancy the sight seemed more human than any words can express. A spacious chamber high and wide, and a broad, clean bed, made me soon forget the dirty horrors I had escaped.

A lovely morning revealed the most delightful spot I saw in Northeastern Europe. I did not wonder at its having long been an Episcopal city. In fact the priests had always an admirable eye, and selected the choicest sites for their homes. The abbeys were as delightful for situation as they were superb in architecture and sumptuous in appointment. No city has a more romantic location, look, or history. A wide and pleasant street it was, where I had wandered houseless near the last midnight. The "men of Liege" were going to their factories and armories, much as they did five hundred years ago. A handsome bridge led across the wide Meuse, and the old city rose from the opposite steep banks almost in a style of grandeur. I climbed the streets, which turned

into steps ere they reached the summit, and entered the Cathedral that caps their climax. The early worshippers were ahead of me, and the large and lofty church was well attended at this morning prayer-meeting. How many Protestant churches could sustain a religious service like the morning mass? It has been kept up in this very church, summer and winter, since the thirteenth century, — six hundred years. What generations have sent up their prayers hence to God, and followed, we hope, after them. Edinburgh and Prague are the only similarly situated cities I have seen. Each has water and hills in its scenery. Each is the centre of exciting history, religious and political. The last two exceed Liege in their reformatory developments; she them in her ecclesiastical. This proud and populous town was a German city of refuge. Priests were its princes. The Bishop's palace is a reduced copy, at least in its colonnade, of the ducal palace in Venice. The winding Meuse and Ourthe flow through it; rugged outlines of the hills encompass it, losing their roughness in their verdure; "vales stretch in pensive quietness between"; the quaint town is piled up with lanes, alleys and stairs, with tall, spindling houses, backed up against the hill-sides like chimneys, and all is steeped in a history ancient and exciting. Its pompous bishops had strutted in their little brief authority; had given the Pope and Emperor lordly entertainment; and had established the rarest order for its time in Europe, allowing only the nobility to wear its honors. Charles the Bold had made his fiercest assaults against its gates, and, in revenge for its courageous defence, had compelled its citizens to batter down a portion of the wall for his entrance, disdaining its ordinary gates. Who could imagine these scenes in this quiet summer dawn? Who could dream of the pomp of its governors, mere mayors as they were, or the awful bombardments it has suffered, or the rushing of troopers through its streets striking down all

of every condition, and consuming the whole in flames? How few traces do such places give of the events that have immortalized them. But the train, like time, waits for no man, so we descend the rocky stairs, pass through the wide and handsome street, and take our departure for

AIX LA CHAPELLE.

The route is through the delightful valley of the Meuse, which might be called the valley of slaughter, so often has its lovely face wept tears of blood. Tall poles support the acres of hop-vines which feed the Flemish taste, as those of the grape, a little farther down, do that of the dwellers by the Rhine. They are crowded thick together, and seem very fruitful and extensive. Walls, like a cathedral's, rise along the sides of the stream, — giving it the religious aspect which, as a portion of an Episcopal see, it ought to assume. We go bobbing in and out of tunnels a score of times in our two score miles, until we come rushing out over a deep valley, nearly two hundred feet above its bottom, and sail through the air for a moment, only to plunge, like most sky-scrapers, the deeper into the earth, as we soon find to the ruin of our Icarian hopes, when the darkness of a tunnel nearly half a mile long, gathers round us. Soon, however, we emerge, and in a few dashes rein up our panting steeds, like Browning's hero his Roland, though ours stood in the suburbs, and not, like his, in the market-place, of Aix.

What a pleasant site is this station-house! It is seldom one can speak well of an American depot. It is seldom that he cannot of an European. With them, rural or urban, it is a contribution to the architecture of the region; with us, it is a mere halting-place of a coach. Little plats of flowers and shrubbery make the tiniest pretty; great sums are spent to adorn those in the

chief centres. This at Aix is on the side of a hill, between which and the town is a somewhat open valley, though it is rapidly being built up. Its fine prospect, and especially excellent view of the town, added to its own spacious and comely arrangements, make it a favorite among its kindred.

But why linger at a railroad station when in sight of the birthplace and deathplace of Charlemagne? How garish the modern beside the ancient! Who cares for the iron horse when so near the iron crown? Who would drink wine so new, when the oldest vintages are before him?

Leave the new and stately houses that confront the depot. Descend the broad street, with its sweeping curves of beauty, and pass through the handsome avenue straight to the two things that give Aix its fame, — the Springs and the Cathedral. You noticed the Cathedral from the railway, — a huge heavy dome set down upon the walls, like Irving's Dutchman's head, that could have no neck worthy of it, and so was planted between his shoulders. The fountains you could not see. It being the hot centre of a hot day, these hot waters seem especially appropriate. *Suum cuique.* They work homœopathically, and draught after draught comes flashing from the pretty fountain in the centre of the elegant parade, for which a groschen, not of silver, is abundant recompense. They are the life of the town, and make it a Saratoga, modern, brilliant, thoughtless, expensive, wicked.

Back of the fountain, with its walks and *salons* as brisk and modern as itself, rise the blackened walls and low dome of the church, modelled from the Holy Sepulchre, and hardly more certain than that of its contents. That knows not whether it ever had any real sepulchre; this knows not that it has to-day. Both tombs are empty; though we cannot say here, "He is risen."

Let us enter this, for ages and even yet a most revered, if not a Holy Sepulchre. The inside is as little attractive as the outside. The dome hangs heavily above an octagonal of rather moderate diameter for a church of such pretensions. Beyond this nearly circular nave is an oblong choir, of great height and lightness, its airy aspect contrasting vividly with the anterior nave, as if the latter was intended to typify death, and the former, the resurrection. But this was not as elastic and fresh and divine as the glories we had past, nor the far greater one so soon to come.

I wondered at the splendor of its dedication, by the Pope and three hundred and sixty five archbishops and bishops, — two being summoned from their graves to complete the perfect annulus. It did not seem to merit such attention, at least on the part of the dead: but respect for popes and potentates was then supposed to control the celestials and the infernals, no less than the earth's handful that hovered between.

Charlemagne made them swear his temple was magnificent whether it was or no. It might have been, a thousand years ago, ere Cologne was. Here he was buried, and his empty tomb is beneath your eye and feet; under the centre of the dome, you read on a marble slab fifteen feet by ten, CAROLO MAGNO. There the only military peer in the rushing river of time between Cæsar and Napoleon once sat, in mockery of his living sovereignty, in a marble chair, clothed in imperial robes, bearing his sceptre, wearing his crown, with his sword and pilgrim's pouch at his side, and the Gospels on his knee. How could the worms dare to approach such majesty! But they are no respecters of person, and no doubt enjoyed the royal banquet as well as he had many a lordly feast. When opened by Frederic Barbarossa, three hundred years after his death, and just seven hundred years ago (1165), he was still in his seat. But he

had lost influence over men whatever he might yet have over worms, and they took his sceptre, robes, crown, sword, pouch, and even Gospels, from him, and reduced him to the nakedness which Job recognized as our first step in death, but which for so many centuries he had resisted. These were used to consecrate other kings; the dead man's touch having seemed, like Elisha's bones, to give life to the living. He was tumbled out of his chair even, and went, where I know not. His chair is here, not himself. It is a marble, clumsy affair, boxed up in wood, not to keep profane and democratic eyes from it, but to make them pay for their curiosity. Give a quarter, and you see the throne that the dead Emperor sat in for three hundred years. I think he must have rejoiced when he was allowed to leave it and stretch himself out in his bed for his last sleep, like any other weary mortal. It was long used for a coronation-chair, and was then clamped with gold, making the seat, as well as crown, uneasy to the candidate, as, no doubt, most found it, ere they finished their course. A velvet cushion lies in it, whether intended for the dead or the living the verger said not. As we paid our money we could take our choice. I inclined to give it to the dead. He sat in it so much the longer, and in his bones too, that the soft cushion must have been quite a relief, especially in his latter skeleton days. Poor Charles the Great! His ashes are as ignoble as were those of his ancestors, and of much of his posterity. His children's graves are as empty as his own. *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*

Other ashes of other mighty ones have followed, as in duty bound, their chief. In the choir were once the bodies of many emperors, but the French revolutionists whirled past here in their cyclone, and this imperial dust was caught and sent flying from its coffins. Over their tombs the priests have put a wailing tablet. Little did those revolutionists dream that the iron crown from the

most imperial of them would be placed by the child of that Revolution on his brow, with his own hands, with the Pope meekly standing by, as Imperator of France, Italy, and as he fancied, and all feared, of Europe. Extremes meet even here; and the rifled graves of these Emperors are avenged by the imperialization of France through the very instrument of the sacrilege.

Here were crowned nearly fifty emperors and empresses from 814 to 1531. Diets also, and councils and congresses, have added to its fame; and as if these were not enough, its sacred relics are many and wonderful. In this type of the Holy Sepulchre are more professed remains of Christ than its original claims. It boasts of a piece of the true cross; the leathern girdle of Christ, on which is Constantine's seal, that settles the question of its authenticity; the cord which bound, the rod that smote him; a nail of the cross, the sponge filled with vinegar, the arm of Simeon in which he held the infant Jesus, as well as a lock of the Virgin's hair, some of the blood and bones of St. Stephen, manna of the wilderness, and bits of Aaron's rod. All these one can see for a dollar, and yet I was too much of an infidel to pay it. But even these are not considered the grand reliques. Those are so choice that they can only be seen once in seven years. They are four; the robe worn by the Virgin at the nativity, the swaddling-clothes of Jesus, the cloth on which John the Baptist's head was placed, and the scarf worn by our Saviour at the crucifixion, bearing stains of blood! Having no faith, I did not employ my sight on the accessible relics: little or great, they had no power; not even Charlemagne's bones could entice me from my Protestant steadfastness, though they are undoubtedly bones, perhaps his, having been discovered after seven centuries, in 1847, in a chest, in a dark closet. I suspected them also. What democrat would not? So taking a last look at the chair in the gallery,

and the beautiful Greek sarcophagus in which his feet rested for those weary centuries, and the pulpit covered with plates of silver, and also with a door of wood, and the graceful pillars of porphyry that support the dome, and relieve slightly the heaviness below, I leave the gloomy cavern of vanished grandeur for the high and airy and brilliant dome without. How these calm, eternal heavens mock the momentary strut of man.

The old Rathhaus, or Council Chamber, the little market-place, with its dingy statue, the dirty lanes around it, attract but little attention. I saw only the good horse Roland, that galloped from Ghent hither, bringing the desired news, lying panting in the market-place, and drinking the city's last glass of wine. There has been, I fear, a new store laid in since. Browning has made it more of a living picture than its Charlemagne statue, or even chattering market-women sitting by their little piles of greenery that lie upon the pavements.

Behind the town is a shaded hill, with its observatory. Here you get your first view under the blazing horizon of the valley of the Rhine. The view is enough. The hills on the west are forgotten. Down we plunge, take a farewell stroll through dirty alleys, whose stones, if not dirt, are of the days of the great Carolus; take a parting glass and many of the sparkling waters, fly across sandy plains, where the American dust, of which the English complain so much, is fully equalled by its German kindred; under the ruins of the castle where Charlemagne's beloved wife died, by whose coffin he sat absorbed in grief, till one took off her wedding-ring, and cured his malady; and so, through romance, grief, dust, and heat, speeding across the rolling prairies, thinly soiled and poorly cultured, with the setting sun we reached the second of our continental depots, — Paris being ever the first.

XXII.

COLOGNE.

HOW one's blood tingles in his veins as he plunges into such a bath. Two of the most dreamed of and longed for objects of human curiosity are in my grasp, — a church and a river. The excitement of that conquest makes even the fireside-hand, that revises the story of the visitation, tremble with the original emotion. But emotions, unless they flow in channels of fact, are as powerless in respect to others, as floods covering a landscape are to carry ships or factories. They must be constrained to channels of description, and allowed, in their application to the delicate machinery of your soul, to work out such fantasies as your imagination may permit them to fabricate. They supply the force, the fact, the material; your creative soul, the shapes and aspects which they shall ultimately wear.

So here I am, sitting in Cologne, and in the Hôtel de Paris,— a large title for a modest inn, — under the mighty shadow of the Cathedral, and a few minutes' walk from the immortal river. I arrived in season for a sunset stroll through the arches of the one, and along the banks of the other. All great things, like lions and seventy-fours, have their jackals and bobbing cockboats, which are the more intruding in proportion to their own majesty. The fame of this place is illustrated not the least in the pertinacity of its *commissionaires*. Such adhesiveness is not seen even among the mosquitoes of the Nile, — another example of the same law. Their every phrenologic

organ must be resolved into that. I looked to see a horn growing out of their head, in the place where this faculty is said to grow, or the whole head becoming a Teneriffe over its spot. The smells of the city had evidently imparted a strong power of scent to these human hounds, and they run down the traveller as swiftly, and hold on as unrelentingly, as the best of their canine superiors do to their game. But having taken a solemn oath to myself, that I would myself explore the spots I visited, so as thereby to have their daguerrotype stamped upon my memory; and having resisted the fascinations of London and Paris guides, I cast away carelessly him of Cologne. I regretted it afterward. For in crookedness, as in foulness, all its predecessors were as nothing to it. Its streets were the most snarled skein of dirty silk I had attempted to unravel. And with the clew in my hand, I often failed of tracing the thread to its desired end.

But whatever perplexities may attend its general perambulation, its two central features are ever before you. The Cathedral rises like a hill above the tall roofs of the city. The river rolls broad and green along its side. Issuing from my chamber, I stand in a moment before the consummation of Gothic grandeur and religion. The mighty towers ascend, solid as the eternal hills, graceful as the elm, fleecy as a summer cloud made heavenly lace by a summer sun. They are still unfinished, — pausing "in mid volley;" and there they have paused for hundreds of years. Their top is crowned with earth and ivy, almost bush and tree, — the soil and verdure of a native summit. How heavy yet how light these shaded portals! Their recesses are wrought in the side of a mountain, whose front is carved into the exquisite shapes that salute our upraised, reverent eyes. There is a greatness about it, a seeming inexhaustibility, that other cathedrals do not suggest. York, vast though it is, is comprehensible. Not so Cologne. Your first glance at it warns

you of its greatness. Walk around this northern side, where the hammer is busy completing the work begun twenty generations since. How these walls "sweep high as heaven on solemn wing!" Buttress, tower, recess, coigne, the whole aspect is mountainous.

But let us push aside the heavy curtain and enter. Vespers are proceeding. With hushed voice we glide across the pavement. The eye climbs up these tall pillars, branchless trees, whose tops spread out into a living roof. Pillars upon pillars, a petrified forest, enclose you. Yet as through the densest forests a clearing is sometimes described, so through these towering trees you see a brightness beyond. Following the music and the light, we draw near the choir, the most exquisite creation of architecture, probably, in the world. One hundred and sixty feet rises this temple within the temple, the holy of holies. Its style is so airy that one can easily imagine it to be far higher than it is, and may without effort dream that he is beholding a heavenly vision. Its pillars, roof, walls, tints, and paintings are all aërial. It has lately received the touches of modern German artists, touches "to fine issues," whose pencils have the delicacy and piety of the artist of St. Vincent de Paule, with less richness, but not less simplicity. For Christian humility and faith no faces can surpass some that shine upon these walls; as if their prayers and divine communions had unconsciously raised them from the earth, and they hung pausing and praising in the midst of the heavens. The depth of devotion with which the artists of Papacy imbue the faces of their martyrs and confessors, gives their churches a saintly aspect that far surpasses the plain walls of Protestant temples. Perhaps this saintliness, however, like some its living sanctities exhibit, is all paint. One would judge so from the actual services of its devotees; though even here, we must honestly confess, there are not a few whose worship is a lesson to our colder, I fear, less prayerful and less acceptable manner.

Between the choir and the outer walls are monuments of the dead, and chapels of relics. The rear chapel has the bones of the three "wise men" who visited Christ. I did not see their authentic remains: it was hardly necessary; for a good Catholic professor of Bonn has declared that they are the skulls of infants. Probably they are the Magi in their infancy, which would be appropriate to their first mission, it being connected with an Infant; and their last one, to nurture a baby faith in undeveloped souls. However slight your faith may be in their authenticity, you must still concede their antiquity, and long if not perfect pedigree; for the Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa, stole them at Milan, A. D. 1162, and brought them hither. For seven hundred years they have been objects of adoration here; how much longer there, I know not. They have, therefore, a claim upon our respect, if not our reverence. An idol, however false, that myriads have worshipped as a god, is, in a sense, the embodiment of the multitudinous feelings of man, — humble, exultant, doubting, confident. By it they have sought, though in vain, to lift themselves unto God and heaven. It has caught a little of the reverence it has received. Even so do this gaudy box of a chapel, and its gaudier casket within of solid gold, and shining with gold and silver and precious stones, appear not altogether unworthy in the eyes of most Protestant iconoclasm, as we think of the generations of our fathers who have kneeled here, full of faith, if not of Christ. They have made their idol venerable, if not sacred.

In the passage-way on the south side stands the sweetest statue of a man I have ever seen. I use not that superlative as a lover would of his lady, or the lady would of her bonnet, but with a sense of its fitness for the subject. It is that of a young monk wrought in gray stone, the color of his habit and the stone happily conforming. The face is youthful and lovely, and is

rapt in a quiet ecstasy of devotion. It looks as if Summerfield had assumed the garb of a priest, and was caught in a moment of transfiguring faith. No work, graven by art or man's device, can surpass it in unconscious grace. The soul shines out of the whole man, — posture, form, and face. Beautiful exceedingly, — an Adonis among monks is he, and even more than the original Adonis, unmindful of all love save the spiritual and divine. His life is hid with Christ in God.

But the Dom, as they call their Cathedral, has put on a deepening twilight. Its music has ceased, and glory is vanishing. The darkness that has come and gone here for over two hundred thousand days, has come once more. The roof draws slowly towards you, a firmament of cloud, while gigantic shafts pierce and vanish within its veil.

We pass out of the shaded portal, and find the light yet filling the higher heavens. Is it not so always as we pass from the structures of man into those of God? Whether they are of mind or matter; however towering, stately, and adorned by wit, or wisdom, or wealth; they easily become dark and contracted. Their wealth is poverty, their wisdom, folly, their brightness, gloom; and only when we emerge from them into the temples of God do we feel their paltriness and pettiness. Here the dome rises into the heaven of heavens. Here shine the eternal stars. Here the soul, upraised by its visions, finds no limit below the throne, and the heart of God.

Not altogether of this sort, I must confess, were my meditations when emerging from the church and turning towards the second, if second, object of fascination. I was thinking more of the Rhine than of the heavens. I was glad that the sunlight had not utterly fled, so that I could enjoy the view of the "abounding river" and its more abounding shores. The crooked lane that winds around the northern side of the Cathedral terminates in a very

costly iron bridge that has lately been built, by Austria and Prussia, for railroad and general accommodations. Its ends are joined to the land by parapets of stone. On this esplanade I sat and took my first draught of the Rhine wine. Not the dark waters hurrying below me, nor the darker waters pressed upon its banks, and that drown souls as rapidly as these would bodies, but the pure essence of fancy and feeling into which these are refined. The Rhine stream is nearly half a mile wide, with level banks on either side, to the northward, or seaward. To the south, in the horizon, twenty miles distant, slumber the hills, which are the beginning, or, more truly, the end, of her strength. We are at the northern edge of the city. It stretches along the western bank for two or three miles. It is on a plain with slight knobs of hills, only one of which is distinguishable, and that not of itself, but because of the structure that covers it. A wall encases the sleepy looking houses, as if maternal Nature, in this twilight hour, was putting her drowsy city-child to bed, and with these walls was carefully shutting him in.

There was a good deal of sportfulness yet left in the child, that showed it was far from being asleep. The opposite bank and the bridge of boats below were alive with the playful multitudes. In nothing does Europe show her superiority to America so much as in the gayety of her people after the toil of the day is passed. Like Hartley Coleridge, this whole people "keep a lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks." All the flock preserve that heart, and delight in the friskiness of their early youth, while age, weariness, poverty, vainly seek to oppress them. Hotels on the opposite bank are entertaining their visitors and neighbors with pleasant music. Above them is a bridge made of narrow, little, black scow-boats lashed together, with their prows pointed southward, like a leash of black bull-dogs defying their

on-rushing foe. The swift current produces no effect on the colored regiment, and sneaks away under their steady line. On this bridge saunter the chatting multitudes. What is the use of sitting here alone, when life and joy are revelling there? This pile is cold, if costly; that string of flat-boats is familiar and popular, if cheap and old-fashioned. I cross over and walk up the farther bank, among the suburban hovels and hotels that congregate here: the first from the necessity that always drives the poorest citizen to the edge of the city, fringing her royal robes with rags; the last because that foreigners and Germans like both ample grounds and the water view in their bill of fare; and these the crowded town cannot afford. Hence the chief of the pleasure-hotels are located here. From this bank, the Dom swells superbly on the opposite shore, absorbing in itself all the grandeur of the town. Above it, — that is, to the south, — near the middle of the city and opposite the old bridge, rises another knoll, the original heart of the town. There the Roman emperors had their temple. They called it their capitol, — a pleasant reminiscence of the rock Tarpeian and its crown. That name the hill yet retains, as the city does many of the words and customs of the parent city which gave it its population, no less than its habits and name, — it having been changed from a camp to a colony by veterans, sent hither by Agrippina, the mother of Nero. Thus came its name, Colonia, Cöln; thus its dark, un-Germanic complexions; thus, perchance, its odors, the renowned opposites of Coleridge and Farina.

Back of the capitol and cathedral hills, at the apex of the triangle whereof these are the corner bases, near the wall that there bulges out farthest into the plain, is another knoll, surmounted, as are both of these, by a church. This trimountain, though of humble height, breaks up the monotony of the plains and the city, and gives their aspect a pleasurable variety.

But the shades are thickening and the crowds are thinning. The tired sun has sunk to rest. The bridge will soon open to let the nightly boats and raftsmen through. We must hurry across, or it will be too late. As weary as the sun, we too shall gladly make a setting. An inviting bath, dinner, and bed will give us the needed restoration. Pity that our greater and older traveller in the skies could not enjoy the same. The ever-moving universe must sigh for rest. Is not its groaning and travailing in pain together until now, because of this necessity that is laid upon it? One thinks, in such hours of exhaustion, of Hawthorne's answer to one who asked him if he believed in the sleep of the dead. "I don't know anything about it generally," he replied; "but, for myself, I feel tired enough to sleep about two thousand years." Whether sun or spirit sleep may be a problem. It matters but little if our last sleep, like his daily one, becomes a glorious resurrection. Sir Thomas Browne is more spiritual and Christian than Hawthorne, when, making like inquisition, he says, "So I might enjoy my Saviour at the last, I could with patience be nothing, almost unto eternity."

ORISONS.

The sun "awoke and called me early." I gladly obeyed. The weariness was gone from both him and me. The Cathedral arose also before my eyes, as if it too had been slumbering, and was putting on fresh beauty with the fresh day. The southern portal to the transept has lately been finished in most ornate tracery and abundant sculptures. The broad spaces within, like a deep forest, grow luminous with the coming light. The tall pillars stand thick around. The subdued light comes rosily through the glowing curtains of glass. The moving or bowed worshippers pass or pray upon the noiseless floor. Highly ornamented beadles, with wand and

staff, and an air of infinite authority, stride across the pavement. Richly caparisoned priests, followed by boys in dirty white surplices, glide majestically to the side chapels or central altar, and while the uncleanly lads tinkle bells or wave incense, mutter their unknown prayers to a God to them unknown. The choir burns like the dome divine, under the splendors of the inflooding light. Its springing pillars stand like angels around its walls. Its marbles, paintings, gilding, carving, height, ceiling, music, altar, and priest, give it at once the solidity of earth, the airiness of the skies, the sanctity of heaven.

But here we must not pause, though where to pause is always a difficult problem. "How not to do it," is the question with travellers, not for the purpose of escaping the doing, but including. We must climb to the top of this huge monument of piety and age. A few hundred steps, many hundred in feeling, bring us to the roof. There we walk under lofty battlements, along the edge of the building; looking down without on flying buttresses that spring out innumerably from the choir and the transept, and inwardly upon the prostrate worshippers, while we drink in the music that passes us on its way to heaven. One stands amazed at the amount of labor and material that enters into such an edifice. Above as below, without as within, every part is perfectly finished; and here, as often before, and as will be the case often again, Longfellow's words come into our mind, —

> "In the elder days of art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care,
> Each minute and unseen part,
> For the gods see everywhere."

Only the profanity of the last multiple was not in these builders' minds. Not "the gods" were their overseers, but the rather "Thou GOD seest me" was their unceasing feeling.

Up still we toil to the top of the steeple that surmounts the choir, — its highest present point of observation. The city and plain lie before us. Far below, the lead roofs of the tall houses blaze in the sun; around us stand forth the massy ribs of the megatherium below. At our feet flows the most romantic of rivers, as unconscious and as careless of its fame as the greatest ever are. It is only doing God's bidding. Why should it be proud? It is ever seeking its sea, as all souls are theirs. The ocean dwarfs it, eternity, them.

Our visitation concludes upon the tower. For six hundred years this has been waiting completion. A hundred feet of its projected five hundred are all that is finished. Here stands the very derrick that hoisted these stones to their place. It became so rotten that the authorities feared its fall and removed it. A plague broke out. The people charged it to this removal. It looked as though the great design was being abandoned, and that God was therefore offended. It was replaced or renewed; the sickness ceased, as it doubtless would have done had their prayers gone up, instead of their derrick. The work is at length proceeding to completion. The conception of the unknown artist will be accomplished, though not for hundreds of years after its birth. So will all true ideas find ultimate realization. Christianity has been longer in building than this, its material representative. And it has not yet subdued the world, not even a single nation, unto itself. Its most professed disciples feebly reveal its grace. Its churches are less perfect than its temples. The soul is not so entirely reshapen after its Divine image and fulness as is this building after its. All nations have rotten derricks on the unfinished towers of their duty and destiny. Pride, prejudice, and passion, — how much rubbish takes the place of God's truth, which he would shapen with his hands, eternal rock, eternally carved. We must hasten our personal, social, and civil

regeneration, or these perishable temples will first reach their being's height. We must make the house of society and of the State, like the magnificence which this roof covers, a common possession where the poorest worship with the lordliest, and each feels the pulsations of a single life, — the life of Christ redeeming, uniting, immortalizing all.

Shall we not see that hour ere this grass-grown tower does its completion? Shall not dissevered Germany be one before her Cathedral is finished? Shall not her people become equal, her institutions liberal, her government a unit, her religion experimental, or ere this almost divine embodiment of unity, equality, and devotion comes to its glorious consummation? Six hundred years has this been building. The nation has been twice that time. Will its end be as far beyond this as its beginning was? Will the continent, the world, thus slowly reach perfection's height? We hope not, we believe not. America's regeneration, if it goes forward, will ensure Germany's, Europe's, the world's. Then shall this be the fitting symbol of humanity; earthly in origin and position; rude and shapeless in its native elements; solid, sublime, eternal in its consummation.

ST. URSULA

and her eleven thousand virgins were too great an attraction for one man to resist. Through incredible crookedness I explored my way to the famous ossuary. It is an unattractive church without, plain and cheap within. Its marbles are, however, the most costly, for what is common limestone to the frames of saintly maidens? Recesses in the walls, of various sizes and in every conceivable place, receive the carefully arranged bones. Skulls that hardly offend the eye more than when covered with flesh and beauty, are set around with their kindred

bones in ghastly symmetry. Along the entrance-porch, over the lowly pillars, by the side of the windows, above the altar, stand these coffin-like cases of the multitudinous dead. Whatever be the truth of the legend, the fact of this Golgotha remains. It is truly a place of skulls. The heads look small and virginal. They may be childish and infantile for all my skill can detect. They may have been gathered by monkish zeal to give substance to an older legend. The Church is partly of the twelfth and partly of the fourteenth century. When the relics were placed there, I know not. The first bishop of Cologne, who located the event here, lived in the tenth century; the legend is known to have been current in the seventh, and is said to have occurred in the fourth. It is one of the prettiest of the Church, and, in some form in all probability, did occur. Whether one maiden named Undecimilla, or eleven maidens, XI. M. V. (Virgin Martyrs) becoming eleven thousand, or a larger number made definite by that human propensity that ever seeks to put the solid frame of fact and figures around its wildest fancies; or whether the actual number was attained in the ruthless persecutions of that age, who can tell? One has four ways of escape for his credulity. Are not those enough? It is evident that she gave commandment concerning her bones, if these grim walls are of any authority. A goodly audience of not very youthful or lovely maidens was engaged in mass. The service prevented my seeing the tomb of the Saint, and her recumbent statue, said to be most beautiful in its grace of body and of soul.

As an offset to St. Ursula is the Church of

ST. GEREON.

With the wordly wisdom that has ever characterized the Papal Church, it accommodates the enthusiasm of

both sexes. In its orders, houses, saints, and holidays there is a careful regard to this universal instinct of humanity. Male and female creates it them; and the twain it makes one — we may truthfully say — flesh. For all the institutions based upon these legends are not spiritual but carnal. They bind the soul to earth, if not to sin. One is made to think more of these bones than of the sainted spirits that they are supposed to have once embodied. To keep up the parallel, St. Gereon, the warrior saint, has his temple and ossuary here. Four thousand of his soldier saints are laid up in like state with almost thrice that number of St. Ursula's followers. They are kept in a church by themselves, with a truly Papal regard for the outward conformities and disregard for inward unities. His church is much more elegant than this, being one of the most striking in the city.

One other of these ancient seats of worship drew my, I can hardly say, reverent feet. It was that of

STA. MARIA IN CAPITOLIA.

Near the shore above the Dom, where the Roman capitol stood before Christ or Mary was born, is an outwardly misshapen pile, which is dedicated to both Christ and Mary. Up a long flight of steps we mount, and pass under low-browed arches of a most venerable edifice, claiming to be more than a thousand years old. Yet not its age, nor hoary aspect, nor foundation of Roman, imperial and pagan memories affected me as much as the crowds of children that filled it, reciting in harmony their morning prayers and hymns. It was a daily Sunday-school, that in its way perhaps produces as profound and permanent an impression as the schools that Protestants weekly congregate. Their hundreds of voices singing hosannas, redeemed the ordinary Catholic service, with its genuflexions, osculations, and tintinabulations, of

much of its exterior weakness, and made it for once, and I must say for almost the only time that I have attended it, throughout all Europe, seem natural, spiritual, and profitable. What a power it has, would it but rightfully use it! These girls and boys singing in the vaulted arches which had reëchoed to the like childish treble of their fathers' fathers and their mothers' mothers for so many generations, excited emotions that all the magnificence of the adjoining Cathedral could not approach. A living soul as easily towers above all human achievements, as the sky swells divinely over the most aspiring earth. Here were immortals hymning the praises of their Creator and Redeemer: what was up-piled stone, however lofty and marvellously congregated, to their revelations? It was the fitting crown to Cologne. I had come hither with the most intense curiosity, — a river, a temple, an ossuary, a fragrant water, and unfragrant streets, a history of two millenniums, — what had I not learned and conned by rote concerning the famous town? I see the sights, and my spirit, like the Queen of Sheba's, faints within me. But all this is forgotten, when, standing in a temple whose name I had never heard till I reached the city, I listened to hundreds of youthful voices worshipping God. Human nature guided and filled by the Spirit divine is the most august, exalted, and entrancing sight of earth. They shall perish, but this remaineth. The Cathedral shall crumble, the stream become dry, the city evanish; but these souls, if faithful to their morning orisons, shall worship forever the same Jesus, under the eternal arches of the temple in the heavens.

The crooked lanes are bustling with almost London life. The ancient Roman paths around their capitol, market-place, and prætorium, are as redolent and as energetic as when Germanicus ruled here among his legions,

and Agrippina, his daughter, was born into his rejoicing arms. Little did he dream of the soul that was smiling upon him, nor of her offspring, more hideous, if possible, than herself, which she should bear for the execration of all ages. The prætorium has been the council-chamber for centuries; the capitol, a Christian temple; but his market-place is ours; and the country women to-day, as then, dispose of their ephemeral wares to like ephemeral eaters. Trajan here received his summons to the purple. Two of his successors assumed the same honor, and one of them met his fate in this very spot. And yet the old streets are crowded with self-important burghers and travellers, as unmindful of their dusty nothingness as were these wide-striding Italians twenty centuries ago:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The streets are intolerable in their pavements, — little round cobble-stones covering both sidewalk and centre. They are otherwise not as complainable as Coleridge's epigram would make them. The odors are limited in number and degree, as well as in extent. Most of the city is less offensive than many streets of New York.

This talk, began in the chamber of my Cologne hotel, with its ambitious title, is continued in the cozier dining-room of my Coblentz guest-house. The pipes of the German guests, together with their ceaseless, and, to me, senseless chatterings, have given an obscurity and confusion to the inward visions, — a contribution that they hardly needed, their own conceptions being sufficiently broken and beclouded. For the extra degree therefore of these defects give these gentlemen of the pipe and tongue the credit, and consider them as traces of travel, the aroma and interlarded fragments of foreign speech and air, with which returned tourists unconsciously spice their talk and ways. Its many defects, are, therefore,

foreign and *au fait*, and hence, like musical discords, are no defects, but the highest expression of art. With such a medicine for your exhausted patience let us turn from Cologne to that of which it is the head and front, — the Rhine.

XXIII.

A PILGRIMAGE ON THE RHINE.

NIEDERWALD, OPPOSITE BINGEN, July 29th.

ON a high hill is Niederwald. Though its name implies that it is of a lower region, it is only so in relation to the Oberwald, a superior range of upland on the west side of the river. It is at the end of the Rhine District. My hostelry is in a solitary place in the woods. No house is near it. It stands in the midst of a clearing of a few score of acres, surrounded by thick forests. It is an aristocratic property, being nothing less than the hunting-seat of Count Bassenheim. But these German counts are not, like their English cousins of that rank, endowed with great wealth; and so he finds it more profitable to rent his house for a restaurant, especially as most of the game he could kill here would be no bigger than ants and musquitoes. It is nine o'clock, and has long been dark. That has not prevented me from taking my supper, after the pleasant German fashion, on the lawn and under the stars. Other guests were enjoying themselves in like manner at adjacent tables.

And now in my wide and pleasant room I am inclined to give you an itinerary of my wanderings on and along the renowned river. It is far below me; yet I have been lingering along its banks so many hours that it seems to be flowing, as it has been, close under my eyes, with its fringe of mountains, vines, villages, and castles. I can-

not hope to give you an idea of what is so vividly impressed on my own mind. It is a long road from one's eyes to his fingers, from his thoughts to his speech; much longer from his feelings to those of his reader. And the crowd of visions and thoughts which these three days' experiences have laid up in me may have to remain there, like Ginevra in the trunk, with no power of escape, and doomed to ultimate if not speedy death. Yet they will try, as she probably did, to get out of their dungeon where they dwell. If you find that they do not succeed, and you see nothing as you look at this picture but a vague entanglement of ideas and sights, blame the instrument, and not the objects it fails to set before you; for the Rhine is worthy of its fame, great as that fame is. I have walked along its banks, sat and slept beside them, and have formed for it almost a German attachment. Let me give you the sober tale of my pilgrimage. It is the best way to set before you that of which you have read so much and know so little. I trust this new reading will not greatly increase the old ignorance.

The whole of the Rhine that is scenically famous is compressed within the short space between Bonn and Bingen, about ninety miles. Below Bonn, its banks are as tame as Long Island; above Bingen, no better than the Hudson above the Catskills. History pays but little regard to scenic peculiarities, and so the upper and the lower banks are equally abundant in her stores. Cologne and Holland below, Spires and Worms above, are historically greater than any place between. But the combination of Nature with man does not exist there, and that is what preëminently draws our feet hither.

We pass Bonn, a pleasant town on the river's edge of a rich, wide plain. It has attractions, — a university, the graves of Niebuhr, Schlegel, and Beethoven, — the birthplace also of this almost sole poet of music. Other

composers merely compose, — that is, put together sounds; he fills them with ideas. But one cannot see, any more than he can study, everything he wishes. Bonn, too, being only a level city, does not come within my curriculum. So we sweep past, the eyes fastened on the mountains that grow on the opposite bank. Five miles, and we are under them.

DRACHENFELS.

The boat stops, and we land at the foot of the "castled crag of Drachenfels." Half an hour's slow work through vines, woods, and rocks, in a sultry sun, brings me to its summit. And there, for the first time, the Rhine is really before me. One has to get above a landscape to understand it. It is our master when we are on its level; we are its, only when we rise above it. A huge rock concludes the hill itself, scarred by Nature and the need of man, — for its quarries supplied the stone for the Cathedral of Cologne; not the first time that out of a side has been taken beautiless ribs, which have grown into wonderful life and loveliness. On this sharp front, a thousand feet above the river, rise two huge walls, all that remain of the ancient castle. Under their shade I look out over the Rhine. Twenty miles to the north is Cologne.

> "Sown in the centre of a monstrous plain,
> The city glitters like a grain of salt."

A little this side is Bonn. Around this city the fields lie level, — cut into squares and patches as the Connecticut meadows appear from Mount Holyoke. In fact, Drachenfels and Holyoke are not unlike in height and in position, with reference to the valley and the neighboring hills. Flat and carved valleys are to the west and north here, as they are there. The hills are east and south, as there; only the valley is larger, and, directly before us,

begins to roll somewhat in the waves that heap up into great crests further south. To the east are only high wooded hills. Some of these are castled and venerable. On the highest, a beautiful green cone, four hundred feet above us, is an abandoned archbishop's palace, whose occupant became a Protestant and sheltered Melancthon in the days of his peril.

On this lofty esplanade, under young but well shading trees, amid the romance and history of ages, I enjoyed a most prosaic dinner. That and the survey finished, a girl stands near with a paint-pot, and invites me to make myself immortal on the face of the quarry. Two groschen, or five cents, is cheap for fame, so for the first time I am tempted to buy the favors of the fickle mistress. But the boat was near, the rocks well covered, and I green at the business. So I failed in printing aught save my initials, which, being very common letters, will avail but little with posterity. I wanted to get Mass., U. S. A., among these European hieroglyphs, but space and time failed. "Ohio" is put up, however, in a most legible spot. So we are not without representation. After absorbing both time and groschen, the girl said, very quietly, "*Sie mussen laufen*," — "You must run." And I found she was right in this, if not in her temptations. So I lost my pennies and patience, got tired and hot and in a perspiration, all for a fame which I failed to secure. Let others take warning by my misfortune, and, with Wolsey and me, fling away ambition.

From beneath, and especially from the south, Drachenfels has a very majestic appearance. It springs up from the edge of the river, light, fierce, and strong as an Achilles. Opposite to it, but on a lower point, is a ruined arch, overrun with ivy, standing on the edge of a woody precipice. Just above, in the heart of the river, is a little island full of grass and trees, on which is a large, three-story, square, old-fashioned, white stone building. Here begins the romance of the Rhine.

ROLAND AND THE NUN.

That ruined arch is part of a castle built by Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. The building below is a nunnery. His affianced, hearing that he was killed at the wars, retires thither. He returns, is heart-broken at the tidings, and builds the castle over her home, and there lives and dies a hermit, watching the spot he cannot enter. A thousand years have not marred the sweetness of the story. A thousand years, too, have not swept away the religious house of refuge. Charlemagne and his family long since disappeared. Roland's castle is but a bit of a wall. But the nunnery still flourishes. It was spared by Napoleon, at the intercession of Josephine. The two greatest of French captains — the only two that made her an empire and extended her dominions beyond the Rhine — almost come together at this spot, and love connects them to it and each other. But, stronger than these armed warriors, religion survives, and retains her ancient place and power. It is something to look upon a spot where sorrow has found shelter and comfort for a whole millennium. Much as we may acknowledge its abuses and unfitness for our age, we cannot but respect so ancient and so permanent an institution of religion.

The hills draw near the river on both sides. They are of very nearly a uniform height, — seven to nine hundred feet, — and slope up sometimes gradually, sometimes abruptly. Their steep sides are covered usually with wood on the right bank and vines on the left as we ascend, the latter probably having the best exposure. A fine Gothic church is perched on the high jutting point three miles below Drachenfels on the opposite bank, and processions of peasants with glowing banners are creeping up to it from under the cliff.

HAMMERSTEIN AND ANDERNACH.

The hills assume bolder forms. Far up on our left is a huge mass of ruins on a very ragged promontory, looking up and down the stream. Authentic history plants its foot here, for, oddly enough, these much lauded castles are many of them without a name. Legends alone people their walls and write their story. But that is the Hammerstein castle built in the tenth century, and the refuge in 1105 of the Emperor Henry IV., when persecuted by his son. So says the guide-book. You are not much better off; for who this emperor was, and why he was persecuted, and how Absalom got the advantage of his father, I cannot tell. You must look that up in your library. Enough that the proudest ruler of these regions was constrained to go up into that high place and cry, "O Absalom! my son! my son!" The Swedes poured their army around it, and an archbishop destroyed it in 1660. Ministers meddled in politics in those days as badly as they do in America now. He went further, and became a fighting parson. No doubt he acted for the best interests of his people; for this was but a robber's nest that rifled Cologne of its treasures, and deserved destruction.

The grand and green defile through which the river has been flowing here subsides, on our right, into a low plain some ten miles long, at whose lower or northern edge is Andernach, and at its upper, Coblentz. Andernach is beautifully situated under the southern edge of the mountains,—an old Roman town, the camp of Drusus, producing, as one of its chief articles of export, millstones, which it also produced in the days of the Roman dominion, and some of which are found in Roman ruins in England. Here 's a pedigree which makes even a Norman look young. Probably there are families there

who have pursued the noble vocation of stone-cutting for over two thousand years. The king ought to search them out and give them the ancient castle and its demesnes, with the appropriate title of Hammerstein.

On these plains, between Andernach and Coblentz, Cæsar and Napoleon are said to have crossed the Rhine at the same point, and for the same purpose, and with the same final issue. So history repeats itself. Is it a spiral? Were Napoleon's ends grander than Cæsar's? In reality, no. Christianity may give them a loftier issue. That alone can. Cæsar was the voice of one crying in the vast wilderness of northern Europe, — "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make his paths straight." Napoleon was also the minister of Divine justice, sweeping away a false Church and false rulers, with immense heaps of venerated rubbish on which they had enthroned themselves, and under which they had buried all the rights of man and of God. You feel at every step the great need there was of him and the gigantic work he accomplished. Both forgot who raised them up, and hence both were overthrown. But their work remained; and Christianity and liberty will yet as much recognize the services of the Revolutionary army of France and its wonderful head as it does the services of Cæsar and his legions.

COBLENTZ.

It is dark ere we reach Coblentz and the frowning walls of Ehrenbreitstein. The Sabbath is quietly spent within its walls. An English chapel gives us the privilege of hearing of the wonderful works of God in our own tongue wherein we were born, — a privilege of which one feels the preciousness when his ears have been jangled for days by the unmeaning chatterings which make him a ready believer in the monkey paternity of his race, and as ready a believer in its return among these species to its original status.

A pleasant evening service at the English chapel; a visit to a crowded Catholic church, where the preacher was earnestly discoursing on Christ crucified, — the first preaching I have heard in their churches; a walk by the side of the Moselle, enjoying a procession of singing children, enjoying less other little ones fishing off the bridge, enjoying least the noisy gardens, full of music, dancing, and drinking, out of which often came the staggering debauchee; a vision of the sun setting behind the green hills of the charming vale of the Moselle, and I came back, past the tall, gray, tasteless house where Metternich was born, to my hotel beside the Rhine, and there concluded, mid smoke and chatterings below, in readings and musings in my room, my only Sabbath on the Rhine.

I found I was doing up the Rhine too rapidly. Steaming by was like looking at a fast-moving panorama, — soon won, soon lost; so I determined to make it a real pilgrimage, and do it after the ancientest fashion, for as fingers were made before forks, so feet were made before wheels, whether on boats, or cars, or wagons. Behold my travelling companions, — a staff, a rubber-coat, rubber-wallet, with two or three necessaries, a note-book, guide-book, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," "Childe Harold," a "Conversation Book in English and German," and a Bible. Quite a company of pilgrim opposites set out from Coblentz on a two days' walk to Bingen. They had one good quality, — no one obtruded himself on the other, and all were useful in their place.

We passed out of the gates in the early morning mists, sultry, yet shady. And to pedestrians, shade is the first blessing. There are excellent roads close to each side of the Rhine. We leave on the Coblentz, or right side. Across, Ehrenbreitstein smiles peacefully from all its towers. It teaches us that castles have not yet left the Rhine, and kings still fancy they afford them protection. You

cannot look upon this without thinking of the battles that have raged around it. It was a Roman camp, then a fortress of successive powers in the Middle Ages, vainly besieged by Louis XIV., taken by the Revolutionary army in 1799, when the besieged were reduced to such straits that a cat was sold for seventy-five cents and horse-flesh at ten cents a pound. It may witness, ere its history concludes, yet more horrible scenes. It is not alone; another is on a neighboring hill, two are opposite and above Coblentz, and the town itself is carefully inwalled. The bugle speeds the departing pilgrim, floating its *vale* from Ehrenbreitstein down the river. I pass pleasant gardens, *cafés*, and sauntering morning walkers. A little further on and Prussian soldiers are busily engaged in erecting scaling-ladders and building bridges. Their ancestors of the barbarian legions under Cæsar, probably built them in almost the same manner and the same spot. It is a very simple thing. A squad take charge of the boats, another of the joists or beams, a third of the planks. The first bring the boats to their places in military regularity. The second, with like system, take up the beams and place them on the boats, cuts being chiselled in them to correspond to the edges of the boats. The third party lay the planks upon the beams, and a bridge is soon built strong enough for horses and artillery to pass over.

Another sight a few rods below, less agreeable and more European, met my eyes. A party of men and women were transferring coal from cars to a boat. The men hoe the coal into huge baskets, which the women carry on their heads to the boat. One man sat on the side of the boat fishing. The women looked very tired and the men very lazy. That is the general relation of the sexes among the laboring classes throughout Europe. Our women's rights reformers would have a grand field here; not that they are altogether useless at home;

but America is heaven to poor women compared with Europe. No wonder their beauty dies away so soon. It never grows. A girl of comely face and form and gait it is rare to see. What is so common in America is most uncommon here. From this judgment we ought to except France, for her mercurial spirits, cleanly habits, and tasteful nature prevent her hard-worked and heavy-burdened girls from losing all their attractiveness. But here and in Britain their spirits do not rally against their fate. Or if their spirits rally with the end of the day and the work, their form and features do not regain their lost charms. Whatever of grace or beauty is found among them is confined to the comparatively small class that, like Solomon and the lilies, toil not, neither do they spin. Womanhood is dewomanized and unlovely.

Two miles beyond, the King of Prussia has rebuilt the castle of Stoltzenfels, — an imperial seat six hundred years ago. It hangs prettily over the road and the Rhine, and a fine, shaded drive winds up to it. I ascend, and am carried over the palace. It is not large nor grand. Many houses in America are more splendid in size and furniture. His royal couch is shown you, and that in which Victoria slept on a visit here in the happy days that are no more. A plain, green silk coverlet, lace curtains, and a very tumbled-up appearance of the fleecy down that will not down, — these characterize the royal couch.

KÖNIG'S STUHL.

Descend and walk a mile further, and on the bank of the river, close by the road-side, is a little round, open structure of seven arches resting on eight pillars with a ninth in the middle, twenty feet in diameter and ten feet in height. There is nothing striking about it, yet it is the centre of much of the imperial history of Germany.

There for centuries met the seven electors, concluded treaties of peace, and made and unmade emperors, who also appeared and took their oaths here before them. It is called König's Stuhl, — "The King's Seat." Seven stone seats were originally here, but they are gone, being removed probably by some neighboring peasant to make the foundation of his hovel. What would those proud electors have then said had they been told that to that favor their haughty seats would come? It is hard to people a spot so intensely quiet and secluded with such important memories. The electors and their retinues, the emperors and theirs, the throngs attendant, the deliberations and passions, ambitions, exultations, depressions, — all of the mightiest that agitate the earthly soul, — how they have gathered here! But electors and emperors long since left the spot. Kings will soon follow.

A short walk under the trees soon brings us to the ancient town of

RHENSE.

This is decidedly, the most miserable walled town I have seen. And but one other, unwalled, is its superior in infamy, and that lies just above. Its houses are almost all from three to six hundred years old. Walls built of small stones, from which the mortar is gone, if it was ever there, surround an inclosure of half a mile square. Inside are huddled together old piles of mortar and wood, tumbling over on each other, with thread-like lanes, cobble-stoned, creeping in among them. A very ancient and disagreeable church is in one corner. The old village churches of Catholic countries are usually very homely. In an opening, which might be called a square but for its littleness, I saw an old sign-board, whether of an ancient tavern or hospital I could not tell. On its front were carved figures, and underneath them,

"*Vulgus amicitiam utilitate probat*," with the date of 1752. I had met with the motto before in the familiar proverb, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," but I had never seen it done into Latin.

Across the river from this town, perched on a bluff, the towers of

MARKSBURG

topple, without falling, like a decrepit octogenarian. Very decrepit and very aged it is. Yet it is the best preserved of any of the ancient castles. In fact, it is the only one which keeps its first estate. So I must visit it by way of the toll I should have had to pay if its original owners and times had been extant. The visit was a heavier toll than the few groschen his servant could have wrested from my purse, for the hill was very steep and the day was very hot. But the view within and without paid handsomely for the blood thus coined into drachmas. Within one could easily reproduce its early and horrid history in all save its magnificence. I learn from it that some of these knightly abodes of the Middle Ages were simply rude masses of rough stone. The walls were piles of rough bits of stone, mortared or unmortared; the steps within, narrow and steep ascents of loose fragments of slate; the ceilings low, and the grand saloon, now made into three moderate chambers, was originally only some thirty feet by ten, and seven or eight feet high. A dungeon is shown which has no outlet but in the top, and into which prisoners were let down by a windlass that still remains. It was hardly less horrible than the steps that suddenly stopped on the side of a well, in the castle at Cockermouth. Yet this was no unimportant castle. Henry IV. was confined in a small room without a chimney, and with only one narrow window, a sad exchange for his palace, — induced probably by the same Absalom who drove him up the hill of Ham-

merstein. It is still used by the government as a hospital for invalid soldiers, though it has anything but the air of comfort which such an institution should possess. Cannon used by Gustavus Adolphus, and some taken from Napoleon by Blücher, probably at the time when Bonaparte whipped him at Quatre Bras, look down on the Rhine from its port-holes. It has been used as a State-prison till within a short time, and one of its cells is adorned with good sketches and affecting inscriptions by the hand of Lieut. Metternich, who was banished to America in 1832. He was as bold a democrat as the diplomatic prince, his cousin, was a monarchist;—hence his imprisonment and banishment. The view without is very lovely, — not of the Rhine alone or chiefly, but of the valleys behind the hills that border the river. See that tiny valley south of us, not a quarter of a mile wide, a mile long, and two miles high. A little brook with a wreath of little willows twists its way through the middle in unconscious imitation of the windings of the valley itself. How soft and deep the tinted green of the meadow! How solemn and paternal the great green mountains that swell up from it on either side! A like valley goes off to the east, but that spreads up on the sides of the mountain, and has a mill in it, and is marked off into farm patches. It is a grown-up valley, industrious and human, though still lovely, as all adult humanities ought to be in their daily service. This southern speck is a baby valley, too small for a mill, or farm, or house. It has nothing to do but be beautiful, and it does that duty well. This sight alone repays us for our walk hither, and is lost by those who only steam up the Rhine.

A walk for an hour on the smooth road that clings with even curve to both mountain and river, and we pass through a narrow orchard and enter the narrower town of

OBERSPAY.

Like all these towns its romance ceases the moment you touch it. Dirty and poor, the inhabitants of the meanest row of American shanties are more comfortable than these residents of ancient, romantic, and some of them imperial towns. Fresh milk offsets an otherwise unpalatable dinner. I rejoice to emerge into the open heavens and familiar mountains. Yet one thing in this little village touched me deeply. As I was passing down the street, filled with women and children, I saw a wayside pillar with its usual recess, and in it the image of the Saviour on the cross, with this inscription beneath: "O Ihr, alle die Ihren Weg vorüber geht, gebet acht und sehet ob auch ein Schmerz sei wie mein Schmerz." Lamentations i. 12. "O, all ye who pass by, behold, and see if ever sorrow was like unto my sorrow." Where the translation comes from I cannot tell; it is not thus in Luther's Bible. Perhaps some earlier and ruder version is its authority. The exceeding fitness of the words made it very affecting. I am no advocate for image worship, but I believe Christ on the cross could profitably hang in His churches. And these wayside reminders of His love are neither wicked nor foolish. The custom is older than Papacy, and will, I think, outlive it. Mary has at least her divine Child, and He may be worshipped, even if in this vague and remote way. Though some preached Christ of envy and strife, yet the Apostle rejoiced that He was preached. So will we rejoice that He is preached here, though in imperfect ways. The Crucified ought to be always before the eye of the soul, — often that of the body.

A SALUTE.

After a pleasant sleep on the bank, under heavy shade-trees, I move on. The town of Boppart appears on the right bank, — an ancient Roman camp, founded by Drusus, a level point at the foot of lofty, far-rolling hills; a most charming seat, and once an imperial town, and the seat of many diets. Tall steeples point to heaven, and merry bells echo among the hills. We pass through a pleasant, straggling village opposite Boppart, whose inhabitants are all out for a holiday. Three little cannon stand in the road-way, and a bit of a fire is sedulously kept up near them. Beyond, a procession is formed of little children, youth, and parents, headed by a row of girls of twelve and fourteen years holding a chain of fresh oak-leaves. Silk banners of crimson and gold wave at their head. They are waiting for the priest. I walked through their midst, the centre of many strange eyes, and met a carriage conveying its sacred burden. Instantly the childish cannon smite the hills, the bells ring, and the festivities begin. It is some gala day, which the priests have substituted for the Sabbath, as they have themselves for Christ.

A little below this village, and nearly opposite Boppart, on a very rocky range, are two ruined walls, an eighth of a mile apart. They are subjects of a legend variously told. One version is that two brothers were the several proprietors, and, contending for the same lady, fell each by the other's hand. The "Pilgrims of the Rhine" has a prettier, and probably as true a version, which I read while slowly walking under the steep cliffs on whose high ridge they moulder. It is not strange that these piles should have no real history. They were built for rapine, and their name and history have properly gone into utter forgetfulness.

Opposite to them the mountains assume their finest forms. Behind the shore cliff soars one of those brown, treeless, concave masses in which Grasmere abounds. South of it tower like lofty but greener peaks, and as you move along your eye wanders up into those far depths over a mountain valley of inexpressible softness and richness. To sit and look up that valley, — not gorge, — to contrast it with the top on which it spreads itself, the huge, brown peak above it, and the palisade cliffs just below that spring up perpendicularly from the river, — this was worth vastly more than all it had cost of strength and time. Such scenes are not mentioned in the Guide-book, — abundant in information as Murray's is; and if they were, must be slowly seen to be felt and remembered.

ST. GOAR.

The shades gather on the river as I draw near St. Goar. Before me rises the Mouse, — a mountain palace of the Archbishop of Treves. It stands on a jutting peak looking northward, half-way down from the grassy summits, yet a long, hard mile above the river. It is an admirable ruin, perfect in its form, with round towers in the rear and centre, and massive turrets and battlements. Above it, on a like jutting peak, stands the Cat, evidently the worse off; but whether time or the Mouse has caused her inferiority, our veritable history does not record. Both, like many cats and mice as well as men, effected but little through their jealousies, and are as dead to-day as the real cats and mice that then flourished and fought about them. Opposite rise the immense ruins of Rheinfels, the greatest of the castles of the Rhine. Under it is the crowded hamlet of St. Goar. I stop and bathe in the warm, swift river, and am wellnigh borne off by the fleet current. Had I so willed, I could have gone down to Coblentz on my back much more easily and briefly

than I had come hither on my feet. The gray towers of the jolly Church bachelors, and the far-stretching yellow walls of Rheinfels, lowered upon me as if they fain would spring at me for trespassing on their domain.

Refreshed with the bath in the real Rhine wine, the short space that separates me from St. Goarshausen — a little cluster of houses opposite St. Goar — is easily overcome, and a wide, clean, quiet house offers me its desired hospitalities. As if to illustrate the olden cheer, it gets up the most exquisite echo I ever heard. A bugle is played on its steps, whose notes are repeated in most airy and delicate modulations from the recesses of the opposite shore. A whole bar is played, — as, for instance, one line of "America," — and it comes back to us as perfect as it left. For an hour the duet was kept up, and never could one conceive it to be an echo.

Tennyson must have sometime spent a night here, and from his experience created his delicious "Bugle Song." No words can better convey the perfection of that echo. Read them and imagine yourself on a summer night or morning opposite the high walls of the Rheinfels, below the dashing rapids of Gewhirr, in the heart of the romantic Rheinstrom: —

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer echoes dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark and hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle; answer echoes dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes answer, dying, dying, dying."

After such refreshment for body, soul, and spirit, under the overhanging cliffs and in the murmuring music of a waterfall, the first day's wanderings "are rounded with a sleep."

The last day begins with rain. But a tourist, like a farmer, must not regard the sky. And then rain has its uses in shading off the picture which he is thus painting. So the drops are received as providential in their gift, and beneficial in their effect. I leave St. Goarshausen under the beetling crags, cross the river, walk down the large and lively village of St. Goar, mount a steep hill, and stand among the ruins of Rheinfels. Their extent is immense. It is a palace in front, a fortress behind, — always both, and a prison besides. The guide drops a bit of lighted paper into a dungeon twenty feet deep and ten feet wide, into which prisoners were let down like a bucket into a well, as at Marksburg, but without even a bit of lighted paper for a momentary illumination. The Cat and the Mouse opposite are both admirably situated, as is better seen from this higher post, than from the bank below them. The old clergy, here as elsewhere, showed excellent taste in the location of their buildings, whether churches or fortresses.

From the summit opens, to the west, a valley of uncommon beauty. It is deep, narrow, faced with vines, and glides slowly and gracefully away from our sight into high, embracing hills. This fort has often been a scene of blood and terror. Built to rob the merchants of the riverside by tolls, it cost so much that its owner had to increase his tariff to pay his debts. They revolted, and, under the instigation of a citizen of Mayence, forty miles above, they besieged the fortress for fifteen months, without success. Their failure was the cause of the Confederation of the Rhine, six centuries ago, and the beginning of the work of despoiling all these towers, and introducing free trade on the river. Why

should a harbor on the edge of the Atlantic stream be burdened with a tariff any more than one on a river? These men claimed that their dominion included that portion of the river adjoining it; and what nation does not levy a tax on the merchandise that enters its territory? There were no less than thirty such custom-houses once on the Rhine. Now the Duke of Nassau alone ekes out his scanty living with this impost.

Other bloody battles have raged around these walls, and hundreds of the dead have filled its trenches. How still and serene now! In its slumbering quiet I sit, and take my perpetual breakfast of eggs, coffee, and fresh wheaten bread, under shady trees that grow on the edge of the parapet. The clouds kindly postpone their rain to accommodate the cloudier spirit below in his victuals and visions. He would express here his gratitude to his superior kindred in the skies for their consideration. That breakfast is more memorable than many a costlier feast. What could surpass it? The rolling river, the black, gray and green mountains, ruined castles, ravines, vines and villages, a feast of fat things that made the eggs and coffee a banquet of the gods.

Along the edge of the precipice I walk, looking down on the lead-colored roofs of St. Goar, on the swift river, the green and brown cliffs that wave in and out along the opposite shore; over their heads, far out on the high uplands, covered with waving fields and their reapers, the Ruths among them busy with the sickle here, showing the slow progress of our race from Boaz and half-civilized Asia to highly cultured Europe. Creeping down the almost perpendicular side, I pass under the huge, overhanging mountain of Lulei, by the whirling rapids of Gewhirr, and the seven rocks peeping out of the channel, — all of them full of legends which are much better remembered than real history. A turn in the river and road sets

OBERWESEL

before the eyes, the most romantically situated of all these river towns. Behind it the mountains rise steep and high, but not rocky; their summits are covered with grain, and a barn is the highest tower, — a better symbo of the true dignity and duty of man than all these hoary castles. The town runs a little way up its side. On its highest point St. Martin's Church stands out in majestic greatness. For half a milennium has it been the crown of Oberwesel. Farther on stands a fine Gothic church, but little younger, and in itself, but not in its position, more stately. A step or two more, and a ruined castle is seen, overhanging the last church. On this separate, rocky promontory the family of the Schönberg flourished, and long overtopped the petty village in power and pride. They have utterly disappeared; their castle is a heap of ruins; but the pretty hamlet still lives, and families as old as theirs are flourishing there in humble prosperity.

Opposite the town, and on every side, high hills swell around it, covered thick with vines. It is hidden in the clefts of the rock. How can its people be aught but refined and religious amid such scenes? We fear that neither of these graces flourish there. We pass out of the town under the beetling walls of Schönberg, and see on the opposite bank, a mile or two below this, another ruin standing forth. It was built by the brother of Henry III., of England, for his wife. Love, or its fiery counterfeit, glistens on all these ruins. Below is a village ruled and owned by the Duke of Nassau, and in the middle of the river is a little polygonal tower known to fame. The hot sun drives me for shelter under the cool crags, into whose sides the roadway has been broken. As I sit there, a German student, with his wallet and

hammer, comes up and pecks at the rock for specimens. I fall into a very mixed state of reflections. There is the old ruin, built by a long-buried love; from it the Swedes tried for six days to drive the Spaniards from the post where I am sitting. At its foot, in the stream, is the little fort where Louis le Débonnaire, weary with his crown and courtiers, went to die, — a spot that has its dungeon racks and horrid history. All these events cast their portion into the caldron bubbling in the thoughts, and made it a *potage à la Julien*, to which all herbs and condiments contribute, — the wandering mineralogist, the wandering American, the early gayety of the castle, the bloody confusion that raged around it, the week of blackness, thunderings, lightnings, and death, the dying-bed of the exhausted king, the distress and darkness that had beat against the walls of that little prison, more fierce than any mountain torrents that had rushed upon them from without; all these blossomed in the hot silence of that summer hour, and ripened into imperishable memories.

A half-hour's walk brings us to the comparatively large town of

BACHARACH.

Its name means the altar of Bacchus, and his altar is a rock in the river, which, exposed by lowness of the water, gives token of a fruitful vintage. It lay bare to the blaze, and so the vine-dressers of Bacharach were doubtless daily rejoicing. The town lies, like most of the rest, on a shelf at the foot of very high hills. The shelf is a trifle wider than that on which Oberwesel stands, but is yet very narrow; sixty to eighty rods is its greatest width. Over it hangs a pile of ruins belonging to the Queen of Prussia, — her ancestors once ruling there. Under it, and on a ledge just over the roofs of the houses, is the prettiest ruin on the river. It

is a bit of chapel — finished in 1428 — to the memory of St. Werner, a lad killed by the Jews, and cast into the stream three miles below; but his body floated up stream to this place, and was buried on this spot. So says the legend. If that is not solid and beautiful, the temple erected to his memory is. Only two sides remain, — each a curve, — of six lofty windows, full of delicate tracery, and separated by thin columns. In its cool shade I ate my noonday lunch, and rested myself with sleep. The dead of many ages lie around me, and sleep puts me into symbolic companionship with them. I gaze on the airy lantern of stone, and think how this was finished three quarters of a century before America was discovered, when there was no Spanish Empire, and the dark ages prevailed, — and yet no finer fruit of highest genius can be found in the works of our boastful present.

Awakened from these dreams and deeper slumbers, the castle above is surmounted and its view enjoyed. The proud old town, now almost as lifeless as the ruins above it, is speedily traversed; passing through rows of pine-trees, I saunter along the banks, picking blackberries. They have a sour taste, as if they could not be popular as berries, and strove to be grapes, and found, in their effort, only the sourness of the wine, while they lost the sweetness of their original nature.

THE LAST DITCH

is the long street of Nieder Heimbach, with a castle stuck on its head. The proximity of the ruin, or the river, or something else, had stimulated the inhabitants to do their uttermost in the way of degrading nature, — for it is by far the dirtiest spot I have seen in Europe. Every other door opens into a stable or a pig-sty, and the alternate ones into equally neat and comfortable abodes

of the human fellows of the swine; piles of compost reek in the sun close to the doors and the roadway; piles of fagots and logs modify the fragrance, not the beauty of the scene; children and chickens, dogs and donkeys, men and women, mingle unconcernedly in the filthy mess. It had its opposites: for on one of the logs a girl was teaching others to knit; on another, a mother was tending her children. To crown the contraries, almost all of the houses were washed with pink, white, pea-green, or such delicate colors. I gladly escaped from the scene and smell, and welcomed the black clouds and driving wind that were coming up the river. It seemed as if all nature needed purifying. One cannot help wondering at their condition. The hills before and behind them are superbly lovely, and full of cleanly suggestions. Moore's fling at America is far more applicable to these tenants of the Rhine: —

> "Oh! was a world so bright but born to grace
> Its own half-organized, half-minded race
> Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
> Like vermin gendered on a lion's crest?"

A STORM AND REFUGE.

Here comes the storm, black and muttering. Bulwer says a thunder-storm is needed to bring out all the glories of the Rhine. So I was favored with the *sine qua non.* But I was expecting too much, and failed therefore to feel the extraordinary grandeur. The hills grew blacker, the river rougher, but otherwise it was as all such storms are, only less severe. I pass under the shadow of Sonneck, — dismantled in the thirteenth century, and lately restored in perfect taste, — far better than the two royal restorations of Stolzenfels and Rheinstein. It looks wild and savage; no garden, nor shrubbery, nor arrangement of trees; one untouched forest closes it around and rises far above it. It must be very lonely, and strikingly

shows at what a loss of humble but living affections these men of old built desolate places for themselves. The rain falling faster, a shelter is afforded in one of these road-side altars. Under its low arch of mortar, before the pretty image of the Virgin Mother and her Son, I find a protection against the rushing rain. I could but feel the sanctity of the spot, and rejoiced that the cross and its Christ were thus a perpetual refuge for pilgrims weary and bestormed in body and soul. Even the sweet face of His mother, blessed above women, did not mar the sacredness of the spot. In her true sphere, no one is so exalted. To deify her is to degrade her. Protestants should honor her as they are honoring the cross. In neither is salvation, as these perverted Papists believe and teach; in both is influence, precious and powerful, as we, less perverted Protestants, have failed to believe and teach. Let us embrace the truth whoever else may abuse it. It will make us free, — it only.

THE END IN VIEW.

The narrow gorge that is just above this spot is the southern entrance to the Rhine highlands, and is not unlike in treelessness, blackness, abruptness, and precipitancy to the cliffs near Peekskill, where the Hudson highlands begin. Walking between them after the shower, I find the glory of the day and the Rhine departing together. Hills cling still to the shores, especially on the eastern bank, but only for a mile or two farther. In full view are low-lying shores, less level, but not less mountainous, than those of Cologne. On either side is yet a castle or two, the van-guard or rear-guard, as one pleases to call them, of the long line of mountaineers. That they may be concluded as they were begun, I visit the castle of Rheinstein, like the first that was visited below Coblentz, the property of the King of Prussia.

Like that too it is fitted up as a summer residence, and contains in its rather *petite* apartments many vestiges of feudal times, in armor and furniture. The view from its tiny battlements was gentle but forcible. Opposite were the slopes of Assmanshausen, covered thick with vines; below, the gates of the river stood forth bold and black; around, the forest bent under its green and dewy burden; above, the river leaped over rapids whose rocks the engineers were blasting out, to give wider space for its channel and traffic. This seat is admirable as a summer residence, though less charming than that at the other extreme. Its vicinity to the chief wine districts may give it the supremacy to these royal epicures.

Descending its deep-shaded road, under dripping cliffs, and with multitudinous curves, I cross the ferry and toil hither between walls high and gray that enclose the viny treasures, thread a forest path, and emerge in half an hour upon this pleasant park, woody and lawny, with its spacious chateau and barns, all out of doors; no enclosure cramping their ease with its restraining walls. It is fitting that the footsore wanderings should thus be concluded in the heart of the vineyards, where is supposed to centre the true blood of the Rhine.

Before I sat down to supper, I walked through the woods to the little tower of Rossel, and took a farewell look at the castled and mountainous Rhine. Under me hung Ehrenfels, on the edge of a high rock, a favorite retreat of the Archbishops of Mayence. Opposite, and to the north, three of these once terrible monsters growl with their skeleton jaws upon the traffic that they can no longer despoil. A little to the south, on the other shore, nestles Bingen, known to fame by a ballad of Mrs. Norton. How many of these spots owe their celebrity to fancy! The dreams of the people and the poets invest them with their sole and legendary life. Bingen lies at the base of moderate hills, — lofty else-

where, but lowly here in the neighborhood of their stalwart brethren. They are cultivated up to, and over, their summits, and set off with suburban adornments the close-packed town. Along its front flows the Rhine, swift and green. On its left or southern side the Nahe timidly creeps into it, and hugs the western shore with its dark waters as if afraid to mingle them in the superior current. On this side is a like phenomenon. The Maine, which professedly joins the Rhine twenty miles above, still clings to the hither bank, a narrow, brown ribbon, shaded off on its inner side to the green of the Rhine. These rivers do not lose their identity till they are boiled and dashed together among the breakers of the Lurei, twenty miles below. Can we not, as Americans, read history and prophecy in this haughty spurning of the light, superior stream, in the timid creeping of the red and black threads along either side, and in the rapids and whirlpools of the Gewhirr, where mutual suffering and sorrow make them one?

In the middle of the channel, below us, is a poor-looking turret, perhaps twenty feet square, and fifty feet high. It stands alone on a half-acre island, without any marks of grandeur or power. That is the spot where Bishop Hatto was eaten by the rats, according to the legend done into very vivacious English by Southey. On this shore, down the open slopes covered over with vines, is the village of Rüdesheim, on whose northern edge is another ruin, which another legend, like its ivy, keeps green. A Jephthah father, confined in Saracenic captivity, in the time of the Crusades, vowed his daughter to perpetual celibacy if he was delivered. He escaped, and cruelly, but with pious intent, attempted to reduce her to a like grievous confinement in a nunnery. She was betrothed, and protested against her fate. But for his oath's sake, he demanded her submission. He shuts her up in his tower beneath you on the edge of the

river. She threw herself into the stream, and the people yet hear her voice in the sighings of the storm. The soughs wailing up the gorges are very easy to hear. This interpretation of them you can take, or leave, as you please. It dwells, like most of their class, on the cruelty of power, on love, and sorrow.

Not far below this station is the "Temple," a small, circular building, open and pillared, located to give a view up the river. It has suddenly lost all its wildness and sublimity, and become a broad and quiet stream, abounding in large islands, with banks level, or swelling into open hills populous with villages and the vine. Far away on the opposite shore, on one of the highest of these cultivated hills, stood the grandest of the palaces of Charlemagne. It was adorned with hundreds of columns rifled from Italy. Not a vestige remains to mark the spot. Near us, on a low hill this side of the river, is the celebrated vineyard of Johannisberg, belonging to Prince Metternich. Every speck of ground around the white, square, homely palace is devoted to the grape; for it pays too well to sacrifice any space upon aristocratic ornament. Five to seven dollars a bottle — twenty to forty thousand a year — is worth more than pompous gardens and haughty turrets.

A GRAIN OR TWO OF COMMON SENSE.

The Rhine closes its picturesque department here. From Bonn to Bingen, about ninety miles, it breaks its way through the Taunus Mountains. Above that, for about two hundred miles, it flows through what was once the bed of a great inland lake hemmed in with this range. Many scientific proofs of this fact exist. Through some convulsion, or by its own force, it broke through the opposing hills, and gave Europe a river full of majesty and history.

Two or three practical addenda shall bring us back to the light of common day: —

1st. Many suppose that almost every hill is surmounted with a castle. The fact is, there are but few castles compared with the hills. These swell out and in along the whole line; but the castles are less than twenty in number. This, in a distance of a hundred miles, is not very populous. Probably there were a few more in the days of their prosperity, but they never lined the river; Nature held most of the summits unvexed by man.

2d. Another error is in supposing them to be almost inaccessible. They look so as you sail up the stream; but, if you mount to the top of the rocky banks, you will see, usually, cultivated uplands filled with villages. From these you descend to the castles. They are, in almost every case, below the level of the country, though above that of the river. They could not be protected from above, and were only dangerous to those below.

3d. The vines of the Rhine are subjects of innumerable bacchanalian odes and much maudlin speech of the opponents of temperance. Their culture is conducted very carefully and thoroughly. Up these steepest hills they are carried. They grow on poles, like beans or hops, and often need to have their roots placed in little baskets of earth. The sides of the hills have high walls built upon them, not twenty feet apart, to keep the soil from being washed away. The hills thus look as if they were fortified. With all this care and expense, the vine-growers are poor. It does not pay for the extraordinary pains. This is probably owing, in part, to the drinking habits of the people. Everybody drinks wine, and it is a costly luxury even here. Seventy-five cents is the lowest for a bottle at this hotel, and that in the centre of the district; four and five dollars is charged here for the best brands. You can easily see, from this, how next to

impossible it is to export any of the pure juice to America. The world is crazy for what it cannot have; and, if it had it, it would be no blessing. Most of these wines are miserable in taste, and intoxicating in their effect. I have seen drunken men not a few; even my young landlord here is "fou." They drink all the time, and in great quantities, and rob the purse and the brains alike. Better cling to the real Rhine wine, the streams that run among the hills. Drinking of them often, I can attest to their excellence. Older, more sparkling, more invigorating than their usurping juniors, he that drinketh of these brooks by the way, shall surely lift up his head. Those that drink of the others find their heads drooping, and frames weary. Luther's wine lines are more popular than his "Ein feste Burg." On the walls of the drinking-rooms, one sees a print of a jolly young Benedict lying back in his chair, quaffing his wine, smoking, and smiling benignly on his Dutch Beatrice, — a fair, full face and fuller form; for *embonpoint* is the German cestus of Venus: while underneath are Luther's bacchanal and domestic lines, —

> "Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."

Which is, being interpreted, —

> "Who loves not wine and wife and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long."

Perhaps this distich has made as many drunkards as his Protestantism has Christians. Let "Christ" be put for "wine," and we shall have the trio of the perfect man, — religion, love, and joy.

Finally, if you want to feel the Rhine, walk. There is no royal road to this sort of learning any more than to any of its kindred. Skimming over its waters is as profitless as skimming over the pages of a translation to the professed student of the classics. Like

Antæus, you must touch the earth if you would be strengthened. You must move slowly over the landscape; you must stop and drink in gradually its peculiar beauties. So take my advice, and walk the whole ninety miles. A little bag or wallet, and a good staff, is all you need, your luggage being sent forward in the river steamers. Guest-houses, as the Germans call their inns, cheap, and usually neat, are at every few miles, and better guest-houses are provided by Nature on every green sward and under every green tree.

XXIV.

FROM WIESBADEN TO MUNICH.

AN hour after leaving Rüdesheim and the legendary Rhine, the short and thick-set Dutchman of a steamer, slowly puffing its pipe, reached Bieberich, the faded commercial capital of the Duchy of Nassau. From it a straight road leads to Wiesbaden, three miles from the river, in a moderate hollow, along the base of somewhat lofty hills. Its springs drew me thither, as they have myriads before me for a hundred generations. For its waters have been celebrated from the days of the Cæsars. Notwithstanding its age, it does not look old. As the Duke of Brunswick, in Paris, though an octogenarian, has so juvenile a toilet, and his face so enamelled that he looks like a dandy of thirty, so this *roué* of a town, that has been the seat of fashion for centuries, seems as juvenile as an American city of yesterday. The streets are straight and wide, the houses white and new, the parks of the most approved modern style, the bazaars full of costly nothings, the people as like the exhausted frequenters of such spots with us as two peas. Most of their sickness is evidently that of nothing to do. Its cure is found in poverty, not in Wiesbaden. And yet this place may unexpectedly lead to that result; for it brings many to poverty through its gambling tables. Nero is said to have frequented it, and to have built a palace here. Pliny mentions the waters with commendation. I can indorse him. Two

thousand years have not spoiled their virtue. Delicious to the taste, delicious in the bath, no wonder exhausted voluptuaries from Nero till now have sought their help. But I saw here hotter springs pressing up, and from deeper depths than these came from, — springs, not like these, healthy and divinely created, but hot from hell. In fact, to speak plainly, I saw hell here. Some do not believe there is any; some are in doubt as to what it is. Perhaps the hour I was in it may help them to the needful conception. May it also prevent its realization.

This hell is a very beautiful place. Imagine a fine square, full of trees. On one side is the theatre. At right angles with it, on either side, are elegant bazaars. On the fourth side, opposite the theatre, is a spacious marble building, gorgeously adorned. They call it Kursaal. What that meant I knew not; I thought it might mean what its English pronunciation readily suggests, — curse all; for it is a gambling hell, maintained by the State. The hall is high, wide, and handsome. It opens into a charming garden, full of daintiest delights. A band is discoursing eloquent music. Gorgeous chandeliers flash upon you, and statues abound, though some of them are intentionally immodest, which is not the case with the masterpieces of art. In the centre of the grand saloon is a table, not unlike a billiard-table in size and appearance. A crowd sit around it; a larger one stand behind them. In the middle is a wheel, on which, being set in motion, whirls a little ivory ball, which, when the wheel stops, slides down from the upper rim, where the motion had kept it, into a socket. These sockets are all numbered, and the one into which it goes is the lucky number; all the rest are failures. The table is marked off into numbers, and the players put their gold or silver on the one they prefer. If the ball slides into their number they get as many times what they put down as is the number on which they put it. Put a florin on 20,

and you draw twenty florins if that number receives the ball. A very simple thing, you will say. Yes, all sin is simple. There 's nothing very deep about Satan. Coleridge described him exactly when he said, "The devil is a fool with a circumbendibus." But his work is deep. It burns to the lowest hell.

I stood and looked at the gamblers. They tried to appear cool, but failed. At every turn of the wheel their faces were fixed in agonizing suspense. When the moment was past, and the cool managers with their little hoes gathered up the spoils and cast a fraction of it to the lucky better, the losers endeavored to keep their countenances, but they were livid often, and tremulous. One young man had evidently lost much, and the sweat stood on his forehead while he rapidly cast away his gold. An old, gray-haired lady came up and put down a florin, and lost; another, swallowed up in a moment; another, and another; always clinging to the same number, but with the same result, till at last she walked away penniless, with a heavy heart, and a heavier conscience.

Three rooms of like splendor open from this to the right. A table is in each room for gaming; some like this, and others, in which cards are shuffled by the master, and in some way decide the fate of the players. At all were many ladies, some of them of the first families in Europe, though none the better for that. I saw one young lady lose several piles of coin. She strove to act cool, but constantly fanned herself, and was evidently in a state of high excitement. She clung to 26, and for a dozen times planted her florins about that number. Twice she won; but the silver soon flew back again into the cage from which it had escaped to her, till at last all went, and the nervous girl fled, only to return again and more eagerly to her ruin. I was surprised to see so many women. Their faces more faithfully transmitted the soul than those of the men, and

one could but see how fearfully the passion raged within them.

I was constantly thinking, as I looked upon them, of Goethe's description of a witches' dance in "Faust." As Milton and some more clerical persons make the pit a gorgeous place outwardly, so does he their haunt of sin. Mephistopheles shows Faust a grand hall, — Kursaal they probably call it, — splendidly illuminated, and in it elegantly dressed people dancing. As they are looking, a great red rat leaps out of the mouth of one of the ladies. It shocks Faust horribly; but Satan only makes fun of it, telling him it would be much worse if it was a gray rat. So out of these handsome faces, to my eyes, were ever leaping, not red rats merely, but black devils, exulting in the possession of spiritual palaces that God had built for himself to dwell in, but which have thus become a habitation for dragons and demons, — I fear forever.

This was a true hell. What if it has all these alluring surroundings? They were not aware of it. They did not hear the music, or smell the flowers, or see the statuary and the tapestry and the blazing chandeliers. They only saw the tables, the gold, their gains, their losses. They only felt the fire within. Would it make any difference if the outward had conformed to the inward? If the band had been howlers, and the garden a blazing forest, and the palace a sulphurous pit, and their dress filthy rags, and their faces those of fiends, would not the ragings of passion make them unmindful of their terrible surroundings? Are these surroundings the worst features of the case? I have heard some ministers say that a literal hell-fire could not be true; it must be one of conscience. Nay, the literal fire is the least part of hell. It *is* a part. It must be substantially. If the wicked have a material body, it must be subject to the baleful conditions of the soul that inherits it; and that

is an outward torment as this is inward, voluntary, and ceaseless. It is the fitting clothing for the sinning soul. Isaiah has a word that not unaptly describes the final estate of these and all sinners who "are set on fire of hell." "It hath set him on fire round about, yet he knew it not; it burned him, yet he laid it not to heart." Sin is hotter than blazing sulphur, and the anguish then, as of these losers now, is only of the sorrow of the world that worketh death.

We pass through into another suite of rooms, where are the leading reviews and journals of Europe. This is one of the seductions of the spot, though hardly a dozen men are lounging here, while scores throng the tables. Here I found the "Times" rejoicing over the speedy dissolution of the Republic, and comparing its fluctuating agonies of hope and fear to the dying dolphin, — England, of course, being the idle spectator lolling over the side of her ship of state, which never was broken by a storm, and never will be. There was a fitness of things in its being here. I never saw Judas in his own place before.

We leave the brilliant Pandemonium, denying ourselves another temptation with which they catch many of the unwary. A fine dinner is served up at a very low figure. Hundreds frequent these tables. But to eat at Satan's board is putting yourself in his power. So I put the knife to the throat of that temptation. I cleansed myself from its contaminations by draughts of, and a bath in, the delicious waters. They are full of life. But the river of the water of death flows too near them. And yet the ducal proprietor of the springs is a good Protestant, and is building a magnificent church, whose statues alone cost $75,000. The whole cannot cost much less than a million. I could but think how many souls had been sacrificed to this splendor. But then, I thought how we had used wealth worse gained, for like purposes at home, made even by gamblers in

human flesh, and that of their own sons and daughters; and so came round to the goal that all men and all nations must alike reach, — "God be merciful to *me* a sinner." I shook the dust from my feet, satisfied with the brief sight of a German watering-place, with its painful type and forerunner of a place where there is no water, and no pleasurable sins to make them forget the healthful draughts they now despise.

A run of a few miles and minutes and I strike the river just above where I had left it, at

MAYENCE.

Few places have greater claims upon our notice, — few repay it so poorly. A morning walk exhausted it. It was founded by Drusus, as a frontier town of the Empire. A Roman tower on a hill in the town has long been considered his tomb. It reached its height of prosperity in the Middle Ages, when one of its merchants, vexed at the excessive tariffs imposed by the robber chiefs between it and the sea, effected a confederation that resulted in their destruction. How many great progresses of the race are impelled by selfish interests! It was long ruled by archbishops, who became enormously swollen with pride,— a sin, it seems even archbishops can as easily fall into as others. In the Cathedral are many proofs of this. Statues of them carved in oak are perched high up on the sides of the choir. A multitude of busts and profiles and eulogistic phrases line the walls. One, describing the virtues of its subject, gives this lively idea of his modesty when elected to the bishopric, — "*Electus plus rubuit quam ipsa episcopalis purpura;*" "When elected bishop he blushed more deeply than the episcopal purple robe itself." He must have looked queer! The force of this official pride reached its culmination in the statue of one of them larger than life, with his hands on the crowned

heads of three boyish looking emperors. He had presided at their coronation, — that being a privilege of this diocese. He towers over them with serene self-complacency, paternal and patronizing, that is indescribable; while they look as children used to under the manipulation of ancestral parsons, — half-scared, half-sensible of the great honor he is conferring.

The caricature was perfect, and all the better for being unintentional. Near it is a red stone slab of the thirteenth century, with a rude effigy of St. Boniface, the first Archbishop of Mayence, — a really great man and a great Christian. For all this had a Divine beginning, as man himself had, however far it has fallen. There is no greater hero in Christian history than Boniface; and we could easily revive these wildernesses and heathen savages among whom he came nearly twelve hundred years ago, from an English monastery, preaching the gospel of the kingdom. He was in labors most abundant, and his works still follow him. Many churches bear his name, many biographers extol his papalism, and yet he was far more of a Christian than a Churchman. These leaders know what power there is in connecting the real saints and martyrs of the Church with themselves, and they do it ceaselessly and skilfully. We shall have to take this weapon out of their hands and surpass them in a wise use of the true Church Fathers, before we can subdue them.

As a body, Protestants have no uninspired history beyond the Reformation. Most of them almost fancy that between Paul and Luther there was only a mass of Christless priests. This is a great mistake, and one could do no better service to our youth than to substitute for the religious fiction they now are condemned to read — a fiction as false and deleterious as that with which Papal guides poison their youth — a true history of the real heroes of the Church, ministers, missionaries, and martyrs, Boniface, Bede, Bernard, Ambrose, Augustine,

Athanasius, Chrysostom, Sebastian, Helena, — pointing out honestly their errors, but as honestly confessing, and glorying in, the grace that strove within them mightily.

Mayence boasts of one other event superior to her Rhenish confederation and her prelatic power. Here printing was discovered; for this greatest of human inventions was really a discovery, a providential gift to man. John Guttenberg — whose real name, Gansfleisch (Gooseflesh), proves the humbleness of his origin, if not condition — here did that very little thing, cut a bit of wood into the shape of a letter. Thereby he became immortal. It seems nothing, yet, as is truly said on his statue, "What Greeks and Romans knew not, German talent discovered. So that now in what the ancients were wise, and what the moderns, they are wise not for themselves, but for all." Some may like the original. Thus it reads: —

> "Artemque Græcos latuit, latuitque Latinos,
> Germani sollers extudit ingenium,
> Nunc quidquid veteres sapiunt, sapiuntque recentes
> Non sibi sed populis omnibus id sapiunt."

His statue stands in the market-place, with bas-reliefs of him, showing his type to a friend, and examining a proof which a workman is striking off; very common subjects, such as are seen in a myriad of places to-day, but what excitement they caused in him then. The analogy between the revelation of Christian life in the soul and the greatest discoveries and inventions of man, is no small proof of its divinity. Both are so simple that a child can understand them. Yet the ability necessary to achieve them was of the greatest, and the effects immeasurable. Little things are the great things; common sense the true sense. Guttenberg, Newton, Columbus, Franklin, all show us that the God of Nature and the God of Revelation is the same God. Hence, Christianity is the most natural and rational of all truths, though it does not worry you with proofs of its perfection.

From St. Boniface and Guttenberg one passes naturally to him who employed the spirit of the former and the invention of the latter in the reëvangelizing of the land. But a few miles above Mayence is the spot where the Reformation first became a reality.

On a hot August day, buried in the cushions and dust of an express train, I was whirled into

WORMS.

This did not seem to be sufficiently Lutheran. So having the tree pointed out where he made his memorable declaration, I walked out to it and reëntered the town in more fitting manner. The tree is a tall, old elm, very gnarled in trunk and branches, with a wide-spreading top, that makes it a sightly object for miles around. It stands on the corner of a clean street, lined with very white cottages, of the little village that has to carry for its name the heavy burden of Pfiffligheim. No wonder it is very small. Such a name would stunt the growth of any infant hamlet, even in Germany. The tree is at the end of the street, where the broad acres open on every side, and straight before us lie the walls and towers of the once imperial city.

The aptness of the story is seen at a glance. Luther coming hither at the summons of the Emperor, is met by his friends at the very spot where, by a turn in the road, the city comes in view. He has yet a chance to return, while if he moves forward over the plains, all honorable retreat is cut off. He listens to their declarations of his peril from assassins and from the powers of the State, and their entreaties not to endanger his life and cause by casting himself into the den of lions. He looks up and sees the den, and most clearly with the mind's eye, sees the lions; sees them to be more than lions, — demons gnashing on him with their teeth. But the same vision

reveals the absolute necessity of courageously meeting these foes. His whole work, past and future, hangs on his present valor. You can see the hard, homely, but heavenly face illumined with supernal boldness. You can hear the manly voice, calm but resolute, uttering the words that included the whole matter in controversy, and shut off all further expostulation and entreaty.

The guide-book doubts if the tree really marks the spot where he gave the immortal answer. But the authorities of Worms have no doubt. A brass plate on the tree and an iron fence around it, testify to their faith and its fitting works. So I agree with the burghers and the ancient traditions, and yield myself to the impressions of the spot. I walk thence into town, as he did, and over the road which he walked, a mile or so through an open country, without fence or hedge. Apple-trees, bending to the ground under their ripening burden, hang over the roadway: fields of yellow grain make a short-lived hedge. The flat acres roll out on each side as far as the eye can reach, with scarcely a swell on their surface. To the east lies the city, with its rows of trees filling the ancient moat, and hiding measurably the harsh walls. Its Cathedral towers aloft, absorbing in itself as usual all the grandeur, and seemingly all the space of the town. Beyond, but out of sight, drowsily flows the lazy Rhine. This land has been famous in German song. The Minnesingers loved to call it the Land of Joy, and Christians, in view of its historic relation to their faith, may not deem the title inappropriate.

Worms itself is now a small city of only eight thousand inhabitants. They are evidently poor, and the whole town has a decayed air. The Cathedral, though large, is not imposing. A half-broken wall encircles it, and weeds and briers grow in its courts. The inside is lofty, but drearily naked, — void of spiritual warmth as well as majesty. It seems contrary to our judgment that

it should still be in possession of the Romanists. While Zwingle's and Calvin's cathedrals are rescued from the Papacy, this is still held in its grasp. It is a barren sceptre. No Papal vigor fills its walls. Were the Lutheranism around it as vital as it was originally, it would soon drop from that withered hand. But Protestant weakness makes Papal weakness comparatively strong.

Near the Cathedral, on its northeast side, are some grass-grown walls. This was a corner of the bischopshof, or episcopal palace, where the Diet was held to which he was summoned. They are all that is left of the edifice, and so one has full liberty to rebuild the hall of convocation after his own fancy. The spot at least is unchanged. Upon it he spoke the memorable words, "Here must I stand. I can do no otherwise." Here the Reformation ceased to be a problem and became a fact. The floating fire changed to solid rock. Amid the present weakness of Popery, one can hardly realize the resolution which the utterance of those words required. When you read over Charles the Fifth's statue at Brussels, "Dominator of Europe, America, and Asia," you have a slight idea of the temporal power vested in the young prince before whom he stood. When we remember that by his side were the representatives of Leo X., himself the ablest sovereign in Europe, whose power was feared and flattered by every potentate throughout the world, and who could incite his followers by all the terrors of hell and all the hopes of heaven, the courage of the monk appears sublime beyond description. Peter before the Sanhedrim, Paul before Nero, did not require more Divine support for the duties of their hour, than did Luther for those of his. And the strength was according to the day.

The tiles upon the houses of Worms were somewhat numerous. I was a little curious to know how many devils Luther was willing to confront. So upon figuring

it up, this was the sum. At that time the population was 30,000. Allowing ten persons to a house, this would give us 3000 houses. Suppose each side of the roof to be twenty feet square, that would be eight hundred square feet for both sides. Allowing one half a square foot for each tile, will give us sixteen hundred tiles to a house, which is 4,800,000 for the whole city. Almost five million of devils he was willing to face. Such an answer must have stopped all further appeals. He looked up and saw the red-clay shingles blazing in the sun, and the reply sprung to and from his lips. As his friends turned their anxious eyes cityward, full of anguish and dread, and saw how his daring had overleaped, beyond all comparison, the narrow limits of their fears, they, too, thanked God and took courage. The seeming extravagance of the reply was needful for him and for them! They saw it instantly. What were five or fifty million of devils to the legions of angels hastening to the spot! The air was full of the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof. More was He that was for them, than all they that were against them.

None of the tiles exist that were thus, from no fault of their own, thrown forever into bad company. The city has been bombarded and burnt down so many times since, that these victims of a comparison have become victims in reality. A Presbyterian clergyman told me he picked up one as a sort of a specimen brick of Luther and Worms. I preferred a leaf of the Luther Baum at Pfiffligheim. The last, in fact, no more represents Luther than the first. Both are successors to their predecessors, though the leaf is an hereditary and the tile an elected representative, — the dividing question of royalty and republicanism running even through these insensate things.

A ride south and east of a score of miles brings me to

HEIDELBERG.

It was after dark when I entered the University town. Rockets were shooting up from thick groves of trees, and the steeples shone in the glare. Following the light I came to a river, and was greeted with the sight of one of the students' festivals. A boat came slowly down hung with lanterns along its sides and up its mast, and crowned with a huge lantern, while festoons of colored lights were draped over every part; on it were bands of singers and players. Another boat attended, firing cannon and rockets, making the night bright and hideous. They draw to the shore, and a string of torches suddenly blazes on the banks. The students form into procession with considerable confusion, the torches, carried by link-boys hired for the occasion, being arranged on either side. A standard-bearer passionately and ceaselessly waves his big flag to and fro, the band strike up, and the procession moves on. I cannot say when I have followed a crowd and a band before, and I little thought a troop of sophomores on a frolic could have brought me to second childhood. But I was anxious to see the *finale*, and so, though tired and hungry, I trotted after them with a crowd of boys, through half dozen streets on the execrable paving-stones with which sidewalk and all are covered in Europe. When the band played college-airs, they joined in with college songs; at other times they were busy in saluting the ladies who filled the windows and doors. After marching thus for about an hour, they halted in a small square, formed a circle, cast their torches on a pyre, and sung a brisk college song. Three or four verses used up their enthusiasm and voices, and while with extra swinging of arms and caps they wound up the chorus, somebody threw a pail of water on the torches, and extinguished at once the fire and the fun. The students went into a neighboring *café*, the boys to their homes, and I to my hotel.

That was my introduction to Heidelberg. Very characteristic, too, of what I had heard. I learned the next day that it was simply a club who were returning from a picnic up the river. The crowd that welcomed them showed the place was like Cambridge and Oxford, a purely University town. The students had the usual expression of that class, full of "glad animal spirits," full, also, of high intellectual spirits, — not always happily united. In some, the animal predominated; in others, the intellectual. Their leaders looked, as such usually do, as if they could worry a professor with questions as well as with pranks. Their little, vizorless red or green cap is a marked improvement on the Oxford cap, which is but a Quaker hat upside down. These gave them a jaunty air, which would have been rowdyish but for the evident superiority of the man over his costume.

The town is most beautiful for situation. It lies on a narrow shelf less than half a mile wide, that stretches along the Neckar, under very lofty and heavily wooded hills, which soon fall off on both sides to a broad, rich plain. The Neckar is about two hundred feet wide and two feet deep. I learned this last fact from seeing men on horseback dragging vessels up the channel. It was a new specimen of navigation.

I climbed the high hill behind the town, — an hour and over of steady mounting. It was well repaid by the morning-glories I found on the summit. A tower had been raised here overtopping the woods. From it the eye could sweep an area of hundreds of miles. The eastern segment was a mass of hills covered with woods. The western was a vast plain, sprinkled thick with villages. I counted forty-seven. Had the haze been lifted from the horizon, many more would have been disclosed. At our feet clung the compact Heidelberg. It has no beauty in itself. Built originally, as all European towns were, by serfs to a lord, or to resist

invaders, they kept very near together. Ten feet square would do for them; their masters may rejoice in the broad acres. A wall, too, must shelter them, and the shorter the better defended. On the lower edge of these hills, overhanging the town, are the ruins of the castle, once the seat of much pomp and little power. Its grounds are broken up into defiles, precipices, lawns, all the varieties of a landscape. Descending, I break my fast under its trees, overlooking the landscape below. It gave to the dishes a flavor not their own. Across the river you see a narrow gorge running up into the high hills. A few rods from its entrance is an old-fashioned white tavern, not unlike those yet found at country corners in the older parts of America. There is where the duelling parties daily meet. I walked over and took a nearer view. It is in a very secluded spot, admirably suited for scholastic or religious retirement. The revellers spoil it, as the wicked One does everything he touches. Sometimes half dozen duels occur in a day. They are usually harmless, though not always so. A student was nearly killed the day before. Wine, the invisible spirit of rum, is the cause of their being sudden and quick in quarrel. It is a great sin here as at home, and total abstinence is needed nowhere more than in these wine districts.

The University buildings are only two. One, a plain old oblong pile for recitation rooms, whose benches are as badly hacked as those of an old-fashioned school-house. The other, yet plainer, was for the library. A large and comparatively handsome building on the square was built by the students for drinking and dancing purposes. The janitor laughed when I asked the privilege of going over it. As it is called the museum, I supposed it contained the scientific collections of the University. "There is nothing to see here. It is for eating and drinking," he replied. The museums were small collections in the

upper rooms of the recitation building. The privileges of this building cost the student twenty-five florins — about ten dollars — annually. The two edifices stood on a paved square, without a tree or an open foot of land. The library is in a street leading from it, and some of the houses of the Professors are over the stores on the side opposite the University. Less buildings and less elegant are those of Heidelberg than our poorest colleges can boast. It is the continental fashion. I much prefer the English. There the colleges are the home of the student. It is the true idea. As much benefit is gained by students living together, and apart from the world, as from their studies. College life is not lived here. The students feel this, and struggle to overcome it by building a dancing and drinking palace, by reunions at *cafés*, and in other irregular and injurious ways. They get what they crave, each other's society, but they get it without the oversight of their guardians. They show a sort of college feeling in the place they have chosen for their duels. If the authorities would build dormitories there, they would stop the duelling, and do much good in other ways.

It is said that the English colleges are aristocratic, and the German democratic. That is because their patrons are. Make England democratic, and her colleges will be.

Another thing these colleges teach us, — the need of land. It is the first and greatest of blessings. No college ought to be established with less than five hundred acres of land. A university ought to expect and arrange to live for thousands of years. That space would be filled before hundreds had passed. Harvard College is cramped for room to-day, and so is Yale; and they are but in their infancy. We should be warned in time. West and East we are founding these institutions. Let us do it on one scale of magnificence which we can reach, if no other. Let us give them abundance of land.

Standing among these ancient seats of learning, I can but think of the future of my own young land. The institutions of liberty and Christ are to live there. And our colleges, the literary expressions of our faith, ought to be established broadly and bravely. For five hundred years has learning had her seat here. For twelve hundred at Oxford. Both cities have suffered in civil wars. Yet both are peaceful and flourishing to-day. We shall live as long. May we live better! One pardons Cardinal Wolsey much as he walks the gardens of Christ Church. He admires Cardinal Richelieu still less when he sees that he made Sorbonne a prison when he might have made it a palace. *Sic vos non vobis ædificatis ædes.* May those for whom we build, down the long generations, praise our wisdom no less than our benevolence.

It was near high noon ere I had finished my photograph of Heidelberg and was *en route* for the south-eastern capital of Germany, the centre of her art and beer, — classic and clownish

MUNICH.

It is another two hundred miles like that from Paris to Brussels, through a like featureless and dusty country. We fly from kingdom to kingdom as fleetly as at home from State to State, seeing no barriers here more than there; for neither the custom-house nor language divides these principalities. We pass Ulm, where the Danube greets us. A withered old place it is, with a withering cathedral, once the centre of Europe, now dull and poor as a slave plantation. Huge fortifications are erected here by Austria and Prussia, to keep out the French. They will doubtless be as useful as they were before, when thirty thousand men within them surrendered without a blow. Augsburg, eminent in the history of the

Reformation, is forty miles from Ulm, and half way from there to Munich. It is also on a plain, surrounded and embedded in trees growing on the old fortifications. It was once of great authority and wealth. Being on the high road from the west to the east, these towns were centres of wealth and influence. But the channel of trade has left them high and dry, as an argosy of the Indies stranded on the beach. Augsburg contrives to hold on to some of its vanishing power. It is the financial centre of Germany, and its journal is the most influential in that language. This does not interest you as much as that here Luther found the devils more active than at Worms, and the storm began that only lowered then. He had to fly for his life, after his bold friend, the Elector of Saxony, had read in the ears of Charles, and so loud, that, in spite of the protest of the Emperor, it was heard by all the people, the celebrated Confession of Faith which was the first of many creeds to which the Reformation has given birth. Valuable as a protest against Papal supremacy and heresy, it may, and in a degree has become harmful, as all creeds will when they are adopted as the perfect and unchangeable expression of revealed truth. Protestants may become Papists, and worship the creature more than the Creator, if they do not watch and pray against this temptation. The Bible, the whole Bible, is the only eternal creed. Yet they must none the less beware of the opposite folly of no creed. The Augsburg Confession is infinitely superior to the Tübingen non-Confession. It has eternal life within its cramped and somewhat distorted trunk; that has eternal death in its boundariless negations.

Munich, like its predecessors, is on a plain. Like them, too, it is bordered by a river. "The Iser rolling rapidly," is on its southern side. And very rapidly it rolls. It gets its impetus from the Tyrol Alps, not a hundred miles off. Campbell's portraiture so far is exact.

The city lies in the sun, which seems to occupy both sides of every street, from the rising thereof to the going down of the same. It is therefore blazing hot, and very dusty. Like all cities in vast plains, the greatness of its opportunities belittles its real achievements. A small tongue of land is better than a prairie. Munich could put millions on its plains without crowding. Its one hundred and fifty thousand consequently look small.

The last and present kings have expended a great amount in beautifying their capitol; and palaces, museums, galleries of art, and statues bear testimony to their zeal, if not always to their discretion. The elevation of one of their family to the Kingship of Greece seems to have imparted a classic mania to those left at home. The Athenian Otho shall not outshine the Bavarian Ludwig; so vast sums are expended in buildiug and filling halls of art, in adorning churches, and lining the streets and squares with bronze and marble effigies of their unknown heroes. There are more public statues in this little town than in London. Five in one place, two in another, two others in a third, and so on. The chief of these is called Bavaria, the largest brass statue in the world. It is sixty-one feet high. It is a majestic female, with a lion at her side. The land does not favor such monumental works. The hills of Athens and Rome helped their architecture: so do those of Edinburgh. This is put on a little ridge that rises out of a flat pasture. The grandeur of it is lost by its position. And the position itself is ludicrous in its infelicity, when it is considered that it occupies no memorial position, is a mile and more outside of the town, on a spot selected solely because it was a slight wart on the face of Nature. A mound could have been built up at the head of its chief street, where the monument and its surrounding adornings could have properly stood. Those adornings bespeak still greater folly than the chief statue. That in itself is simple, grand, national;

these are fantastical. A quadrangle, with one side removed, is pitched upon the summit of the ridge behind the statue. It is an open hall, covered on its three sides with busts of the chief men of Germany. In a hall open to the skies, and as the background of a sixty-feet figure, these busts seemed the more minute; and Goethe, Luther, Richter, and Wallenstein looked like the pigmy emperors at Mayence, under the shadow of their patronizing priestess. The whole affair is not artistic, but artful. Art is the child of Nature, and ever respects and recognizes her mother. This is not Nature, and therefore not Art.

Equally absurd are some of the better placed monuments within the town. Statues of foreign generals who fought her forgotten wars, and a monument of her soldiers who followed, by compulsion, Napoleon into Russia, are without that truthfulness in which all such works should be grounded. The marble multitudes of Paris and of Italy are the signs and symbols of an intense reality; these, of an intense vanity. Unlike these are some equestrian and other statues of their kings; chief of which, for oddity of inscription, is a pillar in the market-place in honor of Maximilian I., under which is this alliteration, —

> "Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
> Conserva Bavaris Virgo Maria tuis;"

which may be rudely rendered in phonetic similarity, —

> "Kingdom, King, Constitution, Country, Christianity,
> Preserve, O Virgin Mary, to thy Bavarians."

But if much of out-door art is false, it is redeemed by its in-door achievements. The museums of sculpture and painting, the library, and the churches, are rich in wealth, taste, and genius. The buildings themselves are graceful in design, and are worthy of the ambition that has changed these salt-works of the monks, from whom it took its name, in less than half a century, to the most

classic of German capitals, — not Berlin nor Dresden being its superior.

Amid the bewildering multitude two of Rubens' stand out with undying freshness. They are the "Ascension of the Righteous" and the "Descent of the Wicked." Such lightness and such heaviness are seldom brought into contrast. In the first, the air is full of graceful forms that seem to be *caught up* to the Lord in the air. The whole movement is like a shower of ascending fires. Eyes and hands are upraised; dress and limbs not impeding, but accelerating their flight. Saintly peace gives a spiritual elevation to their countenances, and makes it evident that the vital force that moves the whole is of spirit and of God.

The overthrow of the fallen angels is of equal, and even greater, power. There is a multitude of plunging forms: horror, in manifold expressions, sits upon each of them. Their angelic strength only imparts swiftness to the awful fall. Headlong they dive into the black abyss. With marvellous variety of posture, of expression, of coloring, they are alike in their precipitateness, heaviness, and velocity.

The Library is of unusual beauty, but its chief attractions to me were certain autographs. Next to the sight of a great man is the sight of his handwriting. More than bust or picture is this straggling penmanship; for this is himself. His eye saw it; his hand did it; his soul was in it. It is a pen-and-ink portrait of his real nature, drawn by himself, — an unconscious autography. Look at this clean, easy running-hand, neither large nor small; not noticeable for its elegance or inelegance; a hand that as nearly represents as may be the perfect thoughtlessness of the writer.

Goethe's character, the most self-controlled of the age, looks out from that page. His description of Mannheim is a description both of himself and his hand, so far as

his outer and visible nature is concerned, "Das freundliche, reinliche Mannheim." Clean and cordial is his flowing pen, with no corrections, as if, like Nature, his outgoings were without controversy, unhasting, unresting. Schiller's writing was a trifle handsomer, as if he thought upon its comeliness as well as upon the language it embodied; still it was almost as neat as that of his friend and lover. Richter's was full of erasures, as though he would make its obscurity still more obscure, or its fancy more fanciful. Talleyrand's was very plain, as if he was trying to hide himself in coarse and homely dress, seeking to appear careless by the very opposite of penly care. Luther's was small and square and solid, like himself. Peter the Great's, very large, but in well-made letters. Frederic's, exceedingly stiff, as though the camp had cramped his fingers.

THE CHURCHES.

The charm of Munich lies in its churches. Here genius has had full sway, and made it the choicest home in Europe of modern sacred art. Paris is her only rival, and she is hardly an equal. More money is expended there, but not more taste. I wander through these palaces where God is known for a refuge, — I trust the true God. They have not the wonderfulness of the Gothic cathedrals nor the sanctity of age. Their sole excellence is in their art. One only is Gothic, — the Maria Hilf, — and its glory consists not in its pillars or arches, but in its painted windows, next in perfection to those of St. Gudule in Brussels. They lack the softness of those, — the seeming forgetfulness of the artisan in the art, and their easy command of their canvas glass; but they are more artistic in design, and may in time become as mellow in tone. Their stories are naturally told, with the simplicity and grace that characterize the modern schools of Germanic art.

Less beautiful in its windows and more profuse in its frescos are the Court Chapel and Ludwig's Church. The last has the "Last Judgment" of Cornelius over its altar. The composition is vast and vigorous, but not tender nor fascinating. Not so the poems of Hess, painted on the smaller walls of the Chapel of All Saints. They are deeply spiritual as well as beautiful. The altar-piece, the "Father crowning the Virgin," gives her a face of matchless sweetness. His, as might be expected, is without majesty; for how can man, except profanely, hope to make His likeness and image? Hands from an unseen form should have placed the crown upon her brow. The face of Christ is more divine, coming nearer Ary Scheffer's ideal than any other of the innumerable failures which lumber the galleries and churches of Europe.

But the church of all these churches, the one that lives in my memory separate and sublime like a star, is the Basilica of St. Boniface. It is an ungainly edifice without, with plain brick walls, and a front of brick arches; a building you would hardly turn to look upon as you are passing by. But enter, and the soul goes out in a rapture of praise and prayer. It is a copy of St. Paul's without the gate, at Rome. It rises to the side of Cologne and York, though totally diverse in style and adorning. Upon a long, open hall paved with marble stand seventy monoliths of Tyrol marble, lining either side of the nave, whose azure roof is studded with golden stars. But not its open and sunny aspect allure you; its glory is its frescos. Along the side-walls of the nave, above the pillars, stretch a series of illustrations from the life of St. Boniface, alternately in colors and monochrome. They are marvellous in feeling and power. His "Leaving Home," "First Sight of Rome," and "Burial" are perhaps the superiors among superiors. There is nothing to be desired in these monochromatic drawings. Saintli-

ness, beauty, simplicity, soul, are the elements of each and all. Hours one can gaze upon them unwearingly. You easily see an unfailing source of Papal strength in this lavish expenditure of wealth and art in the service of religion. These radiant marbles and more radiant walls are proofs of the faith of their worshippers. They show their faith by their works. Less far than ours, if we are zealous, like St. Boniface, the rather to build souls than temples, to beautify man than mortar; but more than ours, if, neglecting this highest duty, we constrain all our wealth and genius to the service of self rather than of God. May both the life and the Basilica of St. Boniface "breed in us perpetual benedictions."

THE ENGLISH GARDEN,

which is an American garden, is the most attractive promenade south of England; she herself can hardly surpass it. Count Rumford, better known by the plainer and more Christian name of Benjamin Thompson, best known by his invention of the stove and cure of smoky chimneys, was the designer of this delightful park. Here the sun gets entangled and lost. His blazing rivers, that pour through every street without, whatever the direction it may take, give way here to shaded lanes and drives, with the Iser still rolling rapidly. That does not saunter even through this paradise. Out of the hot plains and streets you turn into open gates, and plunge into a wilderness four miles in length and half a mile in breadth. Lawns, spotted with trees, winding walks and carriage roads, miniature temples, seats for rest, rivulets flying like zigzag pyrotechnics in every direction, a broad lake into which they at last plunge and have rest, — these are the elements of this haunt of beauty.

The garden, like the churches and museums, library and statues, is not born but made. They did not grow

from the people but upon them. I saw no crowds, almost no couples, walking here, even on Sunday ; while the alleys of the city, and plats called gardens that are on the outskirts of these grounds, were crowded with the citizens and citizenesses drinking beer. They leave the churches largely, the other attractions solely, to foreigners, while they attend to the beer. That fact leads us to the real Munich, — not that we came to see, but that which is, after all, perhaps best worth seeing, —

ITS PEOPLE.

Their dress and their drinking habits are equally novel. I do not know which is the highest type of dress, but the variety is great, and the uniformity of ugliness equally great. Sunday is their holiday, and their turnouts were evidently, in their estimation, superb. Some wear the coif of the hair covered with a sort of silver bag, — a not unseemly dress. Some tie the skirt of the dress almost under the neck, and it hangs in close, heavy folds, like lace quilling ; others have a stiff basque fitting close to the waist and standing out from the body, in forms hard and angular, and set off with long chains. It comes but little below the knees, and the costume concludes with long stockings, of fancy figures in white and black. A stiff Kossuth hat for women, with small top or cone to cover the hair, and a large rim, is quite popular. More so is a huge fur hat, like the bear-skin towers soldiers delight in. They have also "leg-of-mutton" sleeves stuffed out, — as if the arm had that sheepish shape, — made of bright and dark colors, while handkerchiefs of such colors bind the neck. The midsummer dress had therefore a most wintry aspect.

Men parade jackets with rows of silvered buttons on each side, stuck as close together as possible, the size of

a quarter of a dollar, and double rows of the same size, equally close, on the waistcoat. These four strings of shining silver give them a very glittering aspect. One pair, who were evidently got up with especial care, went parading through the middle of the street, where everybody walks in most towns, with that swell that invites and even compels your observation. Having nothing else to do, I gave them a moment's regard. A light blue, short-tailed coat, reaching altogether but about the length of a jacket, faced with four rows of broad pieces, and the short tail similarly spangled, white pants, and tall jack-boots far above his knees, set off the beau of Munich. The belle had a heavy black quilled skirt, tied almost under her arms, a flaming red silk handkerchief around the neck, many rows of silver chains, great mangy ornaments over her waist, and a high bear-skin cap upon the head.

But one notices that all these oddities are beginning to be oddities even here. Most men and women dress as they do in London, Paris, and New York. You observe these vanishing national costumes as reminiscences of what but a few years ago was universal. So is it everywhere. The peasant maidens of Coblentz wear a brass knife, much like a paper-folder, through the coif of the hair, and pretty silver work covers the rest of the back of the hair. But those of superior condition follow the universal fashions that Paris dictates. In England these distinctions have entirely disappeared. In Paris they still cling to caps, and in Germany to bare heads, or such eccentricities as the above.

The great habit of the Bavarians is drinking beer. Men and women are seen sitting everywhere over tables, with glasses before them that will hold almost a quart. In gardens, in alleys, in saloons, it is all beer. Many narrow covered walks run in between the houses in the old town. These are filled nightly with men and women

over their black beakers. At the city end of the English Garden is a row of shaded booths. I tried at most of them to find something to eat, but all in vain. "Ich habe nicht," was the invariable reply; "Ich habe bier." Beer is their meat and drink. It is the same all hours of the day, and all days of the week. It has a very beastly look, but is only a more disgusting phase of the universal European practice. Boor may have been originally boer, beer; and a clown, and beer-drinker thus be synonymous. They are in fact, whatever they may be in language. You can see that these guzzlers have a low look, as brilliant as a mug of their dirty, black ale.

Not the least amusing sights are the shows. A whole street is lined with the penny booths. Their proprietors stand at the doors describing the wonders within. A narrow front parlor gaudily arrayed allures you up the steps of the vehicular museum. Once in the anteroom, your plunge behind the arras is sure. Creaking music adds its enticements. And all this on the Christian Sabbath. The holiday begins Saturday afternoon. I was amused at a bear scene which came off on Saturday. An old dirty peasant came into the place opposite my hotel with an antiquated horse and cart, leading three bears, two of them quite large. Halting his horse, he proceeded to exhibit the scholarship of his mountain pupils. He made them walk on their hind legs, straddle a stick, put the stick behind their head with their fore paws; lie down on their back, still holding the stick back of their head; wrestle with his boy; throw him; try again; be thrown by him; and then they roll over and over each other as if they were born, and not merely trained, brothers. After due exhibition and collection of kreutzers, he ties his pets to his cart and rides off. I looked upon him as the illustration of the witty misreading, —

> "He takes young children in his arms,
> And in his bosom, bears."

By his side stood a man with a flock of trained canaries. He would put a cap on the head of one and, placing him in a wagon, make another draw him about. Then he covers up their heads, places a torch in their claw, and they fire off a tiny cannon; instantly they fall flat on the ground, and lie there as if dead. He takes them up still seemingly lifeless till he orders them to jump up and enter their cage, when they hop away as merrily as boys let loose from school. How many beatings, scoldings, and starvings have these little creatures had to suffer to acquire so much learning. Not unlike the boys are they in getting their education. There is no royal road to learning for birds or men. The rod and tongue are always the best aids to reflection.

A pleasanter thing also prominent, is the multitude of picture-stalls. Lithography was invented here, and the passion for the cheap pictures it produces, I judged from the shops, must be very general. Everywhere they are found, — hung along the fences, in dark passages, at many corners. They are nearly all religious, and are so cheap that one could cover his walls at a small expense with neat engravings, if he would only come to Munich. It is not impossible that this may be a national passion, and the king's galleries and churches be but the legitimate flowering of a universal sentiment.

Our last glimpse of the Bavarian capital shall be upon an appropriate object, — the last of earth. Walking along the bank of the wide and white river a mile or more outside of the town, we reach the

GOTTES-ACKER,

or Friedhof, — both prettier names than our hard "graveyard." This God's-acre, or Peace-yard, is of two divisions, the old and new. Both are surrounded by high

walls, but the last has along the inner face of its wall a covered walk intended to be filled with statues, bas-reliefs, and paintings. About a dozen of such works already adorn the arcade.

Another custom is more striking than agreeable. In the centre of the grounds are rooms whither persons are carried as soon as they are dead, and laid out with great taste, in their best dress, and covered with flowers. Between their fingers is placed a little brass bar, attached to a wire hanging from the ceiling, which is connected with a bell. This is done so that they may not be buried alive. They are kept there two or three days, and then buried. The daily papers announce the time of the burial, as does a list also, that is affixed to the bulletin-board by the door. I visited these houses of the dead. One can go to the glass doors and look in. Many were coming and going. There they lie, raised up in a half-reclining posture, neatly dressed, and covered with appropriate flowers. The expression of all but one was agreeable, and some were smiling. Three were middle-aged ladies, and one a gentleman. Eight or ten infants were there, six on one table, lying two and two, under a bed of flowers. I thought they were dolls, and had to ask if they were children. The wires were not between their fingers. Some had candles burning around them, and were laid out in much finer style than the rest. The appearance of each was perfectly correct, though not pleasing. They do not keep them unburied longer than we do; but they are removed here the day they die, and are subject to public gaze, and shut off from private grief. Better trust the affection of friends, than the drowsy ear of a public janitor, to prevent a living burial. The instances of resuscitation are as rare here as elsewhere, so that the precaution is proved to be unnecessary.

But the white caps of Tyrol had been long holding

me with their glittering eye. Down south, across the fenceless plains, their ragged tops have given a vigor to the landscape that all the meretricious and costly pomposities or simple elegances of Bavarian art and architecture could not impart. It was a rough golden frame for a broad level picture. The Pinacothek and Glyptothek grow wearisome. Art is tame beside the glowing hills. So we bid a glad good-bye to the charming frescos of St. Boniface, the beauty of the windows of Maria Hilf Kirche, to the many halls of painting, the shops of world-famous artisans, and the everlasting beer-drinking natives, whose lack of culture seems all the more barbarian in contrast with the splendors which have so suddenly and unnaturally blossomed among them.

The country thither is poor and uncultivated. Forests of pines break up its monotony, and give us warning of our approach to the engulfing hills. At Kempton they throw out their first line of skirmishers, — a low-lying corps, with here and there a tall corporal, standing erect and threatening; no poor representative of the forces in his rear. The German students in the car with me go off into instant and extensive ejaculations, in which I can only detect the universal "Ach Gott!" Being of a less impulsive race, and feeling the need of a greater husbanding of my enthusiasm, as my journey is to be longer, I quietly gaze on the up-running peaks and deep-running ravines, gray and green, in happiest conjunction, and by my silence escape the profanity into which their speech betrayed them. Night closes around us as we fly into the ancient, sleeping town of Lindau on Lake Constance. A full moon sails in the heavens. The waves come to the wharf, as I sit leaning over its sides, in rippling hospitality. Far out on the dark horizon glimmer the icy heads of the Tyrol. The stillness, mildness, and brightness are overwhelming. While the eye sweeps the waters and hills bathed in their moony grace,

the thoughts of Jessica and Lorenzo "on such a night" creep into the memory, and more private and profounder thoughts come out of their unuttered depths, and with their presence make the hour and place sacred forever.

XXV.

THE CRADLES OF PROTESTANTISM.

WITTENBERG, Dec. 24th.

IN the railroad depot at Wittenberg, awaiting the arrival of the train for Berlin, on this sunny December afternoon, I will try and weave together the materials that the last two or three days have contributed. The day before yesterday I spent in Prague, this day in Wittenberg; so that only one day separates Huss and Luther in my memory. To them and to their neglected and comparatively unimportant towns, I have sacrificed Dresden, Leipsic, and Berlin; as a desire to keep Christmas with friends in Bremen compelled me to decide between the historic and the modern, — places populous of memory and those populous of men. One thing I missed, the Dresden Madonna. I was a moment too late to see that. I tried to bribe the janitor to allow me a glimpse of it, — shaking a handful of groschen in his face, — but he was incorruptible. The reason for this unusual virtue lay, probably, in the fact that he was but a porter, to whom the keys of the real treasures had not been intrusted. I must wait a day before I could enjoy the vision. I debated the question in the inner chamber, where so many like conflicting problems have been discussed, and decided, as a true Protestant should, in favor of Luther. A painted object of idolatry, however beautiful, should not be preferred to the renewer of the face of the world. So I wandered around Dresden that

sloppy, drizzly afternoon and evening, enjoying its bustling shops and stalls, endeavored to sleep with music and mirth in Germanic fulness filling the adjoining room with glee, left before daylight of an icy cold morning, and in an icy cold car, drove through the silent streets of Leipsic, and was set down at a good breakfast-hour in this then unawakened city. So much weigh art and books by the side of antiquities.

PRAGUE.

But before I seek to paint this place, let me give you a glimpse of its forerunner. They are as unlike in looks and history, save that of religion, as any two towns well can be. Prague was reached in a night ride from Vienna. The field of Wagram, which we crossed, looked ghostly in the snow and moonlight. The mighty armies that there yielded up their spirits were hovering over the plains, and the mightiest man of the century rode before me in a long gray coat, organizing the victory which, only through his own selfishness, became ultimate defeat. The morning light brought us to the ancient capital of Bohemia. High hills shot up on every side; the Moldau lay frozen at their base. Sledges and skaters were enjoying the newly-arrived luxury of winter. The city lies on both sides of the stream, and a bridge, flanked with high towers and lined with statues, makes it one. On the southern side are the two city halls and squares, famed in the bloody wars of Papists and Protestants. Out of each of its halls were cast the electors by an irrupting mob, upon the pikes of its friends below. The oldest square is small, and surrounded by old, high buildings. A little back from the side opposite its hall stands the central church, where Tycho Brahe's monument is seen against one of the pillars near the altar. The church itself is vast, gloomy, unartistic, and crowded with monuments and worshippers.

The other and larger square is not less replete with memories. Its hall also disgorged its officials, like its elder fellow, upon the lances below, and inaugurated, as there, a new term of civil and religious war. Ziska arranges his forces upon its park, executes judgment upon his enemies, and goes forth to that long and terrific conflict which resulted in the overthrow of Protestantism in Bohemia, and in giving to history three names of military immortality, — Ziska, Wallenstein, and Gustavus Adolphus.

On this square, at its opposite end, is the comfortable mansion, seemingly, of a city merchant, — yellow stone, two stories high, narrow windows, old-fashioned, and cheerful. This is hardly less renowned than the Hôtel de Ville opposite; for here lived Dr. Faust. Here he held his Satanic communing, and sealed his pledges to his service with his own blood. Goethe completed his fame by destroying it. He changed the faithful and reverent student of the mysteries of Nature, who pursued his calling for the good of man, despite man's imprecations, into one who, drunk with learning, gave himself up to intellectual pride and beastly sin, whom the devil tempts after the most common manner in which he leads the cheapest sinners unto perdition. The house is now used as an asylum for deaf mutes, a class that, perhaps, is supposed to be beyond the reach of diabolic influence, and so can be trusted in the haunted mansion.

Crossing the river on its towered and statued bridge, and passing under the arches that are crowned by the loftiest and finest of these turrets, we enter a small square that contains two very expressive monuments, — one religious and the other patriotic. The religious one is a monument to the Trinity, — a prism with three faces, a triangle on the top, standing on a triangular base. It expressed the idea of that doctrine as nearly perhaps as mathematics could the highest theology; and as these

forms are the ultimates of all solids and areas, it may really embody more than at first sight is imagined. Nature in her essence may thus be the dim expression of its Creator in His. Matter as well as spirit thus shadows forth Divinity.

The other monument is to Radetzky. He is standing on a shield supported by seven soldiers representing different nationalities. He holds a flag-staff in one hand and his marshal's baton in the other. The soldiers are in various costumes, and their faces are full of fire. It is the happiest conceit for such a monument, and could be properly imitated in the one we shall yet raise to our conquering general. He can be supported by many nationalities. The Irish, the Negro, the Scotch, the English, the German, the French, the Italian, the Indian; and these not representatives, as here, of still divided nations, having only a military and momentary unity, but of those who are blended in an indissoluble oneness of patriotism, freedom, nationality, and blood.

Climb two hundred steps, more than any other city in Europe demands, and you reach the summit of the town. Here are the royal palaces, the fortress, and cathedral. They possess but little splendor. Since Bohemia became a dependency of Austria her palatial grandeur has faded. Immense piles of empty walls testify to her former greatness. The cathedral is beautiful for situation; spacious and stately; though too full of monuments to satisfy a rigid taste. One of these, to St. Nepomuc, is profusely ornamented. A silver sarcophagus is upheld by silver angels, while silver statues stand around representing Holiness, Obedience, Discretion, Humility, and Charity. Other silver angels hang poised above, holding a silken canopy over the lustrous spectacle. But who was St. Nepomuc, that he should be thus honored? My guide-book does not deign to describe his virtues, though

it dwells largely on his tomb. What *they* were worth it does not say; *this* cost two hundred thousand florins. Yet St. John Nepomuc was worthy of honor even in the city of Huss and Jerome, though of but little real honor beside them. He lived in the days preceding theirs; was the confessor of the Empress; was pressed by the Emperor, the brutal Wenceslaus, to reveal her confession; refused, and was cast into the river. Hence his canonization. He is the patron saint of silence, and greatly worshipped throughout Austria. How debasing is Papacy, when, in the city where the greatest men of their age lived and preached, not a hint of their greatness is found; while a priest, faithful to the confessional, is honored with statues and shrines of superfluous costliness!

But we tire of the vain pomp and glory of the world in such a place as this. Not for these gaudy vanities did Prague allure our feet. It was to see the home of Huss and Jerome, the first cradle of Protestantism. All its history can be condensed into those two lives. What care we for Charles the Fourth, their chief king and greatest adorner of the city, save as the founder of the University which educated them? What care we for Wallenstein's palace, which you see under the precipitous sides of this Cathedral steep, lying like a city of its own near the banks of the Moldau? He would have never been known but for the humble priests. They stirred up the war which his genius suppressed, and fancied that it was extinguishing their religion the same hour. Foolish fancy. Here he revelled in the wildest luxury over a conquered people; as proud as Wellington over his fancied annihilation of democracy, and as unwisely proud.

As we return to the town to search for the few *débris* of these men, pause on this swiftly descending street. Never were there more fascinating features in a city landscape. A ravine sets up into these hills. Leaning over this parapet you see far below the green depths

of the valley, while the opposite sides spring up abrupt but not precipitous. At the foot of the gorge the compact town clings to the winding river. Around on every side rise lofty hills, naked of ornament in this wintry sun, but warmly clothed with history. On one Tycho Brahe established his observatory, and steadily noted multitudinous positions of stars and planets for whose maze he knew no plan. Only when Kepler's eye fell upon them did they put on the comeliness and force of law. Then came to pass the saying, "One soweth and another reapeth." It is always coming to pass. On that neighboring hill of Tabor, Ziska made the rendezvous for his religious warriors, — more fiery and more powerful than the Ironsides of Cromwell two hundred years later. A thorough religious zealot was he, raised up for the cause of the true faith, administering, through his priests, the cup on that summit to thousands of his followers, and carrying thence dismay and destruction to the enemies of the faith of Huss, making himself by far the greatest general of his era, — one of the greatest of any era.

Breaking off these views and reviews, stepping down the ledge that overhangs the town, and crossing the bridge, a few minutes brings us back to the old Hôtel de Ville and the Teynkirche. Turn a little to your right, twist through the close and high-walled alleys, and you reach the real heart of Prague, — the University and the Church of St. Gallus. The first is the birthplace of the soul of Huss and of modern history. Colleges have a high place in the history of Christianity. Wickliffe, from the chambers of Balliol in Oxford, kindled the flame that caught the searching eyes of the young Jerome of Prague. He traced it to its source, went thither and sat at the feet of the disciples of Wickliffe, who himself died only about ten years before his arrival. He brought the sacred fire to John Huss, whose soul was already nurturing like seeds of flame caught from Janow, the Court

preacher, and castigator of the clergy of Bohemia, as well as from the enthusiasm of the thousands of students in the University, casting every doctrine and usage into their fiery crucible, and trying every man's work of what sort it was. Thus did he feel after the truth, and, slowly attaining it, abide in it, serene, undaunted. He was the rector, and by his influence gave the college a reformatory direction, which, but for his Bohemian zeal, might have been the means of preserving his own life and the earlier regeneration of Europe. Four nations divided its forty thousand students, each having an equal vote. He gives Bohemia the preference, and twenty-five thousand scholars secede in one day, who found the universities of Leipsic, Cracow, and Heidelberg.

The University is not especially attractive; nor are its memorials of Huss numerous or striking. The Church of St. Gallus, near by, is said to have been often occupied by him, though his own pulpit was the Bethlehem Chapel, which has been demolished. St. Gallus stands at the head of a narrow court. Its marble front is rather tastily set off with ornate pillars and pediments. Within is a long, high, narrow edifice, with only two aisles, the floor filled with pews after the Protestant fashion, and galleries projecting over the wall pews. The house was full. The priest and choir held alternate service. He muttered unintelligibly in his dirty robes, and was responded to by most intelligible and admirable singing. Drawn by its fascinations I entered the gallery. I had better have kept away. The choir were chatting away as freely as at a picnic. When the moment came for their response, they would send forth their thrilling harmonies, the director would cry, sotto voce, "bravo," and they would subside into their earnest conversation. As the service drew near its end, the most of them dispersed, the chief singers put on their hats and cloaks and stood busily talking, one ear listening to the droning priest, the

other to the more pleasurable tones of their gallants. When the "amens" were required they tossed them forth with superb vocalization, still engaged in their less devotional services among themselves. The disease is universal. Artistic singing, exclusive of the congregation and especially of inward grace, is as fatal to piety as would be preaching by play-actors and praying by dervishes. I gladly escape from the mellifluous profanity, and retreat below.

Leaning against a pillar near the altar, while the congregation are listening to the duet of priest and choir, my heart listens to the earnest preaching of the great Reformer, almost five hundred years before. I see the anxious, tearful throngs, searching their hearts, confessing their sins, burning with a godly zeal for the truth, indifferent to artistic melodies, scorning priestly mummeries, filled with the enthusiasm of the Pentecostal spirit. That was Protestantism; this Papacy. That gave a life that sustained this nation through two hundred years of persecution; this has covered the people with a pall of death for an equal period. That gave them nationality; this has subjected them to a foreign throne. That put them at the head of European powers; this at the foot. That crowded their University; this has emptied it. That gave them truth and holiness, and made them the most zealous for Christ and His Church of any nation before or since; this has made them trust in error, indulge in sin, and become indifferent to the cause of God and His Christ. Worshippers of images, shrines, and relics are the children of those who here listened to the solemn Huss and the fervid Jerome; who flew to Ziska's banner of the cup, and for so many generations waged heroic war against their incessant, implacable, and ultimately victorious foes. Musing thus, the fire burned. How would I have loved to have spoken with my mouth, had I had the gift of

tongues, and in their native speech proclaimed the ancestral and divine paths their fathers trod. I might have attained the crown of Huss, had I had the requisite gift and the still more requisite daring. The last was probably less at my command than the Slavic speech. In lack of both, I had to content myself with reading the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. The audience thought it, perhaps, a missal, and me a Papist of especial devotion. It *was* a missal, the word sent forth from God that shall not return unto Him void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent, even in this despoiled and subjugated community. Faith then and there "lent a realizing light." It was the evidence of things not seen. Huss, Jerome, Ziska, the nobles and citizens whose blood had flowed in the neighboring square, and whose heads and hands had lined the bridge with a grander array than its marble statues; the myriad of martyrs that had consecrated with their blood these streets and river and surrounding hills with their embracing plains; these all, like those recorded in that chapter, and those to whom they were first addressed, and especially like Him in whom they all centred, "having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us; that they without us should not be made perfect."

I was content. "Thy brother shall rise again," sounded through this arch above the wail of the priest and the shout of the choir. I saw Huss in the unborn generations preaching to earnest followers; the yoke of Italian craft and power lifted from Bohemia, and the Slaves, whose sufferings have given their name to the bondsmen of all lands and races, with our bondsmen, emancipated, united, uplifted in Christ and before the world. St. John Nepomuck, the faithful priest of the confessional, shall give way to John Huss, the faithful priest of God. Then shall the word Slave cease to be a

synonym of shame and assume its original meaning of glory. For the glory of God shall be given unto it, in the presence of a now despising world.

The close of the service broke up my meditations and drove me without. I saw not the multitudes, who, despite the drizzly winter's Sabbath, filled the streets and gave the city the aspect of a holiday. I sought the shelter of my pleasant quarters, and dreamed dreams of the past and the future of this renowned and romantic town.

WITTENBERG.

Very different is Wittenberg. The wild banks and frozen face of the Moldau accompanied the train well on to Dresden. The wilder banks of the Elbe, with the mountainous scenery of Saxon Switzerland, received the Bohemians, and Wittenberg welcomed me just twenty-four hours after Prague dismissed me. That rightfully sent me forth weeping. Her skies dropped tears over her fate, — wintry tears, that had in them seemingly no vital influence. Her spring rains have not yet come. Not so was Luther's home. Bright, crisp, and charming were the air and heavens and earth. The freezing cold of that early dawn not sufficiently satisfying my German co-riders, they had opened the windows of the fireless car so as to enjoy the fulness of its strength.

But sunrise raised the mercury in the air and in me; and my torpidity was speedily changed by a hot breakfast into an excess of life and spirits. Dresden, Leipsic, Vienna, Berlin, what were they? This little city outweighed them all a hundred-fold. Here the sun rose that we hope shall never set. From Jerusalem to Wittenberg is one day. The first faded away into the darkness of the sixth century; a night of a thousand years followed, and lo! morn is again upon the earth. Here is where its beams first "smote the dark with un-

congenial ray." Its dawn had seemed near in Prague, in Oxford, in Savoy; but they were not the rising. That was reserved for Wittenberg. A picture on an illuminated missal at Prague represents Wickliffe as striking the spark; Huss blowing the flame, and Luther holding forth the blazing torch. I had been at the universities where the spark had been struck and the feeble flame enkindled. It was pleasant to be near the one where it burst forth into a blaze, that is covering the whole earth with its warmth and glory.

The railroad, as is usual in walled towns, stops outside of the gates. For this city, unlike many, retains these useless vestiges of the past. It lies on a wide plain, with a river encompassing one half of the town, forming a natural moat to its fortifications. A few steps lead me to the first of his memorials, — the tree under which he burned the Pope's Bull of excommunication. It is a young-looking oak for so old a history, surrounded by a fence, seats, and flowers, and evidently devoted to quite another service than that which gives it its fame. It is but five minutes' walk from his house, and is as near it as any place outside the walls could be. Here the flames consumed that which for so many centuries had been the means of committing multitudes to the flames. It suffered an appropriate death. Would that Protestantism had been always satisfied with such an *auto-da-fe*.

The narrow portal, deep sunken in its earthen embankments, was entered, a short bit of crookedness wound through, and a long straight street ran out before me for about a mile. On my left is an old, plain pile of stone and mortar, gray with years, three stories high, with two other stories perched within its tall roof. A court opens in its front, along whose farther side is a parallel structure, similar, but shorter. In its centre, directly opposite the entrance, in the second story, to the right of its door, two large windows, set with round panes of many sizes, give

light to the home of him, who, under God, gave light to the world. A small antechamber, unfurnished and naked, leads into the larger apartment. This is about fifteen feet square and nine high. The wide windows are deep set in the walls, making ample seats of their sills. Opposite them stands a great chair or cathedra, which he used for his lectures in the adjoining chapel. His portraits are set into its upper and lower compartments. In the corner is a black stove, several stories high, and large enough to warm a church. A table, a cupboard, with his tall earthen mug for beer, samplers wrought by his wife, and a cast of his head after death, colored, are the remaining contents of the room. Square panels are in its ceiling and sides. Here he wrought out many of those thunderbolts that rent the Papal Church in twain from the top to the bottom. The room opens into a hall which he used as a lecture-room, and which is in a like state of emptiness, even if densely thronged with memories. The buildings looked vacant, though sundry repairs were going on. The University then was full of students and fame. It is now a Protestant seminary of a lower grade, the University having been transferred to Halle, not far distant. As a monk, he commenced here his work of study and reform. In its library he unearthed the unknown Bible, and read its pungent pages. Here he felt the stirrings of regenerating life, entered into the liberty of the sons of God, and opened the war against the sins of the Church, by writing his theses which he carried hence to the doors of the Schloss Kirche. Here he continued to lecture and write, and was in labors abundant and unceasing, with pen and voice, in the pulpit and the council; varying his ceaseless energies with playful sports with his children, pleasant hours with his handsome and happy Katherine, festive moments with his violin, and, not the least, frequent draughts of black beer from this huge tankard. Truly these walls have

a history vital and eternal. The little room is greater than Waterloo or Windsor, — than all the rest of Europe; for has it not subdued, or is it not subduing, not only Europe, but the world? Peter the Great's autograph, drawn with a pencil on its walls, and carefully covered with glass, is but a sample of its influence. The head of the Greek Church does obeisance to the founder of the Protestant. The head of the Papal will also.

In the court is a fountain of freshest water, springing, after our backwoods' fashion, from a hole in a hollow post. The beer was gone, but a draught of this better beverage, which he also and often drank, was far preferable to these bitter stimulants.

The proper historic walk is, of course, from this chamber to the church when he nailed up his theses. That was his greatest walk, whose grandeur he but faintly comprehended when he made it. The street runs straight to the square, passing the house where Melancthon lived, a little below this convent, and the city church, where Luther often preached. It opens beyond the square in nearly the same line that it pursues thither, and goes to the wall of the town. On the side of the wall was built the castle, and near it the church, called hence, Schloss Kirche. It is a narrow, tall, plain edifice, with four long windows on each side, its hither, or pulpit end rounded, and a tower on the end that joins it to the wall. It stands side to the street.

In the middle of the side, are double doors of ordinary plainness. Upon them are two long brass tablets, containing the theses which he nailed there. A previous copy was burned by the French, and this was placed here by the King of Prussia. I could see him on such a morning as this, though much earlier, quietly stealing hither from his room in the convent, where he had been burdened many months over the corruptions of the Church, and his duty to his Master. The theses are

strongly stated, — are resolutely nailed up. The priests come to mass and meet the bold defiance of Papal decrees. The explosion comes, and he is cast upon the current he must ride to the end. For years he wages the mighty warfare, and makes for himself an everlasting name. Over the door is a picture that illustrates those times. Luther and Melancthon are bowing before Christ. The Virgin is excluded, but picture and worshipper yet remain. Melancthon holds in his hand the Confessions of Augustine, while Wittenberg towers, steeples, walls, and moat form the background of the picture. An old man living opposite lets me in. An aisle crosses the church from the door, and another crosses this at right angles through the centre. Two rows of pews on either side of this last aisle contain all its sittings. In the aisle that crosses the church, lie the immortal dead. Melancthon's tomb is nearest the door, Luther's not far from the opposite wall. In the floor are inserted large marble slabs that tell us in simplest phrase what they cover. No burial spot can be more quiet or retired. The great of earth lie entombed in humblest sepulchres. At the age of seventy-three, he rested from his labors. What labors! What rest! In the simple old town where he had been converted, where he had confronted the mighty power of Antichrist; where he had married, lived, taught, preached, and wrote, he fell on sleep and was not, for God took him.

Up the aisle is a narrow altar, on whose table lies a cloth, with a crucifix wrought in it. Over it is a crucifix. Four cheap looking columns, painted green, stand over the altar. On either side, against the wall, are statues of the two Electors, — Frederic the Wise and his brother, — each with a drawn sword in his hand. Galleries run, narrow and high, around the house. Its aspect is neat and modest, as became the favorite church of the great Reformer. Oppressed joyfully with precious emo-

tions, I linger long in the sacred spot, and reanimate the long-departed scenes. I see the sturdy German, exultant in his gloom, trusting in God, speaking the words of cheer to his companions and friends. I see him borne hither on the mournful day, with weeping thousands following his bier. The service is ended, and the vault receives the immortal dust. Who can say *that* dust shall not live again? Melancthon waits fourteen years before he is permitted to see again the face of his master and friend.

In the market-place is the statue of Luther, under a little roofed and pillared temple, in his robes, and rough familiar aspect. Underneath it are one or two of his famous sayings: —

> "Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehn.
> Ist's Menschen Werk, wird's untergehn."

If it is the work of God, it will stand; if of men, it will pass away. "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," is on the opposite side. It was God, not his own spirit, that created and controlled the hour and the man.

A huge Hôtel de Ville, spacious, and homely, covers the side of the square behind the statue. Just above the northern side of this place stands the large metropolitan church. Here Luther often preached. It is of much ampler dimensions than the fortress church, where he lies buried. Why he chose those doors rather than these, is a mystery. Its tower gave an admirable landscape, frosty and cleanly, in the December sun. The Elbe hugged the western wall. The meadows, yet green, lay far and wide in a quiet most profound. The city below was almost as deep in slumber. A cart or two rattled over its pavements. A few men and maidens aided in breaking the seal of silence. But for these it might all be a city of the dead. A street runs hence to the gate, parallel with the one that we came down. These are the two main thoroughfares. On my way to the gate I

enter Melancthon's house. It is a good-looking three-story building, with the inscription on its front, that here lived, taught, and died Philip Melancthon. "Hier wohnte, lehrte, und starb, Philip Melancthon." A passage-way at its side leads you to a side entrance. It is used as a school for boys. A bright lad of twelve summers acts as cicerone. He takes me into the room where he lived and died. It is a wide, high, pleasant apartment. Between its windows is a Latin inscription telling us that here he sat, with his face turned to the north, and composed those writings, which now most of the world possesses: —

"Ad Boream versis occulis hoc sede Melancthon
Scripta dedit quæ nunc præcipua orbis habet."

In the opposite corner is another inscription informing us that here, on his bed, he piously and calmly died: — "Siste viator, ad hunc parietem stetit lectulus in quo pie et placido expiravit vir reverandus Philippus Melancthon."

The passage-way leads to a little garden in the rear, where, in a shaded arbor, is a large, round flat stone, raised on a base to the height of a table. Here he often ate and drank and entertained his friends. It was pleasant even on this winter's day, and must be more so of a June sunset.

The ancient convent is reached on the return. I cannot leave without one more sight of its historic walls, and one more drink of its equally historic fountain. The sparkling jet is the freshest example as well as memorial of its former patron. How often had it cooled his fevered lips! Like its Creator and his, it remains untouched with change or decay amid ever-changing elements. The mouthing, malignant priests are gone. The fierce disputants and the excited multitudes that surrounded them are gone. The grave debates on the perils and duties of the hour that kept these preachers and their allies of

the State in many a painful consultation, agitate the scene no longer. The yet higher deliberations over the Sacred Word, when being translated into the mother tongue, have alike departed. But this fountain seems to typify the living waters that have here sprung up unto everlasting life. Wittenberg is fuller of life than tumultuous Berlin, not a score of miles beyond. It is peopled with eternal verities of divine conflicts and victories.

Beneath the tree without the gate I take my farewell of Luther and Wittenberg. At the depot I have found America a livelier topic than Luther. The keeper of its restaurant has been there. Many Wittenberg people have gone; and Luther is being rapidly transferred in his people, as he has long been in his principles, to the New World that was unveiled to the eyes of Europe when he was a lad of nine years. The two revelations came together; they grew together; they will reign together over Europe and the world. Luther and America will, under God, make all things new.

XXVI.

CHRISTMAS AND HOLLAND.

ANTWERP, Dec. 30th.

IN the noisy room of a public house, on Place Verte, Antwerp, I am pencilling my last sketch from over the seas. Chattering, smoking, and other offences to the senses, cannot utterly drown, nor in the least deharmonize, the melody that floats down from the Cathedral tower that springs like an angel from the opposite side of the little square. Its voice is as rich as its form and aspect. Painters have made us familiar with the appearance of angels, if they are true daguerreans; but we rarely think of what must have been the tones with which they spoke the rough dialects of Hebrew and Aramæan. So I could describe, perhaps, the steeple, quoting Charles V. and Napoleon, the latter of whom thought, as the first had uttered a bright thing about it, he must also. Charles said it deserved to be kept in a case. Whereupon Napoleon adds his *mot*, that it is like Mechlin lace. It is a very light and graceful framework of iron, strung with beads of stone. But the music of the angel far surpasses its appearance. How those delicate Ariels of melody come dancing down into this confusion! Every half hour the little bells, ninety-nine in number, play several sweet airs, and at the close of their concert, the great solemn bell, the Old Hundred of the choir, adds the *ore rotundo* period, like a benediction. I heard an artist say that the treasure which, above all

others, he wished to bring home with him from Europe, was the great bell of Antwerp. No work of art or man's device seemed to him its equal. It is astonishingly impressive. It sounds more rich and tender when heard in the night. I laid awake nearly all night for the sole purpose of listening to the brief oratorios. I thought of Longfellow's lines on the Belfry of Bruges, only a few miles distant. You remember them. He is stopping, as I am, at a hotel almost under the belfry, —

> "A sleepless wight,
> Lodging at an humble inn."

Read it, and fancy yourself in the clean chamber above, under a feather-bed, —

> "Listening with a wild delight
> To the chimes, that, through the night,
> Ring their changes from the Belfry
> Of the quaint old Flemish city."

How delicious the fantastic sweetness! —

> "Most musical, most solemn, bringing back the olden times,
> With their strange, unearthly changes ring the melancholy chimes;
> Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir,
> And the great bell tolls among them like the chanting of a friar."

Away from the bells without and the noise within, the thoughts wander over the closing scenes of our tour. The end is reached. To-morrow Paris will reappear, and the cycle be complete. Where can it better end than with the festival week? Huss and Luther fitly forerun its Christian joy; for their faith is both its root and offspring. The region just traversed is none the less appropriate; for more than Bohemia and Germany has it been the seat of bloodiest wars in defence of the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God; and, unlike all the former and much of the latter, it came forth triumphant.

Of Christmas I saw premonitory symptoms at Berlin. In its squares were long rows of extemporized booths, filled with trifles, costly and cheap, for the coming eve. The air rustled with the shivering gold-leaf and green tissue-paper, made into Christmas-trees, while the vivacity and merriment of the hour made one forgetful of the drizzly atmosphere in which he was plunged. The next day an express train whirled me past the domes of Potsdam, the turrets of Magdeburg; across principalities, petty and proud; under the spectral Brocken, looking as tame as ordinary hills, in the disenchanting light; through level Brunswick and Hanover; along the evergreen meadows of Oldenburg; and deposited me, after nightfall, in the northeastern-most city of Germany.

BREMEN.

The night was foggy and chilly. My feelings were alike dismal. The home I was seeking, I knew not how to find. In my despair, I carelessly asked a porter where was the Methodist Buchhandlung. "Pastor Jacoby's?" he replies. How instantly the word relieved me, and with what gladness I uttered the responsive "Ja wohl"! He knew him well. Everybody in Bremen knew him. So he picked out a boy and told him where to take me. I was brought to a handsome stone building near the depot, the Book Depository; and learning there that he lived at the Theological Seminary, on Stephen's Platz, he takes me through winding woods beside a rushing river, in the heart of the town; thence through some lowlier lanes, and arrives at a three-storied, brown wooden house, with a large cottage-house adjoining. These are the buildings of the Institute. I was soon under the warm roof of the Asbury of Germany, and felt that the debate of the day was decided in a mo-

ment. What were a few works of art, or the piles of a modern city, to the joyous welcome of a Christian home?

We soon gathered around the thanksgiving table. After an abundant feast came the richer festivities of grace, — singing, reading, and prayer, — all so familiar and fervent that one felt at home, not only in the body but the soul.

Then we adjourned to the parlors, and surrounded the Christmas-tree, brilliant with candles and presents. The children of the household recited verses, song and prayer followed, and the distribution commenced. The special gifts were not hung upon the tree, but placed upon the table underneath. Each was remembered, and the pleasant surprises were the happiest features of the occasion. A light repast, and the brisk shots of the jesting, which is not altogether foolish, and therefore convenient for such an hour, made the evening fly pleasantly and properly away.

The next day being Christmas, there was a Sunday-school celebration at the church. This is a fine stone building that unites in itself church, parsonage, and book depository. The chapel was duly trimmed, and a tree on a platform before the pulpit was hung with presents and filled with lights. The arrangement for lighting was novel: a skeleton gas-tree stands within the green one. This, once made, will answer for successive years, and is an excellent substitute for candles. I commend this German-Yankee invention to American churches who thus celebrate Christmas. The flags of Bremen, Oldenburg (the neighboring State), Switzerland, and the United States, hung together over the tree. The children gave us the usual *mélange* of a Sabbath-school concert, — singing and speaking; and the whole affair was strangely familiar in its foreign tongue. A sermon concluded the day.

But Christmas and Bremen pass swiftly away. We ramble through the city park, with its woods and waters and monstrous windmills, — the peaceful conclusion of mediæval towers, whose origin might excuse Don Quixote for assailing them, and look upon the mummied faces of the ancestral dead, in a conserving vault beneath the chief church, — a characteristic of the air and earth, ludicrously tested by poultry hanging from the ceiling, black but undecayed. Pleasant homeful faces and voices are reluctantly abandoned, and

HOLLAND

salutes our coming with tears. Yet beneath its showery veil one sees the beautiful face of Nature, which beauty, like some other veils, perhaps, it was intended to reveal rather than conceal. The garden of the world lay under my admiring eyes. Egypt alone equalled it in luxuriance. Its greenness surpassed even that of England. Quaint towers, square and pointed, shot up from condensed towns; broad-winged windmills flapped their lazy pinions, as they turned slowly and steadily on their circuits; canals crept across the landscape, now wide enough to admit sea-going vessels, and now contracted to a flat-boat's narrow needs. Huge cattle, the animal counterpart of their portly owners, wandered over the luscious pastures; horses, equally portly and slow, dragged their lines of boats along the canals. Seldom can one see such quietude. Nature, beast, and man, seemed locked in sleep. But

AMSTERDAM

was awake. It was as bustling as are all such emporiums, where man, escaped from the silence and calm of Nature, puts on the boisterous ways of children loosed from school. The Northern Venice surpassed its South-

ern sister in liveliness, and, strange to say, in dirtiness. The wet weather was too much for the brooms and mops of the housewives; and though many a sturdy dame was assisting the rain with her ablutions, the dirty boots of the men maintained the mastery. The waters which are above the firmament ceased for a season to mingle with those below, and gave me the opportunity of seeing the town. Unlike Venice, it has streets that admit horses and carriages, and so keeps a reminiscence of solider earth amid its floating soil.

The streets that enjoy such luxuries are few, and they are crossed by canals as frequent as the streets between blocks in our cities. These flow everywhere. In the business part they are crowded with vessels; boats and sloops lie along the sidewalks, as they usually do along our wharves. Their men are the more vociferous to make up for the noiselessness of their streets; so that the animation, confusion, and almost uproar of commercial thoroughfares prevail here also. Turn from them into the watercourses whose fronts are lined with the costly homes of the merchants. How perfect the stillness, and even beauty. It lacks Venetian art and splendor, but it exhibits Northern taste and comfort. Four canals, a hundred feet wide, bend like a bow in concentric circles. Trees border them, behind which, across broad quays, stretch the solid mansions of the gentry. In a pleasant summer day, their greenness, coolness, and quiet must be enchanting.

I traversed nearly the whole breadth of the city to find the Church of the Remonstrants, where Arminius, in himself or his immediate disciples, preached his doctrines. After much perplexity I tracked it out. It was a gray brick front, with two large, long, unornamented windows, set in among like plain and neat dwellings, facing the silent water-street of Kaiser's Gratcht, the widest in the town. It was obscure enough to satisfy the warmest

opponent of his views; and is all that was left here of the man who has given his name to a school of theology, and been the exponent of discussions that have raged for two centuries, and are still far from being concluded.

Next to the humble chapel of Arminius and Episcopius, I sought the great dike that makes Amsterdam a city. It is unlike Venice in this respect, that the latter needs no defence from the sea. Its waves ripple mildly among her islands. But the wrathful Northern Ocean leaps upon the rescued soil as if determined to snatch back its own. Only labor, wealth, and watchfulness keep it at bay. Besides the inner levees, like the inside breastworks of a fortification, there is a sea-wall outside of the town. A walk of a mile and more from the compact city, through gardens and open fields, past a cemetery where the black plumes of a funeral cortége were then nodding, — showing that the victor of the sea could not breathe much longer on the earth he had won than in its depths, — and you see swinging around you in great curves the immense wall of defence. It is a broad base of earth, faced with shale, twenty feet high, and capped with granite. Standing upon it you behold the "wine-colored" deep, tossing far and wide its white crests, cold and deadly as rifts of snow. How it would like to break this line and rush upon the prostrate town. This embankment makes Amsterdam what she is. Let it be penetrated, and she is buried. Her enemy is ever at her gates. Eternal vigilance is her price of safety.

I returned to the square, enjoyed the busy life of the market, quay, and vessels, and gazed with becoming respect on the royal palace, built for a city hall, and long occupied by its proud magistracy, but where now

> "Holland deigns to own
> A sceptre, and to wear the purple robe."

It is only remarkable for the fourteen thousand piles, seventy feet long, upon which it is built. In itself it is

square, tall, and slightly ornamented. But few fruits of her wealth have resolved themselves into artistic and architectural forms; so that the canals and quays comprise her chief attraction. A second and sufficient glance at these and we turn our eyes and feet towards

LEYDEN.

We pass the tulip-beds of Harlem, skim the flat fields, within sight often of the protecting ocean wall and the assailing waves; run through hamlets where comfort and cleanliness are written upon every tile, — in this respect surpassing far its green rivals of England and Egypt, — and, after dark, are set down in the city to which Puritan and Methodist turn with equal veneration; the home of the Pilgrims, — the home of Arminianism. The town was explored by moonlight. Such studies are crayon sketches, or chiaro-oscuro, in which some artists achieve their best effects. The Pilgrim's quarter I did not seek, and know not if it can be found. That of Arminius was at the University. Determined to see if pale candle-light improves such spots, as its kindred moonlight does ruins, I pick my way along sidewalks flashing with light and life, into a small square, surrounding water, into darker and stiller streets, whose flags are as noiseless as the waters sleeping between them, and in one lined with handsome dwellings, fronted with trees, find the object of my search. It is after the usual continental style, — a single building of brick. The janitor unlocks its gates, lights his candle, and takes me up broad stairways to the hall for degrees, narrow and high, with portraits of the great men of the University lining its walls. Grotius, Scaliger, Boerhaave, Episcopius, Arminius, are among its treasures. The face of Boerhaave is large, open, intellectual, and set off with long, careless hair. That of Arminius is not unlike, in narrowness and steepness of fore-

head, America's chief metaphysician, Jonathan Edwards, though his beard and ruff have a courtly air that distinguish him from the Puritan of a century ago. Their contours show the resemblance which is essential to antagonism. His lecture-room, which was also Boerhaave's, is large and cheerful; with high pews ranging on either wall, and a tall ugly chair at its upper end. Here the Tree of Life put forth another branch; Protestantism made a new protest; and while the father of American Congregationalism, Robinson, in the same city, having as his especial burden a new church polity, was the more zealous in his adhesion to an accepted dogma, Arminius, the father of American Methodism in its theology, satisfied with ecclesiasticism, felt his work to be the larger development of theological truth. Each had charity mingled with their zeal; and though Robinson, while declaring that yet greater light was to break from God's Word, failed to see the very light then dawning, yet he set forth principles that have tended to the increase of this light in all the earth. For the independence of every church is but the type of the freedom of every soul, and Arminian and Robinsonian liberty thus becomes one in nature and influence as in origin. It is not a little strange, too, that both of their favorite notions should take their deepest root in America,— a land then less hopeful than Australia or Africa to-day, — and that disciples of each should mutually visit this spot as the shrine of their especial gratitude. May they not, thus gathering around a common homestead, recognize their real oneness, even in these contending fathers, and so be prepared to feel a yet deeper unity with other bodies of believers at older seats of Christian revival, and all exult in an indissoluble oneness around the grave of Paul, and the birthplace of Him who has said there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd?

THE HAGUE

met me with smiles. Her watery ways laughed in the sun, like wrinkles filled with mirth. Her clean sidewalks, house-fronts, bridges, and even boats, looked all the cleaner in that morning brightness. Especially spotless were the grounds connected with the royal residences; open, level, rectangular; but so cheery that one could linger long in their company. The museums and gallery are, however, the chief treasures. In the former are multitudinous gatherings from the East, — Japanese, Indian, and other trophies, that, with their solid houses, show at once the enterprise and taste of these amphibious men.

But the gallery holds the highest place. Here are found a few of the world's masterpieces. Rembrandt's "Surgeon," is standing, pale and scholarly, over a dead body, around which are gathered a company of students in every posture of attention and inattention. The management of cold tints, almost all white and black, so as to give intense life to the canvas, proves him here, as elsewhere, one of the greatest of the world's painters. "Prometheus," with his hands chained above him, is looking down with terrific pain and terror upon a vulture pulling his entrails from his side. Rocks, waters, fires, and darkness, give the attendant horror. "Sisyphus," with his head bowed, has one hand holding an immense mass which he is striving to push up the steep ascent, while his other clasps tight his forehead. His distress, weariness, and helplessness, are drawn with fearful force, and stamp the picture as a masterpiece of Salvator Rosa.

Murillo's "Madonna" relieves the gloom.. A face so childlike and so motherlike, one never tires of beholding Her dress is as lively as her features. Red waist, yellow scarf, and green robe, give vivacity to the picture. She floats carelessly on the clouds, her face sad and tear

ful, but supremely lovely. The babe is as babyish as his mother is motherly. A sweet, infantile grace blossoms in his countenance. The background is a golden haze, as if their aureole had filled the heavens with its glory.

But the *chef d'œuvre* of the collection is not a man, nor a Madonna; they must give place to a bull; Murillo, Salvator Rosa, and Rembrandt, to a painter almost otherwheres and otherwise unknown, — Paul Potter. He shows how a single deed can immortalize man. His bull is placed among the rare few that perfectly combine both Art and Nature. It holds the highest place in this synagogue, where not a few great ones are gathered together.

His majesty is, like most human majesties, of no great magnitude. He is small and young, with red neck and haunches, red and white face, white stripes upon the back; rough hair covers his face and neck. A cow and sheep are under a tree before him. A bearded farmer, in an antiquated chapeau, is looking over a fence back of the tree. The land slides down from this plateau a few feet, and spreads out into a green meadow. Cattle are grazing therein, while beyond are trees and a steeple. All these are subordinate to the bull. His form and face are the most perfect, probably, of his race that were ever put upon canvas. Such a vigorous and still purely natural expression, in posture, eyes, turn of the neck, Rosa Bonheur and Landseer, in their animal counterparts, have never attained. The bull is king of his painted, as he is of his living fellows; and Paul Potter may rest content at the efforts of genius to supplant his creation. Napoleon stole him, in his other robberies, but Paris had to restore him to his original pasture-grounds.

Thirteen miles from the Hague and we reach

ROTTERDAM.

Delft is on the route, having a twofold celebrity; one for its ware, and one for its being the Pilgrim port of embarkation. The Potter made of the last clay a vessel unto honor exceedingly. Scheidam, of less honorable repute, comes next, whose name is suggestive of the curse of Holland and the world. To change these fruitful fields to poison, wherewith to drown men in perdition and destruction, envelops this town in a cloud of infamy darker and deadlier than those which pour forth so ceaselessly from its distilleries. This "sad losel spoils its name for aye."

Rotterdam has but few attractions. The slightly rolling grounds of the park were partly submerged by the tides. The statue of "Erasmus" is in the market-place, in a student's cap and gown, with book in hand, in scholarly contrast to its marketwomen and confusion.

The steamer takes me willingly from its broad and handsome quay. Dort soon appears on the opposite bank. Its tall, square steeples recall the synod that emulated antecedent councils in seeking to solve the insoluble, to resist the irresistible, hoping to dike the Atlantic of progress from the Church as completely as its counterpart had been kept from their farms. The Church has largely outgrown the conceit, which, from the days of Nice to that of Dort, possessed her, that bodies of brethren, however wise and holy, could combine symbols of faith after which all ages must fashion their souls. The simple creed of Peter, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved," will yet be the only stone, as it is the corner-stone, of true faith and salvation.

Flat and meaningless scenery glided slowly past us, and darkness closes us in ere we set foot on this once commercial capital of the world.

has his home here. His paintings elsewhere are but the dispersion of rays from this centre. Yet even here his works are few. A half dozen comprise the treasure, and of these three only are masterpieces, — "The Crucifixion," "The Elevation of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross." Each is remarkable. In the first, the soldier piercing, the centurion directing, the thieves, one of whom has torn his foot from the nail in his agony, even the horses themselves, are wonderfully expressive; while John leaning on Mary's shoulder, the Mother, herself with her hands clasped, looking agonizingly upward, and the Magdalen clinging to His feet and shudderingly beholding the horseman with his death-compelling spear, are all too deep for tears.

"The Elevation of the Cross," as "The Descent," are known to every eye through their engravings, though this art leaves out entirely that color in which Rubens, next to Titian, of all painters excels. His canvas is a living flame. What energy leaps from the strained arms and flushed faces of the servants swinging the cross into its place, while the helpless calm of the Saviour, swaying with the swaying cross, gives their furious vigor its needed and superior repose!

Equally astonishing is "The Descent." Hanging in the gloom of the great arches, you almost feel as if the awful spectacle were passing before your eyes. The drooping, languid frame, heavy with death; the sad anxiety of those who, leaning over the cross, are letting Him sacredly down; the like tenderness and anxiousness of those who are supporting Him from beneath; the sad, but not idle women; the deathliness of the body, as contrasted with the linen cloth in which He lies and is to be enwrapped, — combine in a composition of force and

softness, of color and colorlessness, of death and life, such as few paintings rival and none surpass.

AU REVOIR.

At Christ and His cross our wanderings may well cease. Before His agony and bloody sweat, His dying and death, we stand, we fall, in silent love and adoration. Our goal may have had to yield to our starting-place the prize of commerce; the twenty-five hundred vessels that have lain together at her wharves may be transferred to the Mersey; grass may creep into sight upon her pavements; her population may flow, a thin current, through her streets; but in the days of her prosperity she gave of her treasures freely to the Church, and for these gifts she now receives abundant recompense. They are her glory and her life. The painter and the architect assure her immortality. Rubens, Matsys, Vandyke, make her walls glow with consecrated genius; while from her heart springs, graceful and grand, her sublime Cathedral, an eternal monument. Its branching roof and lofty pillars abide in solemn beauty. From its towers float upward and downward, as if to unite earth and heaven, notes that might fittingly call the General Assembly of both earth and heaven to a celestial congregation. Have you not heard them relieving, often, our dull discourse with their rare vibrations? As you listened, when stillness had come over the loquacity of our guest-house,—

> "And the evening shades descended,
> Low and loud, and sweetly blended;
> Low at times, and loud at times,
> And changing like a poet's rhymes,
> Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
> Then, with deep, sonorous clangor,
> Calmly answering their wild anger;
> When the wrangling bells had ended,
> Slowly struck the clock eleven,
> And, from out the silent heaven,
> Silence on the town descended."

Under the shadow of that hour, with the rain of melody falling upon us as the gentle dew from heaven, we must separate. The long journey we have taken together has made us friends and brothers. In the words of one who has glorified much of the region we have traversed with his genius, may I say, —

> "Ye who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
> Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
> A thought that once was his, if on ye swell
> A single recollection, not in vain
> He wore the sandal shoon and scallop shell."

As friends, we may hope that it will not be our last communion. Let not the fatal "farewell" sound as the knell of our perpetual separation; but let that word, the rather, that betokens a reunion, and is at once a valediction and a prophetic benediction, assuring a re-seeing either through this medium on earth, or with open vision above, both part and unite us with its *vale salveque*, — *au revoir*.